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DÁNTA AODHAGÁIN UÍ RATHAILLE

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ILLUSTRATING THEIR SUBJECTS
AND LANGUAGE

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Glossary

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN, M.A.



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PREFACE.

IN this volume are collected all that could be found of the poetical remains of Egan O'Rahilly, a poet whose verse gives unmistakable expression to the state of feeling in Ireland during the forty years that followed the Revolution. It would be difficult to select a poet more genuinely Irish. Nor are there many poets gifted with a more subduing pathos or a more enchanting melody. The Editor feels confident that, in spite of the general decline of the language in which he wrote, his accents after two centuries of oblivion will win the public ear as those of no Irish writer have won it since his death.

An account is given elsewhere of the sources whence these “disjecti membra poetae” have been taken. The translation accompanying the poems is line for line and literal, and is intended to assist the learner to read the original in a language which has, as yet, no satisfactory dictionary.

The first edition of a work like the present can hardly fail to be very imperfect. The Editor hopes that, when these poems have attained that popularity to which he believes them destined, much new light may be thrown on the life and writings of the poet. He therefore invites all who have any fresh information on the poet's career, or on his writings, to communicate with him on the subject.

A few miscellaneous poems have been added, partly to

elucidate some of the subjects treated of by the poet, and partly as specimens of the language in which he wrote.

Mr. Osborn J. Bergin of the Queen's College, Cork, corrected the proofs of the poems, and read the translations in manuscript, and the Editor takes great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. He has also had the opinion of the Very Rev. Peter O'Leary, of Castleyons, on difficult points, and begs to thank him for his kind encouragement. He is also under obligation to Miss Edith Drury of London, and to Miss Norma Borthwick of Dublin, who furnished him with transcripts of one or two important poems in the collection. To the Committee of the Irish Texts Society he desires to express his thanks for their encouragement in the performance of a difficult undertaking. To the Chairman, Professor York Powell, and to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, he owes many valuable suggestions.

The Editor desires, moreover, to thank the authorities of Maynooth College, and especially the Librarian, Dr. Walter MacDonald, and the Vice-President, Very Rev. Dr. O'Dea, for the facilities afforded him for consulting the interesting collection of MSS. preserved in the College Library. He also wishes to place on record his sense of the courtesy he received at the hands of the Officials of the Royal Irish Academy. He begs, also, to thank Mr. Michael Warren, of Killarney, for refreshing his memory on stories connected with the poet. Finally, he must not omit to record his appreciation of the efficiency and intelligence displayed by the staff of the Dublin University Press in the production of this work.

July, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—THE POET AND HIS TIMES.

EDWARD O'REILLY in his "Irish Writers," under the year 1726, treats briefly of the subject of this sketch. He tells us that he was the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a native of Cavan ; and under the year 1700, he says that this John Mor O'Reilly had been intended for the priesthood, and went to study in the classical schools of Kerry with this profession in view ; but, an impediment intervening during a vacation spent in his native Cavan, he returned to Kerry, where he married a woman of the name of Egan, and from their union sprang "Owen O'Reilly, the poet."

According to O'Reilly, then, our poet was descended from the Cavan branch of the O'Reillys, and his real name was O'Reilly and not O'Rahilly. There is, however, much reason to doubt this descent. O'Curry, in his "Catalogue of Manuscripts for the Royal Irish Academy," speaking of O'Rahilly, says :—" It is very singular, if this man's real name was Reilly, that he should write himself O'Rahilly, and that it should continue to be written and known in the same manner down to the present day, in the very place of his birth. There are many of the name of O'Reilly in the county of Kerry, and a great many of the name of O'Rahilly, too, looking on each other as distinct families and without the remotest recollection of any ancestral affinities or identity." Nay, there are

families of O'Rahilly that claim direct descent from the poet, and yet who never dream of considering that their name is the same as O'Reilly. Our poet was a learned genealogist, and would be certain in his works to mention his Cavan descent if it were a fact ; but in none of his writings that we have been able to examine is there the remotest allusion to such ancestry.

His own account of his ancestors seems, indeed, to upset completely the statement of Edward O'Reilly. In the last stanza of the last poem he ever composed (XXI.), he tells us that the MacCarthys were chieftains over his ancestors from time immemorial :—

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been
laid low,
I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
to the graveyard,
Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the death
of Christ.

If his descent from a Cavan father had been obvious to all around him, as it must have been, if O'Reilly's narrative be authentic, the poet would never have written this stanza. If he were a mere intruder from Cavan, such sentimental loyalty on his death-bed would be ridiculous, and he had as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. Again, if he knew that his father was a Cavan man he could scarcely have written his pathetic attack on Valentine Brown (VIII.), in which he speaks of him as an intruder, and laments the ruin of the old nobility, though the intrusion of an Englishman would probably have appeared to him in a different light from that of a native Celt. In the splendid poem (XXXV.) he addressed to the son of Cormac Riabhach MacCarthy he informs us that his ancestors dwelt for a time in Ivelary. In his prose satire on Cronin there is a very singular reference to the O'Rahilly

family. Richard og Stac replies to Mathghamhuin O'Cronin thus :—

“Cá b-puairír ionnat féin dul a g-comóraō le Rioceapd óg Mac Rioceapd Stac agur baō édiri duit a fíor do ńeit a gád gúrab é céim iŋ aoirne do bí a g do ńean agur do ńinpeapain, do ńuintíp Scannlán agur do ńuintíp Raéaille buacáilliúcheacht cliaibhán Uí Čaoimh .i. duine uafal boéct ná piab do ńeača aige ne peacéad g-céad bliaðan aéct oéct b-peapainn deag do ńuað-ńliab nár fár feup na roirþe piab air. Agur do éuala-ra do ńgeuprfaidh tomba mor-þodais 6 þobul Uí Čaoimh tří třoiðte or cionn tomba Mhic Čapcha Íoip a manírtíp ńuða ńéin.”

“How dare you compare yourself with Richard og son of Richard Stack, as you should know that the highest distinction ever gained by your forefathers, by the O'Scanlans and the O'Rahillys, was to mind the cradle for O'Keeffe, a poor gentleman, the only property in whose family for seven hundred years was eighteen allotments of a wild mountain which never produced grass or wealth; yet I heard that the tomb of the proud bodachs from Pobal Ui Chaoimh used to be elevated three feet above that of MacCarthy Mor in the Abbey of Lough Lein.”

This passage is of course satire ; but, as far as it goes, it tends to disprove O'Reilly's statement. Though the poet does not assert here that he himself sprang from the O'Rahillys of O'Keeffe's country, he seems to imply that the race he sprang from was closely allied to them.

The precise locality of O'Rahilly's birth is uncertain. O'Reilly says that he resided at Sliabh Luachra, and the expression has been repeated by all who have written of him since. But Sliabh Luachra is applied in modern times, not only to the mountain anciently so called, but to a vast tract of country extending southward as far as the Paps, eastward to the borders of Cork county, and westward to within a few miles of Killarney. It was this Sliabh Luachra that Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan meant when he addressed

Eisre iŋ ńuaða Sléibhe ńuaðna.

To say, then, that a man resided at Sliabh Luachra is as indefinite as to say that he lived in Meath or Upper Ossory.

Tradition has fixed the place of his residence for a considerable time at Cnoc an Chorfhiaidh, or, as it is now called, Stagmount, some ten miles to the east of Killarney, and close to the Great Southern and Western Railway, on the north side of that line. Here there is a well, still pointed out as *tobar Aodhagain*, or “Egan’s well.” In the Elegy on Diarmuid O’Leary (XXII.), many of the places mentioned are such as would strike a resident at Stagmount; and the Elegy on Cronin’s children (XII.), as well as some passages in the Satire on Cronin, suggest a close neighbourhood to Rathmore. There can be little doubt that a considerable portion of the poet’s life was passed in this locality. Nothing but a protracted residence could impress his personality so vividly on the minds of the people.

But he did not reside always at Stagmount. His writings show a marked intimacy with Killarney and places to the west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence to Dunneacha, beside Tonn Toime (VII.). He appears to have made periodical excursions to the houses of the Irish nobility, broken and scattered as they then were, to whom his reputation as an *ollamh* gave him an easy introduction. But he had fallen upon evil days. The nobles introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian and Williamite usurpations, in the room of the old “Milesian” chieftains, cared little for letters, much less for Irish history or legend. In the manuscript remains of the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, few themes are more persistently dwelt on than the indifference of the new nobles to history or poetry. The hereditary *ollamh* of Lord Clancarty winds up a pathetic lament (XLVII.) for the ruined chieftains of the Gael, after the disaster of the Boyne, by a declaration that his occupation is gone, and that he must henceforth take to brewing. Andrew M’Curtain, in moody melancholy, complains to Donn that the noblemen of his time show him the door almost as soon as he

has entered their houses, that they care nothing for his verses or genealogies. In the many laments for dead Irish chieftains produced during this period, none of their virtues is so much insisted on as their hospitality, especially to the bardic tribe. The professional *ollamh* was practically a thing of the past in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

The date of our poet's birth has not been ascertained with certainty. If we may trust a manuscript of this century, his elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.) was composed in the year 1696, and a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel), who died in 1694, is probably from his pen ; and it is certain that he had reached the fullness of his powers before the close of the seventeenth century ; further, it would seem that most of his works, which have reached us, were written between the years 1700 and 1726. We can fix the dates of some more definitely. His lines on the banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork (IX.), were written in 1703. John Brown, the subject of a most beautiful and touching elegy (XIII.), died on the 15th of August, 1706. And this elegy clearly proves that, at this date, O'Rahilly took a most intense interest in the social war that raged in Killarney, in connexion with the Kenmare estate, and had been watching with an intelligent eye the events of the previous decade of years. In October, 1709, he appeals to Donogh O'Hickey, of Limerick, to leave his native country rather than take "approbation oaths" (XXIV.). The "Assembly of Munstermen" (XX.) must have been written after 1714, from the allusion it contains to King George and the same is to be said of the few stanzas on "Death" (XXXIX.). In his satire on Cronin, he mentions the year 1713 as the date at which the strange parliament there described was convened. Hence, we may conclude that this satire was written after that date. The "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis" was unquestionably written before the satire on Cronin. The Epithalamium, written for Valentine Brown, on the occasion of his marriage with

Honoria Butler, of Kilcash, was composed in 1720. To this same date is ascribed a MS. of poem II., according to the catalogue drawn up for the British Museum. In 1722, we find the poet making a copy of Keating's "History of Ireland" for Mac Sheehy. This copy is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin. In a manuscript copy of his great elegy on O'Callaghan (XV.), in the Maynooth collection, the death of that chieftain is said to have taken place on the 24th of August, 1724. In a copy of the poem on the "Shoes" (XVIII.), preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, it is stated that it was written about 1724. The beautiful reverie which begins "Gile na Gile" (IV.) is found in a British Museum manuscript of the year 1725; and as this is in some other manuscripts regarded as a binding poem to the "Merchant's Son" (III.), the latter may not improbably belong to the same period. The poem on Valentine Brown (VIII.) must have been written in old age, when want had pressed heavily upon him. Though we cannot determine the date of the last poem he ever penned, the circumstances attending its composition are of painful interest. It is certain that despondency weighed down that great soul as his end approached. He had met with bitter disappointments. The nobles whom he immortalized had treated him with cold neglect. He was pressed hard by poverty. But neither disappointment nor poverty could quench the fire of genius that burned within him, and seemed to blaze ever more brightly, as the clouds of sorrow thickened above his head. On his bed of sickness (from which he never rose), his hand trembling in death, he penned an epistle to a friend (XXI.) which must rank among the most interesting poems in literature. He describes his want, his loneliness, his grief, with unapproachable pathos; and passes on to the ruin of his country despoiled of her chieftains, "since the knave had won the game from the crowned king."

In the barony of Magonihy, whose centre is Killarney, was fought out on a smaller scale the struggle between the races

which ended in the confiscation of Irish land, and in this struggle we find O'Rahilly actively engaged. Nicholas Brown, the second Viscount Kenmare, was attainted for his participation in the Jacobite war, and his estates vested in the Crown. As his children were inheritable under the marriage settlement, the commissioners entrusted with the management and sale of the forfeited estates were directed, by a Royal letter in 1696, not to let the Kenmare estate for a term exceeding twenty-one years. But, contrary to this order, the estate was let privately for sixty-one years, far below its value, to John Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, and George Rogers, of Ashgrove, county Cork, his brother-in-law, two members of the Irish Parliament. This contract, no less illegal than unjust, had it been ratified, would have been fraught with the most serious consequences. Blennerhasset and Rogers had intended to plant the estate with Protestant settlers, and to elbow the Catholic Celt to crags and barren moorlands. Their aim may be gathered from a memorial which they addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, when the validity of their lease was called in question by the English Commission in 1699. We quote from that document the following :—

“ We have lett some farmes to English tenants that doe advance some thinge, and wee hope when the estate is settled, and the Protestant tenants may think themselves safe in setting down there, that wee shall be able to raise the king’s rent, and reserve a farme to ourselves, which wee think wee well deserve for so considerable an undertaking ; for wee could without losses, trouble, or hazard, manage two Protestant counties near Dublin sooner than this estate among so many ungovernable and disingenuous people.”

The memorial goes on to show what a great loss his Majesty would incur by the invalidation of the contract, and continues :—

“ So that were it not on a publique account more than a private interest wee would not undertake the trouble of communication with so wicked and barbarous a people for even the profitt wee expect. Truly

it is not so valuable but wee would surrender it, but that we have engaged so many Protestants, and wee have other considerable interests of our own estates and leased lands that do adjoyne it, that makes it agree with our interest and inclination to have that country planted with Protestants." "In playne English," it continues, "this is no more than a tryall of skill whether Kerry shall be a Protestant or an Irish plantation or not. Their priest Connellan, the other day, told his parishioners at Mass that nowe they may with cheerfulness repair their Mass house, for that their old master, the Lord Kenmare, meaning Sir Nicholas Browne, would soon have the estate again." (See Miss Hickson's "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 122-124.)

The contract was quashed ; and in 1703, at the sale of the forfeited estates, at Chichester House, Dublin, the estate was sold to John Asgill, during the lifetime of Sir Nicholas Brown. The official entry is as follows :—

"All the estates of the Lord Kenmare in the province of Munster vested in the trustees were sold to Mr. John Asgill, April 13th, 1703, the buyer to pay all the incumbrances and to have all arrears of rent and Sir Michael Creagh's judgment due to the Trustees for £1000, and the woods, as per particulars affixed, lying in the counties of Cork and Kerry."

John Asgill, the purchaser, had a strange career. An Englishman bred to the law, he scented from afar the litigation that arose from the confiscations that followed the Revolution. He had married a daughter of Sir Nicholas Brown, and, in 1703, had obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. But that pious body, shocked at an absurd pamphlet he had published, voted it a blasphemous libel, and he was expelled from the House. A few years later he entered the English House of Commons ; but his unlucky pamphlet was not forgotten. The Commons ordered it to be publicly burnt, and the author was expelled.

In the confusion that ensued, consequent on a change of landlords over so important an estate, some Irishmen sought to enrich themselves, and rise on the ruin of the Catholic and Jacobite Viscount. Among these, two are singled out by

O'Rahilly, as special objects of his wrath. Timothy Cronin had been a collector of hearth-money to Lord Kenmare, and Murtogh Griffin acted as administrator to Lady Helen, his wife, during his attainder. Griffin had become a Protestant, and aspired to be a landlord. Cronin, though remaining a Catholic, found no difficulty in abjuring the Pretender. These individuals are interesting as representing the class of persons whom O'Rahilly savagely satirized under the general name of Clan Thomas. The poet composed an "Eachtra," or history of the transactions of Cronin, in which he represents him as addressing his followers in these polite and outspoken words :—

Α ხօδახα ծսხა ծάնα ծրօðმაնτε, αρ Ταðð, ոյօր լեօր լիð մար ծ
ծինիր տε Շիշեարνա Ծին Մլարα αր ա ծնէաւ ար ցո ծ-էսðար ա լոðion
աðսր ա շիշեարնար նա ծեարð-նամաւ աðսր ն ար մաւչէ լե սեաչտար ծօð
է, նր ծո նի ա քիօր աðам-րա ցո ն-բեսðբան թէմ ան քեան-սարալ
Տեաððն Արðիլ ծո ծարաð ար տո մեր, ար ցո մ-եաð տարինե նա բեաչ
աðам թէմ ամալ աւա, նր ն բաւ մաջիրտիր աðам-րա բրամ նար հանեար
նա օրðբեաչտ, ար մե թէմ ծո եւէ ա ծ-շեաննար 'նա ծնաւ. Ար ծ-էնիր ծո
ծլաւ արðիօծ շինտեամ ծո լամ; ոյօր միր ան շրօðաւու մալ ՚բան
ծ-շեարð րին, ն քնձանն եօն զան աօն-բðաօխաð աðսր ոյօր էսðար ծո
րդրամ ՚բան արðիօծ րին աւէ պլէð աðսր ըլմար.

"Ye black, bold, vehement, ill-mannered bodachs," said Tadhg, "was it not enough for you that I banished Lord Kenmare from his country, and that I gave his daughter and his lordship to his inveterate enemy? And it was not through a desire to serve either of them, as I knew that I could twist that old gentleman, John Asgill, on my finger, and that I would have the profits of the estate myself, as I have; as I never had a master whom I did not deprive of his inheritance which I kept myself, in his stead. At first he received hearth-money on hand. I was not a slow villain at that trade. I did not leave a cabin without plundering, and I gave him no satisfaction for that money but wrangling and dispute."

Then Tadhg proceeds to tell how he had ruined the inhabitants of O'Keeffe's and O'Callaghan's districts, evicting the inhabitants for hearth-money, until the whole region became a wilderness. What the poet thought of Griffin is sufficiently

obvious from the mock elegy with which he soothed his *manes* (XVII.).

Mention has been made of the woods in this estate as becoming the property of Asgill. It would seem that some of his under-agents were interested in cutting them down before the property passed into the hands of the Browns, and a complaint was made that £20,000 worth of timber was destroyed. Trees newly felled were sold at sixpence each.

On the 15th of August, 1706, soon after the estate had changed hands, and when the inhabitants of the barony were ablaze with indignation at the attempted introduction of Protestant planters, and at the ruin of the woods, brought about for selfish ends by designing upstarts, died Captain Brown of Ardagh, who had long been manager of the estate, and had been a member of Parliament for Tralee in 1689. In the course of a beautiful elegy on the deceased (XIII.), O'Rahilly pours out his wrath, like lava, on the heads of the plunderers of the people. Captain Brown's connexion with Lord Muskery and his wife's relation to the Duke of Ormond were not likely to be lost sight of by the poet.

In the second stanza he hints at the undue violence of the new masters :—

A báir, no meallaír leat ár lóéann,
Bál ár n-aerbaír ár m-balcte 'r ár d-tórram,
Dárdá ár d-teacá ap m-ban 'r ár m-bolaet,
'Ar rásác noimr rgeannaib feanta róipne.

XIII. 5-8.

The same idea is developed in two or three succeeding stanzas. The people have now no lord but the God of glory ; the woods are cut down, a pitiable sight. Then the high military genius of the deceased is dwelt on, and a company of rivers chant a melancholy chorus at his death. But the poet turns from these, more pained at the weeping of Brown, now in servitude abroad, and the weeping of the widow of high lineage. Then, with withering sarcasm, he describes the

sad plight to which the estate of the Browns had been reduced :—

Αϊδημ ουδεινη βυαιδεαρτα 'ρ ιηρονδοι,
Ατηναδ λυτ ιρ υιλc δαν τεορα,
Τιεαδυδαδ διαν αιη οιαδ 'ραν ονιζε
Σιορ θυη ο-φεαρανη αδ Αργιλ δα ονιπρεαν.

Αν δαρα ειρ δο οραδο αν ονιζε :
Ωριφα ιρ Ταδδ α ο-φειδη 'ρα μορταρ,
Λερ ιιθρεαδ αρ παοιε μορθα
Αρ α ο-φεαρανναιδ ειρπε ιρ εσρα.

Ιρ διε-φρεαδ θυη δ-κοιλτε αιρ φεδαδ,
Ιρ μαιλιρ Ταδδ αδ αδαιντ μαρ ρμολ δυδ,
Δαν αμηραρ τα α δ-οεανη 'ρ α δ-τόμιν λειρ,
Ον λα δ'ιμειδ γδιαδ υαρραιδ να ρλοιδτε.

xiii. 81-92.

Asgill, the new proprietor, had troubles of his own. While he was the cause of angry scenes in the Legislatures of both England and Ireland, his underlings in Kerry, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin, got what they could by the destruction of the woods, or by the extortion of hearth-money. The years went by in sorrow and suffering for the Catholic Celt, whom the law never recognised except for purposes of insult and plunder. Men driven from their homes throughout the country retired to the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and there offered a desultory resistance to the execution of the laws framed by a faction to plunder and insult them.

In 1720, Lord Kenmare (Sir Nicholas Brown) died, and his son Valentine was now undisputed owner of the estate. In this year, O'Rahilly voiced the public joy in a beautiful epithalamium for his marriage with Colonel Butler's daughter (XXX.). Twenty years of anxiety and fear and suffering had passed ; and the dream of Blennerhasset and Rogers—a Protestant plantation in Magonihy—had vanished into thin air.

Froude, referring to this period, or a little later, declared Killarney to be the Catholic University of Ireland. The classics were taught, and aspirants to Holy Orders were trained in scholastic discipline, and the intricate laws of Gaelic poetry were carefully studied there. The cause of Sir Nicholas Brown was the cause of enlightened freedom, and true toleration ; but there were others of the local gentry who favoured the progress of the Catholic Celt. O'Rahilly, in the tract from which we have already quoted, mentions four as the only ones who had the true spirit of fairmindedness. Cronin, in the speech to which we have referred above, declares that if four traitors who were in the country were in his power he could sleep sound ; they are Lavellin, Colonel White, Ned Herbert, and William Crosby. Of these, Lavellin and Colonel White had married sisters to Helen, wife of Sir Nicholas Brown. In the intended depositions of Sylvester O'Sullivan, the informer, we have the names of several popish school-masters in Killarney whom he declares to have been "well versed in the liberal sciences." One of these, indeed his own partner in academic labours, he accused before Lord Fitzmaurice, of Ross Castle, "of carrying arms, school-teaching, and other heavy crimes." But the scholastic services of Sylvester were dispensed with after he had, on the 23rd of February, 1729, "publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome" in the Protestant church at Killarney.

Sylvester O'Sullivan states in a memorial, which he styles "depositions ready to be sworn," that Archdeacon Lauder who sat among other magistrates to hear his complaint, spoke as follows, in a great "huff and fury" :—

"How now, you rogue ! Do you think to get any justice against the county Kerry gentlemen who are all in a knot, and even baffle the very judges on the circuit ? Nay, you are mistaken ; our bare words are taken and preferred before the Government before the depositions of a thousand such evidences who have no friends to back 'em. This is not France, that severe country where the king's interest is so strictly maintained.

No! this is Kerry, where we do what we please. We'll teach you some Kerry law, my friend, which is to give no right and take no wrong.”¹

In spite of any arguments that may be founded on this speech, it is certain that, though many of the Protestant gentry sided with the Catholics against the Government, racial and religious animosities ran high, as the story told in XLIII. sufficiently proves.

The Catholic Celt of Magonihy, however, had something more substantial to rely on than the good will of time-serving magistrates. There were true hearts and stout arms in the fastnesses of the mountains to defend his cause. Glenflesk is a valley bounded by mountains of savage grandeur, and watered by the Flesk, a river celebrated in song and story. Near the entrance of the glen stands the castle of Kilaha, which was for generations inhabited by the O'Donoghues of the Glen. Perhaps no Irish chieftain so successfully preserved his clan from the ravages of the freebooter. No Irish chieftain was served with more devoted loyalty. Nature had done much—she had reared lofty walls of rock on either side ; she had indented the mountains with convenient recesses, whither the outlaw might betake him till the storm he had raised had blown over. But it was in the strong arm of the indomitable race that acknowledged him as lord, as well as in his own uprightness and courage, that O'Donoghue found his chief strength. He was not wealthy ; but he lived ever among his people—their cause was his cause. He hated Castle proclamations and decrees with a traditional hatred. It was in vain that his estate was declared forfeit under Cromwell. The undertakers, in all probability, never even beheld the slopes of Derrynasaggart or the lake of Foiladown. One of the sweetest and most vigorous of Gaelic poets reigned at Killaha during

¹ For a full account of this remarkable document, see “Old Kerry Records,” 2nd series, pp. 177–186.

the Restoration and Revolution periods. His poems breathe the spirit of manly independence (XLVIII.-XLIX.) In the stress of the penal days, when unjust forfeitures had forced many a good Irishman from the home of his ancestors, the hospitable chieftain of the Glen welcomed them with open arms. O'Donoghue's house was a safe haven for persecuted bards, and the chieftain himself a generous patron of the Muses. A grateful poet has left a vivid picture of life in Killaha Castle during the days of the Revolution, when Geoffrey O'Donoghue, himself a poet and wit of a high order, extended an open-hearted welcome to his brother bards :—

Μάρ Σέαρναð le céadaib iñ gairriù oisde,
Μάρ τρέitseað le téadaib 'na g-cantap laorðte,
Μάρ féarbað iñ féile 'na g-caitteaþ fionta,
Μάρ déarcað na h-éigre le taca ðiolað.

Dún cléire 'na léitgeaþ an Lairdin lisméa,
Dún bérte le gréaraib aïr þrataib ríoda;
Dún éarbað rá fíeudaið do maccail þrógða,
Dún gréitge nár téarntað a d-taþait d' aorðeaðaið.

Cáirt laoeráð gán traoðað do þaðar bfoðba,
Cáirt éacstað an tréin-fír nár éoigill miona,
Cáirt þéarhrað 'na réim-rið að fræartal raoíche,
Cáirt aoráð an Þaoðal-þroð iñ faiþring aoiðinn.

The house of Geoffrey—short seems the night to hundreds ;
House of accomplishments, in which songs are sung to harps ;
House of festivity and hospitality, in which wines are drunk ;
House of bestowing, in which bards are rewarded substantially.

Stronghold of the clergy, where Latin is fluently read ;
Stronghold, where the maidens embroider silken robes ;
Stronghold, liberal in dispensing gems to sons of princes ;
Stronghold of gifts unceasingly given to guests.

Mansion of heroes, unsubdued by wicked threats ;
Mansion of wonders, of the valiant man who stored not jewels ;
Mansion of verses freely running to honour nobles ;
Mansion of airiness is the Gaelic dwelling, roomy and delightful.

The Glen became the home of “Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees, Persons of the Romish Religion, out in arms and upon their keeping.” It was these tories that made it secure to carry on the crime of school teaching in Killarney. A few extracts from the correspondence with Dublin Castle, of some Kerry magistrates and others, will give some idea of the part played by Glenflesk and its Chieftain, in the social struggle, whose centre was Killarney, and in whose vortex the years of our poet’s manhood were passed.

Colonel Maurice Hussey, himself a Jacobite, writes on the 26th of December, 1702, from Flesk Bridge :—“The Tories in the province are lately grown highwaymen, that is, most of them horsemen ; I find there are now about fifteen or sixteen.” In the same year he writes again to the Castle secretary, Joshua Dawson :—“Tories are skulking up and down in couples, but I have taken good care to prevent their getting into the mountains—the chief of the Rapparees were twice sett by twice their own number of soldiers from Rosse, yet they escaped, a shameful thing to be related. I do not care to be the author of it, but ‘tis true.” Hussey, who was a Catholic, further asserts that he had “an English heart still, though born and miserably bred in Ireland.”

In 1708, it was expected, on all sides, that the Pretender would visit the west coast of Ireland, and Colonel Hedges, of Macroom (II. 45), who had been appointed governor of Ross Castle, proceeded to administer the oath of abjuration to Catholics in the various towns. Many Catholic gentlemen, on refusing it, were imprisoned. Colonel Hedges, writing to Dawson, says :—“Some Irish gentlemen have very freely taken the oath, and others will, but the proprietors and idle persons, and such as served King James and are poor, and all the priests, are the persons who are universally and entirely disposed to assist the Pretender or any Popish interest.” The Pretender scare blew over for the time, but many gentlemen and the great bulk of the people had openly taken their side.

We can easily understand our poet's rage against the Cronins, father and son, from such recommendations as the following :—“ I take leave to ask,” wrote Hedges to Dawson, in 1711, “ for a license (to carry arms) for Darby Cronine, who, though a papist, has been employed by me for several years past, and took the oath of abjuration.”

In a letter, dated the 28th of February, 1712, addressed to Murtogh Griffin, Hussey says :—“ The Rapps of Glenflesk, the sure refuge of all the thieves and tories of the country, are up by night and are guilty of all the violence and villanies imaginable, and it will be always so, till nine parts of ten of O'Donoghue's followers are proclaimed and hanged on gibbets upon the spott.” The untamable spirit of Timothy and Finneen O'Donoghue was a source of constant alarm to such time-servers as Hedges. To these were joined now, Francis Eagar, a Protestant, who had married their sister. On June the 8th, 1714, Hedges writes :—“ Timothy and Florence (Finneen) O'Donoghue and Philip O'Sullivan, of Glenflesk, papists, have fire-arms and swords, as I am credibly informed.”

The death of Queen Anne did not by any means diminish the strain to which Castle law was subject in Kerry. Hedges, as yet unaware of the important event, writes on August 4th, 1714, to Dawson :—

“ The Protestants of Killarney, besides those which are linked with the O'Donoghue, do not exceed a dozen; there are but four in the county adjacent.”

He means no doubt families. In a census taken by Philip Anderson, Clerk of the Commissioners of Array, in 1692, the number of Protestants in Magonihy is given as 82, while the Catholics number 1587. Hedges goes on to say that the magistrates are in terror of their persons, and far from putting the laws in force, and adds :—

“ Old O'Donoghue told Mr. Griffin (a magistrate) to his face that he hoped soon to see the time when he and his would pull out his throat, and he often bragged that he had 500 men at his command.”

On the 23rd of August, the accession of George I. having become known, Hedges writes an account of his exertions to proclaim the new Sovereign. "The court leet began last Saturday at Killarney, and I hear the papists are taking the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his majesty with seeming cheerfulness." But he has only two names to mention. "Timothy Croneen and his son Darby Croneen, took the oath of allegiance, and took and subscribed the adjuracon oath the first day of the sessions." Finneen O'Donoghue, he says, was the person he feared to be most troublesome, but it was satisfactory to learn from this formidable opponent of unjust laws, that "about a dozen gun barrels were lately wrought into reap-hooks by a smith in Glenflesk, which he was told were rusty old barrels found in a hollow tree." O'Rahilly addresses one of his sweetest odes (XI.) to this Finneen O'Donoghue, and describes graphically the part he played in resisting the execution of the penal laws.

Another power in the county at this period, but one of whom O'Rahilly speaks with distrust, was Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, with his formidable band of *fairesses*. In 1706, the poet had soothed the ghost of John O'Mahony, Domhnall's father, with one of his splendid elegies (XIV.); but in Domhnall himself he reposed no confidence. He represents Cronin in the "Eachtra Thaidhg Dhuibh," as empanelling a jury of the upstarts, and the first name of the twelve is Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe. This personage seems to have been a real power in the county. He was a Catholic and tenant to the Earl of Shelbourne, but he had abjured the Pretender, and the number of his own subjects was estimated at "three thousand persons, all of the Pope's religion." He had disciplined his dependents as an army, ready at a moment's notice, to swoop down on the objects of his displeasure. If we may believe the evidence of Kennedy, quit-rent collector, only a dozen of Mahony's tenants were Leinster Protestants. "So may it please your Excie and

Lopps," adds Kennedy, "the said Mahony and his mobb of Fairesses are so dreaded by his mighty power that noe Papist in the kingdom of Ireland hath the like."¹

Such were the scenes amid which our poet lived and sang. He watched his country, all torn and blood-stained, entering within the shadow of an inhuman persecution, and did not live to see her even partially emerge. He often connected his own hardships—notwithstanding his profession as *ollamh*—with those of his country, and traced both to the same source, and in his deathbed poem he bewails both together. He is beyond all others the poet of the ancient Irish Nobility, who despises upstarts, and gives no quarter to any man who sacrificed honour and faith for wealth and power.

O'Rahilly was without question well educated ; and his knowledge of the classics is sufficiently attested by the classical quotations, and the allusions to classical topics to be found in his writings. He translated St. Donatus's Latin poem on Ireland into Irish verse, but we regret that we have been unable to procure his version for this volume. The extent of his knowledge of English we cannot accurately ascertain ; but from allusions and quotations in his prose works, it would seem that he was at home in that language. His knowledge of Irish was unquestionably profound. His command of that tongue was such as natural genius alone, without extensive study, could not give, and has rarely if ever been equalled. A deep and intimate acquaintance with the Irish language is, O'Curry testifies, evinced by the "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis." Nor can less be said of the lyrics and elegies printed in this volume. His familiarity with all the legendary lore that illuminates the dawn of Irish history is

¹ For a fuller picture of life in Kerry the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century," in Miss Hickson's *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, on which the writer of the preceding account has largely drawn.

shown in his elegies, and must have been the result of wide reading and a tenacious memory. He had an ardent passion for genealogy, but differed from ordinary genealogists in this, that he quickened the dry bones of a pedigree with the life of poetry. We have already seen how an education could be procured in Kerry, even when school teaching was a serious crime against the law. Indeed Egan seems to have been the most learned *ollamh* of his day. His quaint account of the learned meetings in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), where every great name in Europe came under discussion, cannot be considered as exaggerated, if we remember that men like the poet himself were of the company. Indeed, so highly did the popular voice esteem his genealogical talents, that even in our own days a quotation from one of his elegies has been regarded as proving a kinship between families.

There is reason to believe that he was at first in good circumstances ; but his poverty at the end of his life was extreme. It is hardly possible to read his death-bed poem (XXI.), to which allusion has been already made, without tears. Here he appears as one wanting help, and yet too proud to beg. He will not be seen at the doors of the new nobility. He laments the loss of the true chieftains in terms of matchless pathos. He had tried Sir Valentine Brown (VIII.), but he was repulsed ; his “*peana-porȝ hiaȝ*” must henceforth vainly weep for the generous nobles of the “*Capȝ'-puił*.” In the poem on the “Shoes,” with which he was presented by O'Donoghue Dubh (XVIII.), his soul appears overcast with the shadow of dire poverty. The tone is subdued ; the humour is grim ; and in the concluding lines he expresses openly his distress and desolateness. It was probably one of his latest poems. It is remarkable in this great poet that the verses he produced in an old age of sorrow and poverty are more fiery and vigorous than his earlier productions.

After the lapse of nearly 200 years, Egan's memory is fresh to-day in many parts of Munster, and would have been

far fresher and more vivid were it not that the language in which he wrote, and in which his witty sayings were recorded, has decayed throughout almost the entire province.

Though little of biographical value has reached us concerning him, still certain traits of his character have been placed in a strong light by oral tradition. It appears that affected simplicity formed a strong feature of his character. He delighted in acting as a simpleton until he had secured his object, and then in impressing on the bystanders the success of his practical joke by making a display of his learning. On one occasion he entered a book-shop in Cork, and asked the price of the books that lay on the counter in a tone of voice and with a gesture that led the bookseller to imagine he was dealing with a fool. At length he asked with much timidity the price of a large expensive classical work exhibited there. The bookseller, with a look of pitying contempt, handed him the book, and said, "You will get it for nothing if you can only read it." The poet took the book, and to confirm the seller in his error opened it, and held it before him with the pages inverted ; and, when the bargain had been duly ratified, set it properly before him and read it aloud with a facility that amazed the bystanders and confounded the bookseller, who perceived he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

When he attended fairs, and on such public occasions, it is said that he usually wore a "sugan" round his waist. Indeed, in one of his prose satires, when describing the dress adopted by Clan Thomas, he appears to allude to this cincture. He delighted in passing for a foolish clown amongst the buyers from Cork and Limerick who frequented the fairs, and to whom he was known only by reputation. His constant reply to such strangers, if they happened to price his cattle, was, "*duibhpt mo maċċap liom għan iad do ċċol għan an mēad po*," and thus they were led to imagine that he was a mere instrument in the hands of an absent mother.

On one occasion a certain Limerick stranger, named Shink-

win, was completely deceived by his language and manner. Shinkwin, it seems, bought some cattle from the poet, whom he regarded as a fool, and imagined from the replies to some questions he asked that the cattle were in calf. Afterwards, as he passed along the street, he observed this "fool" discussing with great volubility and vehemence some questions of history with a local gentleman. He inquired who that man was, and was told that he was Egan O'Rahilly. On hearing this—for the poet was well known by reputation throughout Munster—he exclaimed, *o'pád pan ba gán dáiip a g Sínnicín*, "that leaves Shinkwin with cows not in calf." This expression has passed into a proverb.

O'Rahilly is also popularly remembered as an unrivalled satirist. He belonged to what Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan called "Muintir Chainte." In a period of Irish history anterior to that we are considering, satirists were supposed to be able to raise three blisters on the individual whom they abused if he deserved the satire ; stories are told of our poet which attribute to his satire still greater power. It is said that, like Archilochus of old, he killed a man by the venom of his satire, and that a fierce attempt was made to satirize himself ; that he laboured the livelong night to neutralize its effects ; and that when morning came he asked his daughter to look out and reconnoitre. The daughter brought word that some of his cattle had perished during the night. The poet, on hearing this, said, "*buiðeacáp le Óia an lá a óul oppa i p na c opm-pa do cuaió pé.*" "Thank God ! the victory was gained over them and not over me." This story is worth recording, as it proves how genuinely our poet represents the ancient spirit of Irish literature. On reading the legend, one is carried in imagination to the days of Cuchulainn and Ferdiad, or of Cairbre and Breas. There can be no doubt that Egan's power of vituperation was unrivalled. In his day, personal satire among Irish bards was nothing better than eloquent rhythmical bargeing, often indulged in for the sake of displaying the scolding

powers of the satirist. In the case of our poet, we need not rest his claim as a master of abusive language on mythical stories ; an interesting specimen of his personal satire still exists. A poet of the MacCarthy family called Domhnall na Tuille, or “Domhnall of the Flood,” whose patron was Tadhg an Duna, wrote a bitter attack on him, on what provocation we cannot say. O’Rahilly replied in a satire of greater bitterness still. We give O’Rahilly’s reply in this volume (XXXVIII.). We believe it will be found interesting, as throwing some light on what our annalists say of Irish satire. It certainly displays unbounded command of language. Whether this fierce encounter was purely a trial of strength between the poets, we cannot determine. MacCarthy’s attack, which is somewhat coarse, dwells on O’Rahilly’s mercenary spirit—how he will not write a poem without a large sum of money—but it is chiefly an attack on his person, so vague and exaggerated, however, that it is impossible to draw any conclusions from it regarding his appearance.

II.—HIS WORKS.

O’Rahilly’s works may be divided into three classes : Lyrics, Elegies, and Satires. As a lyric poet he deserves a very high place. His pieces are short, often without regular order or sequence of parts ; often, too, with a line or a clause thrown in to fill up space and keep the metre going, but the main thoughts come from the heart, and throw themselves without apparent effort into language of great beauty and precision. No idea foreign to the subject is obtruded on the reader’s attention ; the whole seems produced in the heat of inspiration. The rhythm is perfect, without tricks of style or metre. The poet’s very soul seems poured out into his verse. Most of his lyrical pieces that have reached us are concerned

with his country's sufferings and wounds then bleeding fresh, the decay of her strength, the usurpation of her lands by foreigners, and the expulsion of the old nobility. His mind is never off this theme. The energies which other poets devoted to the praise of wine or woman, he spent in recounting the past glories and mourning over the present sorrows of his beloved land, whose history he had studied as few men have ever done, and whose miseries he beheld with the keen eye of genius, and felt for with the warmth and sensibility of the most ardent of natures.

His power as a lyric poet consists mainly in the strength of his passion, and in his unequalled pathos. One gets the idea from some of the shorter pieces, in which he depicts the bleeding and tortured condition of his country, that a very tempest of passion swept through the poet's soul. His paroxysms are fierce, vehement, and fitful. In such gusts he is often taken so far beyond himself, that when the storm is over he seems to forget the links that bound his thoughts together. He takes little trouble to present the reader with a finished whole, in which the various parts are joined together by easy natural links. He is only anxious to fix our attention on what is great and striking, leaving minor matters to care for themselves. We can imagine a poet like Gray counting with scrupulous care the number of his lines, labouring his rhymes, and linking one verse to another, so as to form a homogeneous whole. Our poet seems to care little about the number of his lines, or such minor points. He is conscious that his thoughts, glowing hot, deserve attention, and he compels it.

There are few pictures in poetry more pathetic than that drawn in "The Merchant's Son" (III.). The frequency with which visions of Ireland, cast into stereotyped form, were produced at a later date is calculated to create a prejudice in the mind of the reader against this poem. But the vision here described is altogether different from the common poetic

reveries of the later poets. The loveliness and grace of the maiden, her misfortunes, her trust in her absent deliverer and lover, her belief in his speedy arrival, the fidelity with which she clings to his love—all these create in our minds an intense interest in the distressed queen. But our hearts melt to pity when she is described as looking, day after day, across the main, “over wild, sand-mingled waves,” in the hope of catching a glimpse of the promised fleet. Then the poet has a sudden and painful surprise in store for her and for us. The hero she loved is dead. He died in Spain, and there is no one to pity her. It is more than she can bear. Her soul is wrenched from her body in terror at the word. It is impossible to describe adequately the power of this poem. It is ablaze with passion, while the sudden terror of the concluding stanza belongs to the sublime.

O’Rahilly, as we have seen, lived at a time of supreme crisis in Irish history. The pent-up passion of a suffering people finds expression in every line of that magnificent threnody, which stands second in this collection. Never, perhaps, since Jeremias sat by the wayside and chanted a mournful dirge over the ruin of Jerusalem, never were a nation’s woes depicted with such vivid anguish and such passionate bursts of grief. We have no reason to suppose that the poet made a special study of Biblical literature ; yet it is impossible to read this outburst of fierce, intense passion without being reminded of passages in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and especially of the Lamentations. The similarity in thought, in intensity of feeling, in vigour of expression, in variety and simplicity of imagery, between this poem and the Lamentations is, we think, not due to conscious imitation. It is rather to be ascribed to the brooding of kindred spirits over subjects that had much in common.

“ How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people ! how is the mistress of the gentiles become a widow : the prince of provinces made tributary ! ”—LAM. i. 1.

"Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her."—LAM. i. 2.

"My eyes have failed with weeping, my bowels are troubled: my liver is poured out upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people, when the children, and the sucklings, fainted away in the streets of the city."—LAM. ii. 11.

"And from the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like rams that find no pastures: and they are gone away without strength before the face of the pursuer."—LAM. i. 6.

Let these well-known verses be compared with the first three poems and the twenty-first of this collection, as well as with many passages in the elegies, and we think it will appear that our poet in vigour of expression, in majesty and simplicity of imagery, in melting pathos, may claim kinship with the greatest writers of all time.

The Elegies differ in style and metre from the Lyrics. They are death-songs for distinguished persons. The poet soothes every sorrow. He remembers every friend; the wife, the sister, the helpless orphan, the weeping father and mother, the famished poor mourning at the gate with no one to break them bread. He brings before our eyes the house, wont to be so gay, now cold and comfortless and still with the melancholy silence of death.

There is something exquisitely affecting in the tender names which O'Rahilly applies to the deceased: a fountain of milk to the weak, their Cuchulainn in a hostile gathering, the guard of their houses and flocks. But, in spite of their tenderness, too-frequent repetition palls. There is too much sameness in the drapery of his grief. Nature mourns, the hills are rent asunder, there is a dull mist in the heavens. Such are "the trappings and the suits of woe" that he constantly employs.

The use made of the Greek and Roman deities is, however, to modern critics, the greatest blemish in these compositions. Pan and Jupiter, Juno and Pallas, give the renowned infant *at baptism* the gifts peculiar to themselves. The elegy on Captain

O'Leary (XXII.), in spite of these faults, is a beautiful poem. The elegy on O'Callaghan (XV. and XVI.) is, perhaps, the most finished production of the author. But the least faulty and most affecting of all the elegies is, without doubt, that on Cronin's three children, who were drowned (XII.). The rhythm is exquisite, and the beautiful metre is that employed in O'Neaghtan's lament for Mary of Modena.

As a prose satirist, O'Rahilly belongs to the same school as Swift. His invention is daring; he indulges in minute descriptions, and delights in the most harassing and disgusting details, provided they serve his purpose. He is the author of three coarse, fierce prose satires—the “Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis,” the “Parliament Chloinne Thomáis,” and the “Eachtra Thaidg Dhuibh.” The two former are given anonymously in the manuscripts; but their similarity in thought and language to the latter, and the allusions to them to be found in the lyrics, leave no doubt that O'Rahilly was the author; and they were attributed to him by the universal belief in Munster as late as 1840, as O'Curry testifies. In execution, in plot, in the management of details, in strength of expression, in command of language, these works stand high; and the strong light they throw on Irish history gives them peculiar importance. “Clan Thomas,” a breed of semi-satanic origin, full of pride and avarice, whose morals and language do justice to their parentage, are doomed for generations to be the slaves of the nobles in Ireland; but they watch every opportunity of throwing off the yoke. They are essentially a *gens rustica*. In reading their squabbles, their foolish conflicts on questions of ancestry, down through the ages, we feel that we are getting a vivid glimpse of the brawls, the disunion, the traitorism of a certain species of Irishman that has ever been a foul stain on the pages of Irish history. The poet, with peculiar pleasure, ridicules their love of lisping in an English accent, and of being taken notice of by English nobles. The author takes us through the minutest particulars of a scolding

match, or a meeting, or a feast, taking care that we in the meantime conceive a perfect loathing for the actors in these petty dramas. We stand and look on as they devour their meals, we hear the noise made by the fluids they drink as they descend their throats, we listen to their low oaths and foolish swagger about their high lineage, and we turn away in disgust. Surely the upstart or the snob was never elsewhere delineated in such vivid colours.

With a literature such as this, there was little danger that the Irish people as a whole, much less the people of the southern province, would suffer the canker of slavery to eat into their souls. This literature, ever appealing to the glories of the past, ever stinging with keen sarcasm those who attempted to supplant the rightful heirs of Irish soil, ever taunting the oppressor with his cruelty and treachery, kept alive in the Irish heart, to use the words of Burke, “even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.” The mission of the Irish *ollamh* in those troubled days, and in the dark night of the penal times which followed, was to proclaim in words of fire the injustice that was being committed, to divert the people’s attention from present troubles by pointing to a glorious past, and, lest they should fall into despair, to kindle hopes of future deliverance. Our *ollamh*’s strain is sad, and infinitely tender, but withal bold and uncompromising. He is an ardent admirer of the great Irish families that stretch back through our history into the twilight of legend ; he is a believer in aristocracy ; but his fiercest invectives are poured out against those who in the stress of a national crisis purchase a vulgar upstart nobility at the cost of honour and virtue.

In estimating O’Rahilly’s place in literature it must be remembered that Irish literature continued in a state of almost complete isolation down to its total extinction at the beginning of the present century. It imitated no foreign models. It did not compete for the ear of Europe with any neighbouring literature. It was little influenced by the invention of printing, or by the

revival of learning in Europe. The number of books printed in the Irish language from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century would hardly more than fill a school-boy's box ; and of these none were on general literature. The desire for learning for which the Irish race was proverbial, during these centuries of strain, operated as by a kind of instinct mainly in two directions : the attainment of priestly orders, and the cultivation of national history and poetry. Even writers learned in classical and foreign literature showed little inclination to adopt a foreign style. Keating was undoubtedly a man of broad learning, and gifted with a vivid imagination ; but he wrote poetry not in the style of Virgil or Dante, nor yet of Ronsard or Spenser, but as the Irish poets who preceded him. O'Rahilly, though some eighty years later than Keating, is more truly Irish still, in style, in thought, in metre.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised to find in our author's poems a freshness, a simplicity, a vigour, that savour of the Homeric age. The descriptions of life in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), or in that of Warner (X.), have something of the old-world charm of the *Odyssey*. It would be uncritical to judge this poet according to the canons of taste accepted by the nations of modern Europe. He is a survival of the antique, in thought, in style, in metre, in spirit. His spirit is as strong, as fresh, as vigorous, and olden, as the language in which he wrote, as the race whose oppression he depicted ; it is soft and glowing as the summer verdure of his native lake-lands ; it is melancholy as the voice of the storm-vexed Tonn Tóime that disturbed his rest on that night when in poverty and loneliness he lay in bed weaving verses destined to be immortal (VII.).

III.—METRIC.

In the poems we are considering (with few exceptions) *stress and similarity of vowel sounds in corresponding stressed syllables are the fundamental metrical principle*. Certain root syllables receive a *stress* as each line is pronounced, and *corresponding* lines have a like number of stresses. We call the set of stressed vowel sounds in a line, or stanza, or poem, the *stress-frame* of that line, or stanza, or poem. We understand the stress-frame to consist of *vowel sounds in their unmodified state*. We call each stressed vowel sound a *stress-bearer*. It is convenient sometimes to speak of *a syllable containing a stressed vowel* as a *stress-bearer*. A diphthong or triphthong is similar to a single vowel when the sound of that vowel is the *prevailing sound* of the diphthong or triphthong. Syllables that contain identical or similar vowel sounds are *similar*; thus ὅλη and ὅλη are similar, also ναοὶ and λί; thus, too, ρεόμπα and εστρίψ (XX. 13) have their first syllables similar, ο being attenuated or thinned in both; also πιόλ and ελαστίν (XVI. 36–38) where the common vowel sound is *ee* as in *free*. Stresses and stress-bearers *correspond* in two lines when they occur in the same order, beginning with the first stress in each. Lines are similar when their corresponding stresses fall upon similar syllables, or when their corresponding stress-bearers are identical. When all the lines in a stanza, or poem, are similar, the stanza or poem is said to be *homogeneous*. A stress is said to *rule* the syllables which are pronounced with dependence on it, and these may be taken to be the syllable on which it falls, and the *succeeding* syllables as far as the next stress, or to the end of the line in the case of the final stress. The *initial stress* of a line may also rule one or more antecedent syllables.

The final stress-bearer plays an important part in the melody of a line, and in the case of certain metres, the penultimate stress-bearer also.

For purposes of analysis we use the following notation:—

ă	represents a in cat,	sounded like o in cot (nearly).
ā	„ éi „ péin,	„ „ a „ name.
au	„ á „ tár,	„ „ aw „ awl.
ě	„ ei „ bérč,	„ „ e „ get.
ē	„ í „ bí,	„ „ ee „ free.
í	„ i „ pič,	„ „ i „ sin.
ī	„ ei „ peídm,	„ „ i „ line (nearly).
ia	„ ia „ piál,	„ „ ea „ near.
ō	„ o „ cop,	„ „ u „ cur.
ou	„ o „ lom,*	„ „ ow „ how.
ű	„ u „ cup,	„ „ u „ pull.
ū	„ ú „ cúl,	„ „ oo „ school.
ua	„ ua „ puap,	„ „ ua „ truant (but shorter).

These are the chief unattenuated or otherwise unmodified stress-bearing vowel sounds met with in Irish poetry, some of them, such as ī, ě, etc., cannot be attenuated or thinned.

In all the poems we are considering similar lines in the same stanza, and generally throughout the same poem, have their final stress-bearers identical. We speak of an A-poem, or an E-poem, etc., according as any of these vowel sounds is the final stress-bearer throughout a homogeneous poem. Not every vowel sound in the table given above is used as the final stress-bearer for a homogeneous poem, and the most common final stress-bearers are ā, ē, ō, ua. In our analysis we mark final stress-bearers by capitals. In poems in which alternate lines are similar, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines only as characterising the poem. The penultimate stress in poems, in which it rules but one

* Munster.

syllable, becomes as important as the final stress. The initial stress of a line often falls on an undecided vowel-sound, and often rules the greatest number of syllables. In the following analysis we place a horizontal stroke above the vowel, or combination of vowels, on which the stress falls, and use a slanting accent-mark, pointing, as far as is possible, to the vowel whose sound prevails in the stressed syllable. Ordinary accent marks are omitted to avoid confusion.

The metres we are considering may be divided into Elegiac and Lyrical metres.

Elegiac Metres.

We begin with the Elegiac stanza which is the metrical type of a large number of poems in this volume. It consists of four verses or lines. Each verse normally contains nine syllables, ruled by four stresses. The even syllables contain stress-bearers. The second and third stress-bearers, at least, are similar. There are often only eight syllables, in which case the odd syllables contain stress-bearers. Frequently one or more of the stresses rule an extra syllable. The final stress always rules two only. Hence the number of syllables varies from eight to eleven. The following lines illustrate the variation in the number of syllables :—

- (1) *Tūippe cpoīðe don tīp tu aip feočāð.* 8 syllables.
- (2) *Āiċēim Ðia go dīan að' cōmaip-ri.* 8 syllables.
- (3) *An ðāra cār do c̄pāið an cōiȝe.* 9 syllables.
- (4) *Ðol na ðruinȝe leap h-oileað tuað' oíȝe.* 10 syllables.
- (5) *Ta rðeim na b-plaizear aip lārað map ločpann.* 11 syllables.
- (6) *Monuap a tīȝte go rīngil 'ran b-foðmar.* 11 syllables.

Marking by a short horizontal stroke the unstressed syllables, the stress-frames of these lines are:—

(1)	ú	—	ē	—	ē	—	ó	—
(2)	ă	—	ia	—	ia	—	ó	—
(3)	—	ă	—	ā	—	ā	—	ó
(4)	ó	—	í	—	í	—	ó	—
(5)	—	ā	—	ă	—	ă	—	ó
(6)	—	ua	—	í	—	í	—	ó

The following stanza is in regular Elegiac metre, and is a faint imitation of the poet's manner:—

I wéep my héro pléasing, pátient,
 The friénd of péace, the glée of the nátion,
 Whose vóice was swéet, whose chéek was rádiant,
 Whose sóul was frée, whose féats were fámous.

The *stress-frame* is,

(ē ē ē Á) 4,

with the first stress-bearer variable.

In the Elegiac stanza different lines are not necessarily similar, but have always their final stress-bearers similar. The final stress-bearers of the lines in different stanzas must be similar, and are similar in all the poems in Elegiac metre in this volume.

Lyrical Metres.

The five-stressed verse in which I. is composed is typical of a large amount of the poetry in this volume. It is suited to serious and meditative subjects. In it are composed I., IV., XXI., XLVII., L., LIII., LIV. Each poem in this metre is divided into stanzas of four verses each. Each verse has five stresses. The final stress rules two syllables, the penultimate but one. Each stanza is homogeneous; and, though this be not essential, each poem is also homogeneous.

The first stanza of I. bears its stresses thus :

Ír átúippreacé géap liom cpeacta cpíc póula
Pa rómal go daop 'ra gáolta clí-bpeoiúte
Na cpanna ba cpeine ag veunam dín dob-rin
Do géappad a n-geaga 'ra b-préama cpín-peoiúte.

The stress-frame is,

(ă ā ā ē Ó) 4;

marking the unstressed syllables as above, we have

(- ā - - ā - ā - ē Ó -) 4.

The following English stanza has been composed to illustrate this metre. It is constructed on the stress-frame of I., and follows much the same line of thought :—

In sórrow and cháins we pláin like Greeéce ólden,
 By fóreigners sláin in gráves our chíefs móulder,
 Misfórtune and cáre awáit each frée sóldier,
 While cóffin-ships báar our bráve the séas óver.

I. is, then, a five-stressed homogeneous Ó-poem.

IV. is in the same metre, but with a different stress-frame
 It is a five-stressed homogeneous UA-poem thus :

Óile na gile do cónnacp-ra aíp rlíðe a n-uaignearf,
bínniðor an bínniðor a priðtal náp épíðon-ðruamða,
Criðorðal an criðorðal a ðópm-rorð rínn-uáine,
Óeðre ír fínne ag fionnað 'na griðor-ðruaðnaib.

The stress-frame is,

(í ī ó ē UA) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables as before,

(í - - í - - ó - - ē UA -) 4.

Here, it will be noted, the first three stresses rule each three syllables, the fourth one, and the final two. The other metres we have to examine are less frequently employed.

VI. is quite a miracle of sound. It is a homogeneous nine-stressed \overline{A} -poem. The last three syllables of each line have a stress each. The first line bears its stresses as follows:—

$\acute{\text{d}}\text{í}\text{i}\text{rl}\text{in}\text{g} \text{m}\acute{\text{e}}\text{a}\text{b}\text{u}\text{l} \text{d}'\text{a}\text{i}\text{c}\text{i}\text{l} \text{m}'\text{a}\text{n}\text{a}\text{m} \text{r}\acute{\text{e}}\text{a}\text{l} \text{g}\text{a}\text{n} \text{t}\acute{\text{a}}\text{p}\text{a} \text{r}\acute{\text{e}}\text{a}\text{n}\text{g}$
 $\acute{\text{t}}\text{i}\text{m} \text{t}\acute{\text{r}}\text{e}\text{i}\text{z}.$

The stress frame is,

(ă ă, ă ă, ă ă, ou ē \overline{A}) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(ă - ă - ă - ă - ă - ă - ou ē \overline{A}) 4.

In each line we have the system ă ă thrice repeated, and three other distinct stress-bearers to close the line. It should be observed that the eighth stress is slight, but falls on syllables that are similar.

In XII. the alternate lines are similar. The first two lines bear their stresses thus—

$\text{D}\text{o} \text{g}\acute{\text{e}}\text{i}\text{r} \text{a} \text{n} \text{R}\text{a}\text{i}\text{c}\text{h} \text{M}\acute{\text{l}}\text{o}\text{p} \text{d}\text{o} \text{p}\acute{\text{a}}\text{o}\text{b}\text{a}\text{o} \text{a} \text{p}\acute{\text{e}}\text{o}\text{l}$
 $\text{D}\text{o} \text{l}\acute{\text{e}}\text{u}\text{n}\text{a}\text{o} \text{a} \text{p}\acute{\text{e}}\text{u}\text{n} \text{p}\text{i}\text{n} \text{d}\text{o} \text{p}\acute{\text{l}}\text{e}\text{a}\text{r}\text{g} \text{t}\text{i}\text{g} \text{a} \text{n} \text{b}\acute{\text{r}}\text{o}\text{i}\text{n}$

The stress-frame for the first stanza is,

$\left\{ \begin{matrix} \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{o} \\ \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{O} \end{matrix} \right\} 2,$

or marking unstressed syllables,

$\left\{ \begin{matrix} - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} \\ - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{O} \end{matrix} \right\} 2.$

The beauty of this system consists partly in the alternation of the similar lines, and partly in the division of all the

odd lines into two equal parts ; besides there are only two stress-bearing sounds in the entire stanza (ā and ō), while in the even lines the ā sound predominates. It is a four-stressed Œ-poem.

In III. each stanza ends with the same word except the last, which, however, ends in a word having a similar syllable to the final stress-bearer of the others. It is a seven-stressed Ā-poem, but each line has its own separate stress-frame, and no two consecutive lines have the same stress-frame, with but few exceptions, such as the first two lines. The first line runs :—

Ćírling ȝeup do ȝeapcar fein am' leabaio 'p me ȝo laȝ-
þriogac.

Thus, there are seven stresses in each line ; the stress-frame is

ă ā, ă ā, ă ā, Ā,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

ă - ā - ă - ā - ă - ā - Ā -

The stress-frame of each line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. In this sense only is the poem homogeneous. Each long line may thus be divided into four short ones, the three first *similar*, and the fourth similar to the fourth of the next long line. Thus divided the first line would stand,

Ćírling ȝeup
Do ȝeapcar fein
am' leabaio 'p me
ȝo laȝ-þriogac.

The “binding” stanza is generally in a different metre from the poem it concludes. It is supposed to summarise the chief ideas of the poem. The metaphor is taken from the

binding of a sheaf of corn. The “binding” stanza to II. deserves a separate analysis.

Mo ḫpeāðað bṛoīn na ḫraðaīn ḫroða ḫðaīnte on ḫ-eið
 līr na ḫalla mōra a leābað an leōðaīn 'ran m-blāðnaīn ḫið
 ḫað aicme 'an ḫoip lep ḫaið mo ḫoþd map taðð gān cion
 īuð dealb þoð me aip eārbað bṛoð 'an ḫrað arið.

The stress-frame is,

(ă ḫ, ă ḫ, ai Ȑ) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(- ă - ḫ - ă - ḫ - ai - Ȑ) 4.

This is a six-stressed homogeneous Ȑ-stanza. The system ă ḫ (containing two sounds in sharp contrast) is repeated in each line, and each line closes with two vowel sounds also in sharp contrast, but in reversed order. In the beginning of the line the long vowel follows the short; at the end the short vowel follows the long. The result is, apart from words, most pathetic.

XXXVIII. has a remarkable metrical arrangement. The lines are seven-stressed. The first stanza is a seven-stressed homogeneous Ȑ-stanza. The final stress rules three syllables as do also the second, fourth, and sixth stresses.

The first line runs :—

beārþrafð ríðrðaīðte ðeārþrafð iðionna an ḫnáraīð
 r̄mūlcaipe ḫreīðeaþtaīð;

and the stress-frame is,

(au Ȑ, au Ȑ, au ū, Ȑ) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(au - Ȑ - - au - Ȑ - - au - ū - - Ȑ - - Ȑ) 4.

The sixth stress-bearer differs slightly from the second and fourth. If this difference be overlooked—as it may, since the even stress-bearers are short, sharp sounds—the stress-frame of the line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. The second stanza is homogeneous and is more regular than the first ; it is also an A-stanza. The stress-frame is

(\check{o} \check{a} , \check{o} \check{a} , \check{o} \check{a} , \overline{A}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(\check{o} - - \check{a} - \check{o} - - \check{a} - \check{o} - - \check{a} - \overline{A} - -) 4,

where the odd stresses rule each three syllables, and the even stresses two.

The other stanzas are not homogeneous, but each line has a stress-frame divided into three equal parts of two vowel-sounds each, omitting the final stress-bearer. Here and there, however, there are irregularities.

The first two of the stanzas that compose the "Epitaph" in XXII. constitute a four-stressed homogeneous U-poem of exquisite harmony. The first line runs :—

Ata ciač aip na riaprgaič iř aip rleibtič vúba.

The stress-frame is,

(ia ia ā \overline{U}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

$$(- - \text{ ia } - - \text{ ia } - - \bar{a} - \bar{U}) 4$$

The three last stanzas of the same "Epitaph" constitute a five-stressed homogeneous U-poem. A typical line is—

On tneáir do piomáim diobh rín dob é a cítear fonn

The stress-frame is,

(ă ē ē ā \bar{U}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ă - ē ē - - ē - \bar{U}) 4

In the last line of the poem,

$\bar{C}aip\bar{\delta}$ a $\bar{l}io\bar{\delta}$ $\bar{f}aoi\bar{o}$ ’ $\bar{c}lia\bar{b}$ ’ $\bar{p}ip$ $\bar{m}eala$ $\bar{du}\bar{in}n$,

the third stress falls on a preposition, while the word *clicab* is passed lightly over.

The “Binding” to LIV. is a complete lyric in itself. It is a six-stressed homogeneous \bar{A} -poem.

The first line runs :—

A $\bar{b}ain\bar{p}io\bar{\delta}ai$ na m- $\bar{b}ain\bar{p}io\bar{\delta}ai$ ’ $\bar{p}a$ $\bar{m}aipe$ na m- \bar{be} .

The stress-frame is,

(ou ē, ou ē, ă \bar{A}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ou ē - ou ē - ă - - \bar{A}) 4.

The system *ou ē*, is repeated in each line ; but it should be observed that the second and fourth stresses are slight.

XLVIII. is a seven-stressed homogeneous \breve{A} -poem. The first line is,

Ni $\bar{f}ui\bar{lin}\bar{\delta}i$ $\bar{\delta}aill$ $\bar{du}\bar{in}n$ $\bar{f}io\bar{\delta}u\bar{\delta}a\bar{d}$ a n- $\bar{E}ip\bar{in}n$ \bar{real} .

The stress-frame is,

(i, ē ū, ē ū, ă \breve{A}) 4,

or taking account of unstressed syllables,

(- i - - ē ū ē ū ă \breve{A}) 4.

Here, it will be observed, seven out of ten syllables are stressed, and of these stresses the last six are on consecutive syllables ; besides, the system *ē ū* is repeated.

The two first lines of XXIX. are,

A $\bar{p}eapla$ $\bar{g}an$ $\bar{p}g\bar{a}mal$ \bar{vo} $\bar{leip}\cdot\bar{cup}\cdot\bar{me}$ a $\bar{g}\cdot\bar{ca}\bar{ca}\bar{ib}$
 $\bar{E}ip\bar{v}o$ \bar{liom} $\bar{g}an$ $\bar{f}eap\bar{\delta}$ $\bar{g}o$ n- $\bar{i}n\bar{p}io\bar{o}$ \bar{mo} $\bar{p}geol$.

It consists of stanzas of eight lines each. The stress-frame, therefore, is,

$$\left\{ \begin{matrix} \bar{a} & \check{a}, & \bar{a} & \check{a}, & \bar{O} \end{matrix} \right\} 4,$$

or marking the unstressed syllables,

$$\left\{ \begin{matrix} - & \bar{a} & - & \check{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \check{a} & - & \bar{O} \end{matrix} \right\} 4.$$

It will be observed that the system $\bar{a} \check{a}$ occurs three times in succession in each typical pair of lines. In systems like this, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines as charactering the poem.

XXX. closely resembles XXIX. in metrical structure, but the even lines are shorter. The stress-frame is,

$$\left\{ \begin{matrix} \bar{e} & \bar{u}, & \bar{e} & \check{I} & \bar{u}, \end{matrix} \right\} 4;$$

here the system $\bar{e} \bar{u}$ occurs thrice in succession, and together with the sharp sound \check{I} as final stress-bearer, constitute the entire stress-frame.

LI. consists of stanzas of eleven lines each. The third, sixth, and eleventh lines are similar, as are the eight others. There are four stresses in each line. The stress-frame for the eight similar lines is,

$$(\check{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \check{A}) 8,$$

and for the three other similar lines,

$$(\bar{o} \bar{o} \check{a} \bar{O}) 3.$$

These systems alternate regularly throughout.

Alliteration.

In these poems alliteration—so much used by the eighteenth-century poets—is by no means conspicuous. It occurs in phrases like *comóalta cléib* (XIII. 61), *bpráisēpe bpeaca* (III. 25), *píor píorač* (IV. 9), *cáipe caoin ciúin*

(VIII. 2). In the lyrics we do not often come upon couplets like :—

A ḡ-ceannap na ḡ-crioc ḡ-ċaoim ḡ-cluċap ḡ-cuanaċ ḡ-cam
Ṅo dealb a ṭ-tip ṭ-tuinneac níor ḫuan mo ċlann (VII. 7, 8).

In the Elegiacs there are not many lines like the following :—

Áp ṭ-ðáċ poiṁ ṭ-geannaiḃ feanta róirne (XIII. 9).
Áp m-bád áp m-baġe áp maire áp m-beċċaċt (XIII. 16).
An ṭapa cár do ċpátiċ an ċónigé (XIII. 85).

We have now analysed the principal metrical systems used in this volume, and though our analysis is not exhaustive, it will, we trust, prove sufficient to direct the reader's attention to what will prove a fascinating study. A few poems in this volume are composed in what are called Classical metres, but as the structure of these metres is well known, we need not dwell on them here.*

IV.—THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

As many poems in this collection are Elegies or death-songs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland.

At the wakes of the well-to-do classes a professional mourner was employed to chant the virtues of the dead as well as to console the surviving friends. The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-

* The reader will find a short account of some of the metres discussed here, in O'Mulloy's *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, A.D. 1667.

meditation. The *bean chaointe*, as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial. Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time. It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the flood-gates of sorrow were open. The men seldom joined in the funeral chorus, and only those whose near connexion with the dead inspired real sorrow, or who were specially gifted with a wailing voice. The *bean chaointe* often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies. These dirges, which not unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory. Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the *bean chaointe* became a *bean chainte*. The following snatch of dialogue will illustrate the brilliancy of extempore repartee that these mutual recriminations sometimes attained. A young husband, intensely disliked by his wife's relations, is dead. There is a *bean chaointe* on each side. The husband's *bean chaointe* begins thus :—

Mo ḫrāð ḥu ar mo ḥaiṭnior̄,
A ḥaol na b-peap ná maipéann,
Do ḥuala pérn ar n'peaca
Do m-báðtais̄ muc a m-bainne,
'Díp ðá ceadaoin earrhaig
A ḥ-tig do máčar agur t'ačar.

The opposing *bean chaointe* on behalf of the wife's kinsfolk replies :—

Níos muc é aét banb,
 'S ní paibh re d'aoir aét peachtmain,
 'S ní paibh an oileán pairprinđ,
 'S ní paibh an scalpán daingion.

These verses are thus translated :—

My love art thou and my delight,
 Thou kinsman of the dead men,
 I myself heard, though I did not see,
 That a pig would be drowned in milk,
 Between two Wednesdays in Spring,
 In the home of thy father and thy mother.

To which the reply is :—

It was not a pig, but a *banb*.
 And it was only a week old,
 And it was not wide—the *ceeler*,
 And it was not fastened—the hurdle-door.

The first mourner dwells on the affluence that existed in the parental home of the deceased, and quotes an instance to prove it. In the spring, when milk is scarce, so abundant was that fluid that a pig was drowned in it. The representative of the other side does not deny the fact, but so extenuates it as to make any boast about it ridiculous ; even the *scalpán*—a bundle of rods as a substitute for a door—was not well fastened. Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was *bean chaointe* ; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief :—

Aetá mo époisde fá rímáid,
 Mar a b eađ glar aip repú,
 'S go paċađ an eoċap amuċċađ,
 'S ná leiġearpađ oileán na b-Fiann.

My heart is oppressed with grief,
 As a lock in screw (that is, a spring-lock)
 When the key has been lost,
 And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

The lamentation of the *bean chaointe* was called a *caoine*,

or keene. It was generally in a short metre, as the above specimens.

Of the same nature as the *caoine*, but far more dignified as a species of composition, was the *Marbhna*, or Elegy. It generally supposed the burial to have already taken place, and was usually composed by a poet in some way connected with the family of the deceased. The *Marbhna* was cultivated in every age of Irish Literature of which we have any record. The Lament attributed to Olliol Olum for his seven sons who fell in the battle of Magh Macroimhe, and Lament of King Niall, and the famous Lament of Deirdre over the sons of Usnach, are early examples. In "Cormac's Glossary," under the word *Gamh* is a citation from a *marbhna* composed by Colman for Cuimine Fota, the Patron Saint of Cloyne, whose death took place in 661 A.D. It is translated by O'Donovan as follows :—

He was not more bishop than king,
My Cuimin was son of a lord,
Lamp of Erin for his learning,
He was beautiful, as all have heard,
Good his kindred, good his shape,
Extensive were his relatives,
Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc,
He was learned, noble, illustrious,
Alas he is dead in the month of Gam,
But 'tis no cause of grief! 'Tis not to death he has gone.

This extract runs on the same lines as the modern Elegies.

In Hardiman's " Irish Minstrelsy" several beautiful Elegies are given, such as Torna's Lament for Corc and Niall, and Seanchan's Lament over the dead body of Dallam. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both in Ireland and Scotland, the Elegy became one of the most extensive and important species of verse. Indeed, the trouble and sorrow of these ages were calculated to foster its plaintive melody, and almost every distinguished Irish poet during this period had composed elegies. There is an almost inevitable sameness

about the structure of those that have been preserved ; for, as the idea is ancient, so is the machinery employed. The great heroes of Irish history are marshalled afresh as kinsmen of the deceased : Conn, Cuchulainn, Feargus, Niall, and Cairbre ; the great Norman families and the older Celtic chieftains are also enumerated. But one peculiar charm of this species of composition, all over Ireland, comes from the *mna sidhe*, fairy women, who have "a local habitation and a name," and are wont to lament the Milesian families in sweet and doleful numbers. Thus, in several accounts of the battle of Clontarf, Aoibhill, the fairy lady of Carrigliath, near Killaloe, the *banshee* of the Dalcassians, is made to wrap Dunlaing O'Hartigan in a fairy cloud, to hinder him going to the battle. Dunlaing, however, succeeds in joining Murchadh, whose attendant he was. His explanation of his delay leads to an interview between Aoibhill and Murchadh, in which the fairy predicted, in verse, the fall of Brian, of Murchadh, and of many of the chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

But the most celebrated of all such fairy ladies is Cliodhna, whose principal palace was situated at Carrig Cliodhna, or Cliodhna's Rock, in the parish of Kilshanick and barony of Duhallow. In Glandore Harbour she is supposed to wail for the demise of her favourite chieftains. In this harbour there is still a very remarkable moan heard in the caverns of the rocks, when the wind is north-east off the shore. It is slow, continuous, and mournful, and can be heard at a great distance ; it is the prelude to an approaching storm, and is called Tonn Cliodhna, or Cliodhna's Wave. Swift gives us a description of the storm in this harbour :—

Sed cum saevit hyems et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsessae arces non fulmina vindice dextra
Missa Iovis quoties inimicas saevit in urbes,
Exaequunt sonitum undarum veniente procella,
Littora littoribus reboant.

Swift's Works, vol. xvi., p. 302.

There are two other natural mourners on our Irish coasts : Tonn Tuaithe, off the coast of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down. Indeed, most of the Irish rivers are pressed into the chorus of lamentation by the Elegiac poets. Besides Aoibhill and Cliodhna, there are Aine of Cnoc Aine, Una of Durlus Eilge, Grian of Cnoc Greine, Eibhlinn of Sliabh Fuaidh. In our poem XXXV. there is given a list of these amiable beings. In Keating's Elegy for the Lord of the Decies (A.D. 1626), Cliodhna, the chief mourner, is made to perform a most extraordinary circuit, which takes a week to accomplish. She visits all the fairy palaces in the country and weeps afresh at each. In some of O'Rahilly's elegies the various local fairy ladies are set lamenting all at once, Cliodhna leading off, and giving information about the kindred of the deceased. In poems XV. and XVI. there is a strange combination of the native and the classical mythologies not uncommon in the poetics of the last two centuries, while Jupiter asks Cliodhna to draw up the pedigree of O'Callaghan.

But the banshee is not content to await the death of her favourite chieftains ; she gives them warning when any great sickness is to end in death. "No doubt can for a moment be entertained," says Dr. O'Donovan, "of the fact, that a most piteous wailing is heard shortly before the dissolution of the members of some families."—*Kilkenny Archaeological Journal*, 1856, p. 129. It is remarkable that in poem XXXV., which is elegiac in form, O'Rahilly represents the *mna sidhe* as lamenting, not the death of a chieftain, but his being deprived of his lands, and banished.

V.—THE MANUSCRIPTS AND LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS.

The principal sources of the text of the poems in this volume are the MSS. in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy (R.I.A.), Maynooth College, British Museum (B.M.), King's Inns, and the O'Curry Collection, Clonliffe College (C). The Maynooth Collection consists of the Murphy (M) and the Renehan (R) MSS. The following list gives most of the MSS. consulted for the various poems. These are indicated by Roman numerals:—

- I. R.I.A. 23, N, 11. p. 27; 23, G, 20. p. 133; M, vol. 9. p. 218; vol. 12. p. 59; vol. 57. p. 1; C.
- II. R.I.A. 23, M, 49. p. 259; B.M. Eger. 158. pp. 58–60; *Ibid.* 64–66.
- III. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 366; *Ibid.* p. 489; M, vol. 6. p. 229.
- IV. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 22; 23, Q, 2. p. 123; 23, G, 21. p. 356; 23, M, 16. p. 209; M, vol. 12. p. 341; vol. 57. p. 28; vol. 95. p. 14; R. vol. 69; C.
- V. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 368; 23, G, 21. p. 367; M, vol. 12. p. 65; C.
- VI. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 368; 23, G, 20. p. 134; M, vol. 12. p. 69.
- VII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 391; 23, G, 20. p. 133; 23, G, 21. p. 364; 23, N, 15. p. 35; M, vol. 5. p. 49; vol. 12. p. 343.
- VIII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 183; 23, G, 21. p. 368; M, vol. 10. p. 251; vol. 12. p. 86.
- IX. R.I.A. 23, G, 24. p. 357; M, vol. 12. p. 308.
- X. R.I.A. 23. N, 11; M. vol. 6. p. 156.
- XI. R.I.A.; M, vol. 6. p. 356.
- XII. R.I.A. 23, Q, 2. p. 124; 23, M, 16. p. 217; R, vol. 69; C.
- XIII. 23, L, 24. p. 255; 23, L, 13. p. 134; 23, N, 12. p. 39; M, vol. 4. p. 28; vol. 5. p. 27; vol. 5. p. 131; C.
- XIV. M, vol. 10. p. 80.
- XV. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 294; 23, M, 44. p. 169; 23, O, 15. p. 35; M, vol. 4. p. 86; vol. 10. p. 278; C.
- XVI. R.I.A. 23, G, 20, p. 297; 23, M, 44. p. 172; M, vol. 10. p. 394; C.
- XVII. R.I.A. 23, B, 37. p. 53; 23, M, 16. p. 216; M, vol. 10. p. 54; C.
- XVIII. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. p. 238; M, vol. 11. p. 169; vol. 7. p. 89; vol. 57. p. 31.

- XIX. M, vol. 10. p. 93.
- XX. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. and O'Kearney's MS.
- XXI. R.I.A. 23, M, 16. p. 219, and another copy; B.M. Eg. 150. p. 443; C.
- XXII. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 359; 23, N, 13. p. 285; 23, L, 24. p. 539; 23, I, 39. p. 59; 23, L, 37. p. 8; M, vol. 8. p. 400 (incomplete); B.M. Add. 33567. p. 36; C; and numerous private copies.
- XXIII. M, vol. 12. p. 61.
- XXIV. R.I.A. 23, G, 3. p. 241 et seq.
- XXV. 23, I, 39. p. 57.
- XXVI. King's Inns, Ir. MSS. No. 6; M. vol. 54. p. 171 (incomplete).
- XXVII. R.I.A. 23. A, 18. p. 11.
- XXVIII. 23. G, 3. p. 240; B.M. Eg. 133. p. 124; Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. 2.
- XXIX. R, vol. 69; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXX. R.I.A. and O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXXI.-II. R.I.A. 23. L, 39; A, 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy made by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XXXIII. R, vol. 69; B.M. Eg. 110. p. 143; Eg. 160. p. 273.
- XXXIV. R.I.A. 23. L, 13. p. 42; 23. N, 11. p. 134; R, vol. 69; M, vol. 2; C.
- XXXV. B.M. Eg. 94. art. 2. p. 177.
- XXXVI. R.I.A M, vol. 2. p. 34.
- XXXVII. R.I.A. M, vol. 1. p. 333.
- XXXVIII. R.I.A. 23, C, 32. p. 25; 23, L, 24. p. 395.
- XXXIX. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 283; M, vol. 12. pp. 261, 265, 280.
- XL. O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," sub an. 1726.
- XLI. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 78.
- XLII. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 358; 23, L, 38. p. 81; M, vol. 2. p. 233.
- XLIII. R.I.A. O'Kearney's MS.; 23, G, 21. p. 362 (partial).
- XLIV.-VI. R.I.A. 23, K, 20; A. 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XLVII. M, xciv. and two other copies.
- XLVIII.-IX. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. pp. 231-232; M, vol. 12. pp. 74-76.
L. R.I.A. M, vol. 12. p. 306.
- LI. M, vol. 43, p. 1.
- LII. R.I.A. M, vol. 5, p. 67.
- LIII. R.I.A. 23, O, 39. p. 36; M, vol. 72, p. 222; vol. 96. p. 434.
- LIV. R.I.A. 23, O, 39; M, vol. 72. p. 224; vol. 96. p. 438.

In the notes to these poems separate symbols are not given for the various MSS. Thus, A stands for one of the copies in the R.I.A., M for one of those in the Murphy Collection, and R for one of those in the Renahan Collection, Maynooth. Wherever more detailed information is considered useful, it is supplied. As some good MSS. came into the editor's hands after the text had been in type, a few important variants will be given at end of volume.

In addition to the above list, copies of several of the poems in private hands were examined. Where the Maynooth Collection supplied a good copy, this has been generally made the basis of the text. The Murphy MSS. (M) are a collection of Irish poems and tales, made by Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, in the early years of the nineteenth century. The greater part of them were transcribed from older MSS. between the years 1800 and 1820; the scribes being the O'Longans, Michael óg, Paul, and Peter; John O'Nolan, and others of inferior merit. There are some MSS. in this collection of an earlier date. Of the Renahan MSS. vol. 69 contains a vast body of modern Irish poetry. The date of compilation is 1853, and the scribe is inclined to the phonetic method of spelling. The R.I.A. MSS. consulted are very numerous; but in their general features they resemble the Maynooth MSS. Many of them are a decade or two older, and they are on the whole more accurate.

One MS. in the R. I. Academy (23, G, 3) is of considerable interest in connexion with O'Rahilly. It is a MS. copy of "Keating's History." The scribe is Dermot O'Connor; and it is from this copy that his much-abused translation of "Keating" was made. At the end of the History the date 1715 is given. Then follow twelve pages of miscellaneous poems by Keating and others. Here is to be found poem XXVIII., without its author's name, and on the same page twelve lines to Donogh O'Hickey, composed in 1709 (last twelve lines of XXIV.), with our poet's name at the end. Between them is a short

piece on the vanity of the world. On the opposite page, at the top, is a poem on the son of Richard Rice, in O'Rahilly's manner; and, following this, a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, who died abroad in 1794, which is probably from our poet's hand. A few pages further is found the first part of XXIV. Although the MS. is dated 1715, it does not follow that the twelve extra pages of poems are of the same date ; but they appear to be by the same scribe, and, no doubt, were written not long after that date. It would seem, then, that, while still living, Egan had such a reputation as a poet, that a scribe of some consequence, like O'Connor, found in his poetry matter suitable for filling up the blank pages of his "Keating."

A yet more interesting MS. is a copy of "Keating's History," made by Egan himself in 1722, which is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin.

On the first spare page is a portion of a tract on prosody, in O'Rahilly's handwriting ; and, at the end, the following :—
 Ár na r̄driobh le hCeoðagán Ua Raðaillairg do Ruiðri mic Seán
 oig mic Siúche a n-Ógom Colucaip 'ran m-bliaðain d'aoir Ćrioph
 mile peacét (d-ceud) agur an dapa bliaðam piécead. July an
 peacétmað lá. "Written by Egan O'Rahilly for Roger óg, son
 of John, MacSheehy, at Dromcullagher, in the year of the age
 of Christ, one thousand seven (hundred) and twenty-two. July
 the seventh." On the opposite page there is a poem of eight
 quatrains on a priest called William O'Kelliher, whose depar-
 ture for Connaught the poet bewails ; the writing resembles
 O'Rahilly's, but is, I think, not his. At the end of this poem
 there is a stanza, in a different hand, signed Seágan Ó Tuaóma,
 with the date 1731. At page 83 we have the signature Aoðan
 Ua Raðaill, and at the end—

"Finis Libri Secundi 7^{br} the 9th, 1722.

"Aoðagán Ua Raðaill."

This last signature gives the form of the poet's name adopted

in this volume, viz. Caoðagán Ua Raëaille, and seems to be that used by the poet himself; though even in this he is not quite consistent, while Peter O'Connell, in one place, R.I.A. 23, M, 16, corrects it to Raëgáile. The MS. is written clearly throughout in a bold hand, very little use is made of accents, and initial letters are sometimes written in a slightly ornamental style. From the dates given above, it seems that the entire MS. was written in two months. In 1842, O'Curry gives his opinion of this MS. thus : *Cip loctaç an leabhar é po :* "this is a faulty book."

Among the British Museum MSS., Egerton 94, which contains XXXV., is of interest as being written by Finneen O'Scannell, Hardiman's scribe. The paper bears the watermark date of 1816. This Finneen was probably the same as the distinguished poet of that name, who may be regarded as Egan's legitimate successor as poet of the Killarney Lakes. Of another MS. in that collection (Additional 29,614), which contains a copy of IV., Seaghan na Rathaineach is the scribe. The date is 1725.

It will readily appear that the MSS. employed in preparing the text of these poems presented a wide range of orthographical variations, and it was found impracticable to print them as they stood. Often the same word was spelled variously in the same poem, or stanza, or even line. Some spellings, however, in which the MSS. were practically unanimous, were retained. The preposition a for i was found constantly ; aip instead of ap, though not universal, was found to be the prevailing spelling. The Munster ð, unaspirated in verbs and in certain nouns and adjectives, has not been disturbed. It has been held by good authority (see *Gaelic Journal*, No. 11) that the Munster development of ð in verbs should be recognized as a characteristic of the language, leaving those of other provinces to soften the sound at will. The present writer is of opinion that poems such as those in this volume lose much of their flavour unless the ð is pronounced without

aspiration. At any rate it is obvious that the poet is entitled to have the δ unaspirated, and the MSS. in general so write it. Although the passive forms, like *cuipeað*, are generally pronounced in Munster as if \ddot{o} were δ ; yet the MSS. generally write \ddot{o} , and it is used in this volume. The diphthongs *eu* and *ea* are in the MSS. written indiscriminately, and their example is followed in our text. Nouns like *píð-bpíð* are in the MSS. undeclined in the singular, and they have been in general so treated in text. As *n* does not silence δ in eclipsis they are not separated by a hyphen. For the rest, though many anomalies of spelling still remain, the text is, as a whole, as consistent as the present state of the language demands.

Poem XXIII. is obviously only a fragment, and XL. is a stanza quoted by O'Reilly from a poem on a shipwreck which the poet witnessed off the coast of Kerry, and of which there was an imperfect copy among the O'Reilly MSS.; but I have been unable to find it. Another piece, a translation of St. Donatus' Latin poem on Ireland, referred to by O'Reilly, is also missing. Besides these there is an elegy on MacCarthy of Ballea, ascribed to the poet in the Renehan MSS. This elegy is printed in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy," and is there ascribed to Tadhg Gaodhalac, to whom it is also attributed in another MS. copy. As it has appeared already in print, and as its authorship is disputed, it is not given here. On the other hand, poems XXV. and XXXIV. are probably not genuine. The latter appears to be the work of Pierse Ferriter.

In these poems the elaborate metre employed requires a considerable variation in the vowels, in declensions, and verbal terminations. Every language has to modify its ordinary prose forms to some extent to meet the exigencies of metre.

The poet goes back to an earlier pronunciation of certain words, which colloquial usage had shortened by a syllable. Thus *labapt*, *reabac*, etc., generally form two syllables in verse, but only one in conversation; while in XXI. 19, *reabac*

is sounded as one syllable. Again, not only is a word expanded according to earlier pronunciation, but aspiration is removed from a middle consonant, as leoðan for leoðan, þaoðal for þaoðal. It often happens that such pronunciations survive in provincial dialects. Thus éugáinn is pronounced as two syllables in XX. 36, but never nowadays in conversation in Munster; while in Connaught the two syllables are still heard, though the initial é becomes è. The diphthong ao, as in aon, taoibh, etc., is pronounced in Connaught as aoi is pronounced in Munster (that is, as *ee* in *steel*). The poet often uses this sound for metrical purposes, and the scribes generally spell it aoi in such cases; thus ðaoil XXI., etc. Again, the same word is pronounced in three or four different ways to suit the metre: thus namáid may be taken as a monosyllable pronounced in two or three ways, or as a dissyllable having similar variations. There is sometimes an internal vowel change in verbs, as do péinn for do pinne; also in pronouns combined with prepositions, as dáiib for dóib. Frequently, also, the singular of a noun is used for the plural, and adjectives are sometimes not declined.

As regards the value of these poems as specimens of the language, it will suffice to quote the opinion expressed by the Very Rev. P. O'Leary, P.P. of Castleyons, who yields to no one in appreciation of the subtleties of Irish syntax. When he had read the first twenty poems in proof, he wrote—"The pieces you are putting together are splendid; they are veritable classics in the language. The constructions in them will always stand as true models of the syntax of the Irish language."

Cá ḥ-fhiúl Daoðaðán éigíor iarbhéairt Fáil,
Ná tisdeann a ḥaoēar tréan nō a ḥianr ’nári n-dáil.

Where is Egan, bard of Western Fál,
That his powerful work and his melody come not to our aid.

REV. CORMAC MAC CARTAIN, “To the Bards.”

DÁNTA AODHAÓGÁIN UI RATHAILLE.

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

DÁNTA AOÐHAÐÁIN UÍ RATHAILLE.

I.

CRÉACHTA CRÍC FÓDLA.

Ír atuirlreachéid gaeur liom créachta críc é fódlá.
 Féidir gachamall do daor 'ra gaoletta clí-úrpeoiríte;
 Na cranná baóth érpeine ag déanamh dín dónibh riu
 Do ghearrfaidh a ngeádha 'ra b-phréamh críon-pheoitíte.

Cé fada dhuit, Éire, maoirtá, mian-nórmáar,
 Ad' bhanaltairim t-péim le féile ír fíor-eolur,
 Beir fearfha ad' méirfhorísh fír gacé críon-éoirír,
 'S gacé laethann comaitheac d'éir do clí òeoltaidh.

Ír moar bárra aip mo mheala, feucéid gur díol deóra,
 10. Do ngeabann gacé réir don péim riu roinn Eorpúir
 A bairrbhíonn taigéar fír go raoftalta fícheolte,
 Acht bánda a b-péim gan céile ír í róra !

I.—Of this poem there are several partial copies. There is a copy containing all the stanzas given here in vol. 69 of the Renéhan MSS. in Maynooth College. The piece, however, seems naturally to end with the sixth stanza. The idea expressed in the fifth stanza is more fully developed in XXXIV., which is an argument in favour of O'Rahilly's authorship of the latter poem.

1. críc, M críche, monosyllabic gen. of críoch, as if the word were mase. R críche. 3. na cranná, metaphorical for 'great families.'

4. gheádha, M gheáda. Most MSS. have gheádha, which gives an extra syllable. In XXXVI. 36, MS. gives a gheádha gheineallaibh. The word seems a poetical softening down of gheádha. 5. 'Éire = a 'Éire, the a being absorbed by

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

I.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA.

Woful and bitter to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla,
Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ;
The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter
Have their branches lopped off and their roots withering in
decay.

Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle-mannered Erin,
A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge ;
Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every
withered band,
While every foreign boor shall have sucked thy breasts.

And to crown my sorrow, behold it is a fit subject for tears,
10 That every king of the dynasties who divide Europe amongst
them
Possesses his own fair, gentle spouse in prosperity and peace,
While Banba is in pain without a consort, wedded though she be.

the initial vowel. 7. *beip*, so in MS. It is a better form historically, as well as phonetically, than the *beiðip* of many modern writers.

8. *coimáiceac*, M *coim̄ceac*, generally pronounced as if written *caoičeac*, here for assonance as if written *caotac*.

9. *deóra*, for *deórp*, gen. pl. 10. *poinn Cœpuip*. I have taken *poinn* as pf. tense of *poinnūm*, 'I divide,' and *Cœpuip* as acc. case. It would be better perhaps to take *poinn Cœpuip* for *poinne Cœppa*: "of the continent of Europe."

Caillleamair ppréim-řlioct Néill iř ríol Eogain,
 Iř na fearaicoin tréana, laoéraō ríosgáct bñirnthe,
 Don Čapac' ſuīl ſéil, mo léun, n' l puinn beó agusinn!
 Iř fada rínn tréit fá léir-řgríor bniðin leópald.

Iř dearfö ður b' é ðacé éisgiont ñosceóra,
 Ðan gusid iř éisceač, claoi iř dños-éomall,
 Ðan ceanagal le céile, aét ñaobaō rínn-řgríorač,
 20 Ðo éarraiñd ðo ñaoþrač fñraoč an Ríos-éomáctaig.

Ó caillleamair Éire iř méad ár mño-éomáchtom,
 Iř tréarðaiprt na laoč meap, tréun, nár mís-éreórač,
 Aip Aírad-Ímac Dé 'r aip éreun na Tírionníde
 Ðo maiþfið dá n-éir an méad ro ðioþ beó agusinn.

Caillleamair Ðaoðaíl a ð-tréitc eaoiñ cobrač,
 Capáanaéct, fíile, beura, iř bñnn-éeñlta;
 Alla-tvírc claoi ðo éraoč rínn ñaoi ðór-řmaot;
 Ñallam ñon-Ímac Dé aip Ðaoiðil ð' ðnírctin.

14. fearaicu = fearaicu: cf. XXII. 16. 1b. ríosgáct for ríosgácta; MS. boirbe. In XX. 11, MS. has boirnthe. 15. Capac-řsuīl. MS. capaïd-řsuīl, but see II. 1. Capacáč is sometimes a trisyllable, and then often written Capáanaéct; sometimes a dissyllable when the first syllable is lengthened, Cárcaáč. 20. ðo ñaoþrač. One MS. has aip 'Eirinn. 23-24. Supply a verb like iarramaoid. It would be too harsh to take aip Aírad-Ímac Dé = "for the sake of the Noble Son of God &c." 27. alla-tvírc = all-tvírc. 28. Ðaoiðil, nom. for dat.

We have lost the root-stock of Niall and the seed of Eoghan,
And the bold champions; the warriors of the kingdom of
Borumha;
Of the hospitable race of Carthach, woe is me! we have not
many alive,
And long have we been helpless under the devastation of
Leopold's band.

In sooth it is every violence of injustice on our part,
Deceit and falsehood and treachery and dishonesty,
Our want of union, and, instead, the tearing of each other's
throats,

- 20 That have drawn down on us keenly the rage of the Mighty
King.

Since we have lost Erin, and because of the extent of our
misfortunes,
And because of the overthrow of the nimble, strong warriors,
who were not wanting in vigour,
We entreat the noble Son of God and the Might of the Trinity,
That those of them who are alive with us may thrive after
them.

The Gaels have lost their gentle, comely qualities:
Charity, hospitality, manners, and sweet music;
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression;
I beseech the Only Son of God to grant relief to the Gaels.

II.

AN MILLEAOÐ D'IMTIÐ AIR MÓR-SLEACHTAIÐ
NA h-ÉIRIONN.

Monuap-ra an Óáré' þuile tráidte, tréit-lag !
 Ðan ríð aip an g-cóir ná tréorpaç tréan-meap !
 Ðan feap cornaitn ná eoðuir éum réitig !
 Ír ðan fáiat dín aip éir na faor-þlaié !

Tír ðan tríat do fíriam-þuile Éibír !
 Tír fá anfmaçt Ðall do traoçád !
 Tír do doirteað fá còraib na méipleaç !
 Tír na nðaiþne—ír tréitig do h-eus liom !

Tír boët ńuairdeartha, ip uairneac céarfda !
 10 Tír ðan feap ðan mac ðan céile !
 Tír ðan lúé ðan fonn ðan éirdeac !
 Tír ðan còmhírom do boëtaib le déanam !

Tír ðan eaðlair cnearfda ná cléirig !
 Tír le miorguif noé d'ícheadap faoléon !
 Tír do cuipead do tubairteaç, traoçda,
 Fá rmaçt nañaid ip amar ip méipleaç !

Tír ðan torað ðan taipbe a n-Éirinn !
 Tír ðan tupa ðan buinne ðan réiltean !
 Tír do noétað ðan foéain ðan deusda !
 20 Tír do bñipead le fuipinn an Óeapla !

II.—For remarks on this threnody see Introduction. The version here given is taken from a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy marked 23. M. 45, page 259 *et seq.*, collated with a copy of the poem in the British Museum. The latter copy gives the “binding” stanza, which is omitted in the former. The compiler of the British Museum catalogue describes the poem as an “Elegy on Mac Carthy,” but it is elegiac only in metre.

II.

won't be families

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES OF ERIN.

Woe is me ! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach,
 Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader !
 Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate !
 Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains !

A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear !
 A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger !
 A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants !
 A land of fetters—it is sickness to me unto death !

A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured !
 10 A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse !
 A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing !
 A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor !

A land without a meek church or clergy !
 A land which wolves have spitefully devoured !
 A land placed in misfortune and subjection
 Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers !

A land without produce or thing of worth of any kind !
 A land without plenty, without a stream, without a star !
 A land stripped naked, without shelter or boughs !
 20 A land broken down by the English-prating band !

1. τράιστε, MS. τράιστε.
 τ-ρρυιτ, VIII. 11.

5. δριαν-ψυιλ: cf. δριαν
 8. na n̄gai'bne = na n̄gei'bne. Both
 MSS. have ȝai'bne, which form the metre requires.
 apparently for nam̄at, gen. pl. 16. nam̄at,
 we say in English, "without any use *in the world*." MS. reads τορ̄ta and
 τοιρ̄b̄te.

5. δριαν-ψυιλ: cf. δριαν

8. na n̄gai'bne = na n̄gei'bne. Both

16. nam̄at,

17. ḡan ταιρ̄b̄te a n̄-'Cipinn, as

we say in English, "without any use *in the world*." MS. reads τορ̄ta and

τοιρ̄b̄te.

Tír iñ cráisde cráisde tréan-þír !

Tír að ríor-ðol í go h-éadþar !

baintreacé deðraac leoninte lénanþar

Staistte břnístte cúchail créacatac !

Iñ flusé a ðruað go buan le déaraiß !

Ðruað a mullais að tuitím 'na tréan-rið !

Spoðanna folia ar a ðorðaiß go caobaç !

A h-aðaið aip rnuas ña duð-ðuail le céile !

A baill crapuisdhe ceanðaitte céarða !

- 30 Ðlap a cuimt éairiñ-ðil ðléigil
larpnuiðe cumað a n-íþrionn maol-duð
Le ceárdusuiß óulcánuiß éraoraið.

Fuill a cróide 'na linntreacé férdearf !

Iñ gáðair ðrýrtó ña h-ol le geup-aiρc !

A h-ablaç tár ña rtracað ar a céile

Að madrasib Saðran go cealðaç ñ'aon toirð.

Ð'fædís a duille, n'íl fuinniom 'na gðeasaiß,

Ðo fæarf a h-uirðe le cuiρne na rréipe,

'Sa gðréin n'íl taicniom ñr feapannaiß, fæacaið,

- 40 Iñ ceó na ceárdócan atá aip a pléibtiß.

A miamaç ríosðða a coill 'ra h-aolbaç

Ðo dñiðeað do bříreað, a cranna 'ra caolbaç,

A ríala fáir go rðáintre paobha,

A ð-críocaiß eaðtrann rðairðe 6 céile !

23. baintreacé = baintreabacé, but the word is now always dissyllabic.

24. cúchail. O'R. gives 'bashful,' but the meaning is often much stronger, as in several passages of these poems.

26. MS. a tuitím. I have always supplied the ð in such omissions.

27. Cf. "břaonaða folia ar a ðorðaiß að comhrið," XXII. 164. ño caobaç I translate 'in torrents'; the more precise meaning is 'in flakes or layers,' which will hardly suit 'blood.' O'R. only gives caobaç, 'clodded': cf. the use of rlaod, which is often applied to 'blood.'

A land in anguish, drained of her brave men !

A land ever lamenting her children enviously !

A widow, weeping, wounded, woful !

Torn, bruised, humbled, full of wounds !

Ever wet is her cheek from tears !

The hair of her head falls down in heavy showers !

Streams of blood gush forth in torrents from her eyes !

Her whole visage is of the appearance of black coal !

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured !

30 The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair waist

Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy,

By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.

Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools,

While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed ;

Her carcass is being torn asunder

By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.

Her leaves have decayed, there is no vigour in her boughs ;

Her waters have been dried up by the frosts of heaven ;

Behold ! there is no brightness in her sun over the lands,

40 And the fog of the smithy is upon her mountains.

Her princely mines, her woods, her lime quarries

Are burnt or broken down ; her trees, her osier plantations,

Her growing rods, scattered and torn,

In foreign countries severed from one another.

34. *bpr̄ptō* is mentioned again in XX. 25 ; and Dover is used similarly, XXI. 8. The Bristol merchants were great transporters of slaves. In the course of four years they shipped upwards of 6000 youths and maidens from the Irish shores ; these included criminals, prisoners of war and the destitute.

41-42. *aolbač* seems to mean 'limestone quarries' ; *caolbač*, probably same as *caollač*, or more properly *caolač* ; for *caolač* see XXII. 222, note, and cf. XXVI. 87.

Ógríofa ír heinßer, gan ceilg am' rdeulainb,
 A leabaiò an lapla, ír pian 'ríg céarfa !
 An blárná gan áitpeab acht faolcoint !
 Ír Ráct luiric ríomhdaidhce nochtairdhe a n-ðaoi-þruis !

Do éuit an leamhún gan tapa, mo gheup-ðoin !
 50 An illaint 'r an t-Sionainn 'r an lífe fá éréactaib ;
 Teamair na Ríos gan urra ríolct Néill Ónib,
 Ír ní beo cupaò aca cineas Raiðéileann.

Níl Ua Óocharta a ð-comhírom 'ná a óaoimhliocet !
 Níl Síol Mórða tréon bað éréanmári !
 Níl Ua Flacharta a ð-ceannap 'ná a ghaolta
 Síol Óriain dearbh na nGallain le tréimhre !

Air Ua Ruairc níl luas, mo gheup-ðoin !
 Ná air Ua Domnaill fóir a n-Éiriunn !
 Na Þearaltas táid gan tapa gan rméideas,
 60 bárcas táig ñarrasairg ír breaetnaid na ð-caol-þarc.

Ðuiðim an Tírionnid fíor-mór naomhá
 An ceò ro do ñisoçur ñisoò pe céile,
 Do fíleacataib Ír ír Cuinn ír Éibír,
 Ír airios do éabairt na m-beatá do Ðaoðalainb.

Airios do Ðaoðalainb déin, a Ógríofa, a n-am,
 Na m-beatá do léir ó ðaoi-þruis ñaoiße Þall.
 Smaëctaib na méiplis, peuc ari ð-erioe do fann !
 Ír dalta na h-Éiriunn faon lað claoiðte éall.

AN CEANÐAL.

Mo gheabhaò bhrón na breaðan érða ríðainte ón ð-eit,
 70 Ír na Þalla móra a leabaiò an leoðain 'r an m-blárnain ðil :
 Ðaé aicme 'an édir léir mait mo jörðu map táid gan éion
 Čuð dealb fóir mé air earfais bhróig 'an rráid anioð.

45. For Griffin see XVIII.; Colonel Hedges, of Macroom, see Introd.

46. Both A and B read, as in text, ír pian 'ríg céarfa. The Earl is either Lord Clancarty, called "lapla na réabac ríosac ruðaé" in VIII. 14, or Lord Kenmare. 52. Raiðéileann, in MSS. The metre requires a word of three syllables. It is possible that Raiðleann is meant: see

Griffin and Hedges—without deceit is my tale—
 In the place of the Earl, it is pain and torture ;
 Blarney, without a dwelling save for the wolves ;
 And Rathluire plundered, stripped naked, and in durance dire.

- The Laune has fallen without vigour, my sharp stroke !
 50 The Maine, the Shannon, the Liffey, are wounded !
 Tara of the Kings is without a prop of the race of Niall Dubh !
 And no hero of the race of Raighleann is alive.

O'Doherty is not holding sway, nor his noble race,
 The O'Moore's are not strong, that once were brave,
 O'Flaherty is not in power, nor his kinsfolk,
 And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English.

- Of O'Rourke there is no mention—my sharp wounding !
 Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin ;
 The Geraldines they are without vigour, without a nod,
 60 And the Burkes, the Barrys, the Walshes of the slender ships.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
 To banish this sorrow from them altogether—
 From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear—
 And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
 All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
 Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
 And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

THE BINDING.

- My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,
 70 And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney,
 Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned ;
 This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day.

VI. 6, note.

55. 'ná a ḡaolta. MS. ná ḡaolta.

64. beaṭa, 'means of living,' 'estate': cf.—

Οιρίοδ a beaṭa do ṭabairt do aip aon ball
 O Šuīđe Pinn ὁ πιο παισὶ Σλέιβ Μήρ.—XXXV. 231-2.

III.

mac an Æannuighe.

Aifling d'éar do òearcarr p'ein am' leabair iñ mé do lag-
bhríogaç :

Cinigir r'eiñ, ñap b'ainn Eire, að teaët am ðaor aip
márcuigheac't;

A fúil peamhar ðlarf, a cùl t'rom car, a com reanð deal 'r
a malaiõe,

O'á maoiðeam' do raiñ að tioðaçt 'na ñap, le ñioðrair, Mac
an Æannuighe.

A beól baò binn, a glór baò éaoïn, iñ ró-þeape linn an
caillín

Céile ðriain d'ár ðéill an Þiann, mo léip-épeac' vian a haisid
Þá fúlptæ Þall, ña bhrúðaò do teann, mo éuilefionn t-reanð
do f'lað rinn;

Ní'l þaoiþeam' real le tioðeac't 'na ñap do b-pillfiò Mac an
Æannuighe.

Na céadta atá a b-péin do ðráð le d'éar-þeape rám ña
cneap-éli;

10 Clanna ríðére maca Míleaò ñraðuin fíoc'ha iñ ñaifðiond,
Tá gnúir 'na ñaoi, ní m'urðlann rí; cé ñuðaç fa r'fior
an caillín,

Ní'l þaoiþeam' real le tioðeact 'na ñap do b-pillfiò Mac an
Æannuighe.

III.—Of this splendid poem, on which I have commented in the Introduction, there are several copies extant, all agreeing in every point of importance. In XXVIII. the Pretender is called the Bricklayer from his reputed origin; and in the present poem a similar idea appears to be suggested by the “Merchant’s Son.” In some MS. copies IV. is placed after III. as a “binding,” and as IV. seems to have been composed before 1725, III. may also be referred to the same date. Hence it can scarcely be meant to represent the death of James II., who did not die in Spain, and must be regarded as pure fancy.

1. d'éar. A paon.

3. ðlarf, as a colour, means green like grass, or

III.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

I beheld a clear vision as I lay in my bed bereft of strength !
 A gentle maiden, whose name was Erin, approached me on
 horseback—
 Full and bright were her eyes, her hair was heavy and ringleted ;
 fair and slender her waist, and her eyebrows—
 Proclaiming that the Merchant's Son was coming to her with
 zeal.

Her mouth was melodious, her voice was beautiful—great is my
 love for the maiden—
 The spouse of Brian, whom the warriors obeyed ; my utter
 complete ruin is her affliction.
 Crushed heavily beneath the flail of the foreigners, this slender
 maiden that stole my heart ;
 There is no relief ever to draw near her until the Merchant's
 Son come back.

Hundreds are pining in love through earnest, pleasing devotion
 to her complexion,
 Children of kings, sons of Milesius, fierce warriors, and champions
 Sorrow is in her face, she does not arouse herself ; sad and weary
 though the maiden be,
 There is no relief ever to draw near to her till the Merchant's
 Son come back.

grey as a horse ; when applied to the eye, as here, it cannot conveniently be translated either 'green' or 'grey,' as neither word implies a compliment. Its meaning here, as in the many passages where it is applied to the eye, is 'fresh, bright, sparkling' : thus, XI. 9, *rúil iñ gluire na dnúct aíñ fíobr*, where the comparison is between the eye and the dew. But, the natural quality of dew is to be fresh, bright, sparkling—it is not its *greenness* that is admired. *Ib.* MS. *mailiōe*.

4. *maoiōeán* very often simply means 'to announce or mention,' like *luao*. It sometimes means 'to announce or mention in a boastful manner.'

7. M *rúipteaða*. A *rúipte*. 9. M *cneir-cliōe*. 11. M has simply *pá rðiðr i*. A completes the line as in the text. *Ib.* *ðnúir* = sorrow (?) .

A ṡráidte péis, iŋ cráidte an ṡréal, mo lán-épreac̄ d̄eap̄ a h-aicíd!

Ṅo ḃ-puil rí ḍan ceol aጀ caoi na n-deoir, 'r a buidhean ḍan ḍó baጀ ṣmaiጀ ḍníom̄,

ḍan cléir, ḍan ጀr, a b-péis ḍo mór, 'na h-iarr̄ma p̄d ḍaጀ a m̄d̄aoi;

'S ḍo m-beiጀ rí 'na pppear, ḍan luiጀe le feap̄ ḍo ḃ-pillfiጀ Mac an Čeannuiḡe.

Aduḃairt ariጀ an ḃúid-ḃean ṣíonla, ó ḍúrnaod̄ p̄íðe ḍleac̄t rí,

Conn iŋ Airt, baጀ lonnraeጀ peac̄t, iŋ b' ḍoðlaeጀ glac a ngleacuiḡeac̄t;

Criom̄čan tréan, tap̄ tuinn ḍuጀ ḡéill, iŋ laoiḡeac̄ mac Céin an feap̄ ḡroisde;

20 ḍo m-beiጀ rí 'na pppear, ḍan luiጀe le feap̄, ḍo ḃ-pillfiጀ Mac an Čeannuiḡe.

Do ጀeip̄ púil ó ḍear, ḍaጀ ló p̄d peac̄, aip̄ tráid na m-bapc̄, an carlín;

Iŋ púil ḍear roip̄, ḍo ḋlúč tap̄ muip̄, mo ḍum̄a anoir a h-aicíd;

A ḍúile p̄iaip̄, aጀ púil le Óia, tap̄ tonntaib̄ p̄iaip̄a ḡainm̄e;

Iŋ ḍo m-beiጀ rí 'na pppear, ḍan luiጀe le feap̄, ḍo ḃ-pillfiጀ Mac an Čeannuiḡe.

A ḫráiépe b̄peaca atáid tap̄ leap—na t̄áinte p̄eapc̄ an carlín; Ní'l p̄leao le p̄aðáil, ní'l ḍean ná ḍrásó aጀ neac̄ d̄á cárðib̄, aðm̄uim̄;

A ḍrúaðna p̄liuc̄, ḍan ḫuan, ḍan ḫult, p̄á ḍrúaím̄, iŋ duጀ a n-aib̄d̄.

Ní'l p̄aoiream̄ real le t̄íðeact̄ 'na ḍap̄ ḍo ḃ-pillfiጀ Mac an Čeannuiḡe!

16. pppear. The idea conveyed by t̄á re 'na pppear, or t̄á re p̄ínte 'na pppear is, "he is lying down, useless or helpless." Cf. the lines from the "Arachtach Sean":—

"beiጀ claiðeam aip̄ ḍaጀ peab̄ac náp̄ čeanðail le b̄p̄deac̄
'S an peanduine criofa p̄ínte 'na pppear."

Her own words, distressing is their tale,—her affliction is my complete, sharp ruin !

How that she is without melody, shedding tears, and her troops, who, without falsehood, had performed great deeds,

Without clergy, without friars, deep in suffering, a remnant subject to every dog ;

And that she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

The kindly, mild woman added, that since the kings she had cherished were brought low—

Conn and Art, whose reigns were illustrious, and whose hands were strong to spoil in fight,

Criomhthan the strong, who brought hostages from across the sea, and Luigheadh, son of Cian, the man of might—

20 She would lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Daily the maiden looks southward by turns to the shore of the ships, Eastward she looks wistfully across the main,

Hoping in God, she looks westward over wild, sand-mingled waves, And she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Her speckled friars, they are over the sea, the troops whom the maiden loved ;

Nor feast, nor affection, nor love is to be got by any of her friends, I avow it ;

Her cheeks wet, without repose or pleasure, in sorrow, black is their covering ;

There is no relief to draw near her till the Merchant's Son come back.

“Every warrior who did not unite with a bride, will wear a sword,
While the aged old man will be in bed, uselessly (or helplessly).”

17. cleáct, ‘to be habituated to,’ hence ‘to cherish.’ *Ib.* τύρναο. MS. τύρναμ. 21. αἱρ τράισ. MS. αἱρ τραιστο. 26. αδμνιμ = αδμνιστο. MS. αδαοιμ. 27. α η-αιβσο, ‘their covering’ : that is, the covering of her cheeks; the δηνύιρ she displayed, as said in line 11, *supra*.

- Aduðapt léi, iap élop a rðéal, a þún ȝur éag aþ cleaðt rí
 30 Ҫuaþ 'fan Spáin, ðo b-þuaip pé bár, iþ náþ ȳruað le cáð a
 h-aicfð;
 Iap ȝ-clop mo ȝoða a b-þoðar vi, éorþuïð a eþuïð, 'r ðo
 rðreæð rí;
 Iþ d'éalaïð a h-anam, d'aon þreab aifðe; mo leun-þa an
 þean ðo lað-briðoðað.
-

29. Aduðapt (MS. separates the a) must be pronounced as three syllables; notice the inversion: the natural order is, ȝur eað a þun aþ cleaðt rí.

- On hearing her story, I told her the lover she cherished was dead,
- 30 In Spain in the south he died, and her affliction was pitied of no one ;
As she heard my voice close to her, her frame trembled, she shrieked,
And the soul fled from her in an instant; oh woe ! the woman bereft of strength.

30. cár, with a negative = 'no one.'

IV.

Óile na Óile.

Óile na Óile do éonnaísc-ra aip rúighe a n-uaiðneap;
 binniop an binnír a fíriotal nár érion-ðruamða;
 Círiordal an ériordail a gorm-riord rínn-uaine;
 Óeirðe ír finne að fionnað 'na gríor-ðruaðnaib.

Caire na caire an gáe rúibe dá buiðe-éuaðaib;
 Óaimeap an éruinne dá rúicne le rínn-ðruabairð;
 lorrðað ba gláine ná gláine aip a bruinn buacairð;
 Do geinead aip óeimeamain diri 'fan tír uaétrpait.

- 10 Fíor fiorgáe ðam d'innír, ír íri go fíor-uaiðneac;
 Fíor filleað don duine don ionad ba ríð-ðualðar;
 Fíor milleað na ðruingé éuir eirion aip rínn-ðruagðað;
 'S fíor eile na cuirfead am luiððiib le fíor-uamain.

Leimé na leimé ðam ðruisðim 'na eruinn-tuaipim!
 Am éime að an éime do rnaidómeað go fíor-éruaiað me;
 Aip ðoipm illic illuire ðam fúrtstaðt do béoð uaimre;
 'S língseap an bruinndiol 'na luiipne go bruisðin lúaéra.

IV.—If we may judge by the number of copies of this poem extant in the MSS. of the eighteenth century it must have been very highly prized by the Irish public. And justly was it prized. It is unsurpassed for subtlety of rhythm and beauty of expression, but it saddens the heart by its sounds “most musical, most melancholy.” It has been printed by O’Daly in the “Poets and Poetry of Munster.” The best copy that I know to exist is to be found in an autograph volume by John Murphy, “Seaghan na Rathoineach,” bearing date 1754–1755. I use S to represent this copy in the notes. The text I give here is from a copy by O’Longan, with a few emendations from other copies. It should be observed that in many MSS. this poem is given as a “binding” to III. It is found in a MS. of 1725.

2–3. These lines are third and second, respectively, in O’Daly’s printed copy, and also in Murphy’s copy, which we denote by S. 3. S an óuipm poið.

IV.

GILE NA GILE.

The Brightness of Brightness I saw in a lonely path,
 Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,
 Crystal of crystal, her blue eye tinged with green,
 The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,
 That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,
 An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,
 Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

A tale of knowledge she told me, all lonely as she was,
 10 News of the return of HIM to the place which is his by kingly
 descent,
 News of the destruction of the bands who expelled him,
 And other tidings which, through sheer fear, I will not put in
 my lays.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go up close to her!
 By the captive I was bound fast a captive;
 As I implored the Son of Mary to aid me, she bounded
 from me,
 And the maiden fled, blushing, to the fairy mansion of Luachair.

5. S cuíre na cuíre.

6. S co bùinior an cùinne don pùinne.

7. S gluine.

9. S d'ínir me, as if the poet were the informant.

12. eile, pronounced as if written uile.

14. S am coinne aȝ an

ȝ-cuime. R am coimead aȝ an ȝ-cime. O'Daly prints: 'S me am
 comȝe aȝ an ȝ-cime. Reading in text is, on the whole, the most satisfactory
 and the most common by far; cime = cimbio, 'a captive.' Text gives
 sense required by context: He approached the maiden, but in doing so was de-
 tained a captive; when he sought for release in prayer he was released, indeed,
 but she had fled. There are other copies of this poem which I have not collated,
 and which may give this line more accurately.

- Ríéim le mipe am riéibh do crioide-luaimeacá;
- Tré iméallaibh éurraí, tré móngaiibh, tré rílm-ruaibh;
- Don fínne-érgos tigim, ní éuigim cia an t-rlidhe ruaraf,
- 20 Do h-ionad na n-ionad do cumaó le dpaorídeacét gruaigai.

Bhríriod fá ríde do rídeamhail buidéan gruaigacá;

Ir fuipeann do bhrúinnghioilaiibh ríorðaiéidh dalaí-éuacá;

A ngeiméalaibh geiméal mé cuiridh gan puinn ruainní;

'S mo bhrúinnghioil aip bhrúinnibh ag bhrúinn-rtuacá.

O'innreap diri, 'ran b-friotal baó fíor uaim-ri,

Náir éuibe ói rnaíoméaó le ríbíre plím-éuaídeartha;

'S an duine baó gile aip éine Scuit trí h-uaire,

Að feitíom aip iiri bairc aige mar éaoim-nuaícap.

- Aip cloíordin mo gaocha ói goileann do fíor-uaiþreacá;
- 30 Ríteann an fliéidhe do lífe aip a gríor-ðruaibh;
- Cuirpeann liom giolla dom éomaíre ón m-bhrúinn uaiéidh;
- 'S í Óile na Óile do éonnaic-ra aip rílde a n-uaignear.

AN CEANDAÍL.

Mo éreiðid! mo éubairt! mo éurraimn! mo bhrón! mo ðréid!

Mo fóillreacá muiorneacá, mócair-ðéal, béal-tair, éaoim,

Að aðarcaí fuirobionn-dubh miorgáirreacá círneaí buidé;

'S gan leigdear 'na goirle do b-fíllið na leoðain tar tuinn.

17. S riéim le rié mipe.

18. rílm-ruaibh. It is difficult to determine the exact force of rílm in compounds; it is of frequent occurrence, thus *infra* 26: rílm-éuaídeartha. Its primary meaning seems to be, 'thin, spare, slender.' Cf. rílm-apán, 'unleavened bread.' A ruaiðteacá is a rough uneven moorland, interspersed with turfðga, or little holms.

20. S dpoisdeacét druaibh. O'Daly, druaigai; text is that of O'Longan's copy.

26. cuibe, two syllables here.

29. fíor-uaiþreacá. uaðar means 'pride,' in general, often also *wounded pride*. A person subjected to a keen insult, under which he smarted, would say, éamid uaðar opm, "a sense of wounded pride came on me." Cf. XIII. 81:

Aðbaír uaðair buaiðearta ír bhrón-ðoíl,
where the meaning 'pride' would be ridiculous.

- I rush in mad race with a bounding heart,
 Through margins of morasses, through meads, through barren
 moorlands,
 I reach the fair mansion—the way I came I know not—
 20 That dwelling of dwellings, reared by the sorcery of a wizard.

They burst into laughter, mockingly—a troop of wizards
 And a band of maidens, trim, with plaited locks;
 In the bondage of fetters they put me without much respite,
 While to my maiden clung a clumsy, lubberly clown.

I told her then, in words the sincerest,
 How it ill became her to be united to an awkward, sorry churl,
 While the fairest thrice over of all the Scotic race
 Was waiting to receive her as his beauteous bride.

- As she hears my voice she weeps through wounded pride,
 30 The streams run down plenteously from her glowing cheeks,
 She sends me with a guide for my safe conduct from the
 mansion,
 She is the Brightness of Brightness I saw upon a lonely path.

THE BINDING.

O my sickness, my misfortune, my fall, my sorrow, my loss !
 My bright, fond, kind, fair, soft-lipped, gentle maiden,
 Held by a horned, malicious, croaking, yellow clown, with a
 black troop !

While no relief can reach her until the heroes come back across
 the main.

30. S rile að an bplíte ðo lípe. It seems too extravagant to take lípe as the river here; besides, that river is too remote from Luachair.

35. O'Daly prints:—

“Aír aðaírc að fuipeannaið miorgairpeac, crón-ðub, buiðe.”

But, there is an obvious slur on the maiden, so lovingly described, in saying she was held by a horn. The text follows S, which transfers the horn to her tyrant.

V.

AN AISLING.

Mairion ful rmaoin Titan a éropa do luaoaill
 Aír mullaé énuic aoiríd aoirbinn do lódamar rúar;
 Tárrapartar linn rðaoé ñruinngíol roilbír rúairc
 Dárraod bí a Sið Seanaib polar-ñruisig éuaist.

Peapartar rðim ñraoiðeaceta nár ðorpea rúuað,
 O ðaillim na líos lí-ðeal go Copeais na ð-euan,
 Þarra gaé crainn ríor-éuirpear torað agurc enuar,
 Meap daire aip gaé coill, fír-míl aip élocaib go buan.

Laraid rín trí coinnle go polar naé luaiðim
 10 Aír mullaé Ónuic aoiríd Íríinne Conallaird rúaið,
 Leanar tap tuinn rðaoé na m-ban ð-coéaill go Tuamhain,
 Ir faétaim-re ðioð dñoigráir a n-oifighe aip cuaird.

D'fíreagair an ðriðid Aoibhill, nár ðorpea rúuað,
 Þaéan na ð-trí ð-coinnle do larað aip gaé euan,
 A n-aínm an ríð dñoigráir þear aguinn go luat.
 A ð-ceannar na ð-trí ríodácta, ir da ð-coernam go buan.

Aip m'aipling do rílim-þioðgar go h-aécumair rúar,
 Ir do mearar gur b-fíor d' Aoibhill gaé ronar dár luaið;
 Ir amhlaoið b-fíor tím créacataé, doilbír, duairc,
 20 Mairion ful rmaoin Titan a éropa do luaoaill.

V.—This delightful little piece seems to have been very popular. It describes the fairy woman Aoibhill and her companions lighting up the harbours of the country with three candles. Aoibhill explains to the poet that they are welcoming the rightful king of the *three kingdoms* who is soon to come and long to stay. But alas ! it was only a vision, and the poet starts up from his reverie sad and disconsolate.

1. MS. gives Typhon ; the Sun is meant, of course. 2. MS. mullaé ; though, 9 *infra*, aír mullaé. 10. Cnoc Íríinne, in the county of Limerick, is a classic ground of fairies. On it is a heap of stones, said to be a monument to Donn Firinne. See XXVIII. 11. coéall means 'a hood or cloak,' and often implies power of enchantment. *Ib.* Tuamhain, for Tuamhain.

V.

THE REVERIE.

One morning, ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet,
 I went up to the summit of a high pleasant hill,
 I met a band of charming, playful maidens—
 A host who dwelt in Sidh Seanaibh of the bright mansion in
 the north.

A magic prosperity of hue not dark spread itself around,
 From Galway, of the bright coloured stones, to Cork of the
 harbours ;
 The top of every tree ever bears fruit and produce ;
 In every wood are acorns, and sweet honey continually on stones.

They light three candles with a blaze I cannot describe
 10 On the top of high Cnoc Firinne in Red Conollo ;
 I followed the band of hooded women over the waves to
 Thomond,
 And ask the secret of the function they were performing in their
 rounds.

The maiden Aoibhill, not dark of aspect, gave in reply
 The reason for lighting the three candles over every harbour :
 In the name of the king for whom we yearn, and who will soon
 be with us
 Ruling the three kingdoms and defending them long.

I started up from my reverie without delay,
 And I fancied that Aoibhill had spoken truth in all she had said ;
 The way with me was that I felt weak, oppressed, sad, and
 troubled
 20 One morning ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet.

13. náir òorpéa rnuao, ‘not dark of aspect,’ *but of brightest hue.* Cf. nacl
 fíorl méin, XI. 2; and òan eapnam aip biaó, XXXIII. 31.

17. rím-bíobúar: see IV. 18, note.

20. MS. reads Titan, which must be true reading in line 1, *supra*.

VI.

AISLINGH MEABHUIL.

Aislingh meabuile d'aicill m'anam, real gan tapa peanag
tíom tréite;

Fhabra capb traphna mapra ag teaict andear do teann
faoi réim;

Draogain meara a d-tofrae caéa a n-aipm Ópeanta an
t-peanag t-píol Céin,

Leagach aip Óallaiib aca iñ bárgaö, iñ feapann faiinneiond
a ò-ceann crioche Néill.

Mapr gan banna deapcaim, reabac leabair lannaé
leabair-ónniom tréan,

Bhratae argnait, coileac caéa, d'aicme Raiéleanne pean
driib Óaeðeal;

Criéid plair, bailte, daimhín, panna, mapra, iñ campaoi
a ò-céin,

O'feaptaib apm-Óairge an aicil Óeallar ceapt an t-pean-
ríg pléið.

VI.—This brief little lyric displays the poet's great command of language and rhyme. It seems clearly to refer to the Pretender, and not improbably at a time when rumours were rife of his endeavour to regain his father's crown. It is not unlikely that it was written about 1714 or 1715. The poet lived to see how far the event was from justifying this glowing dream. I have collated the Maynooth copy of the poem with two others in the Royal Irish Academy.

1. m'anam. This aspiration is common in the spoken language. aicill, from aiciollaim, 'I vex.' O'R. writes it aigciollaim: d'aicill m'anam gan tapa,

VI.

AN ILLUSIVE VISION.

An illusive vision troubled my soul for a time, leaving me without vigour, lean, spiritless, and prostrate :
 Showers of ships crossing the sea from the south, mightily and in due order,
 Nimble soldiers in the battle-front, in splendid arms—the graceful race of Cian—
 Upsetting and wounding the foreigners, and wide their plains at the extremity of the regions of Niall.

I beheld a Mars without censure, a warrior of the sword, of nimble deeds, mighty,
 A marching banner, a battle cock, of the race of Raithlean,
 parent of the warriors of the Gael ;
 The heavens tremble, towns, strongholds, continents, seas, and camps in the distance
 At the feats of martial valour of the hero who undertook to fight
 for the rights of the old king.

' vexed my soul, leaving it, or rather me, without vigour.' 2. αδ. In MSS. frequently αιδ. 3. τ-ρεανδ τ-ριολ. A τ-ρεανδ-ριολ.

6. βραταέ αργναιμ, 'banner of progress or marching.' αργναιμ, from αργναιμ, 'I go, march.' M, βροταέ αιρημι. A, also, αιρημι. *Ib.* Raithleann was foster-mother of Core of Cashel, and daughter of Dathe the strong. Core being the first king of Cashel, descent from the Cashel kings is spoken of as descent from Raithleann.

8. πλειο generally means 'to litigate, to contend' ; here it is used of battle.

VII.

AN TAN D'AISTRIS GO DUINNEACAIÓ LÁM LE TONN
TÓIME A Ó-CIARRUIÓ.

Iñ rada liom oisóe ñír-ñírué gan ruan, gan rrann,
Gan ceaerfa, gan maoin, caoipe, ná buaib na m-beann;
Anraod aip tuinn taoib liom do ñuaidir mo éeann,
Iñ nár éleacatar am naoróean fioður ná ruacétan abann.

Dá maipeaod an ríð díomharp ó ñruaé na leamhann
'S an ñarfraod b'í að roinn leir léir ñruað mo éall,
A ð-ceannaig na ð-eríoc ð-caoin ð-cluðair ð-euanaé ð-cam,
Ó dealb a ð-típ ð-toinneac níor ñuan mo élann.

An Capaetac ñroisóe píoscmarp le'ír ruadaod an meanð,
10 Iñ Capaetac laoi a n-ðaoirre ñan ruarglaod fann,
Capaetac ríð Cinn Tuirc a n-uais 'ra élann
'S iñ atuirre tríom' éroisóe ñan a ð-tuairip ann.

Do ñearp mo éroisóe am clíte do ñuaidir mo leann;
Na peabhaic nár ppíte cinnite, að ap óual an eanð,
O ñaipiol go tuinn ñlisoðna 'r go Tuamhain éall,
A m-bailte 'ra maom ñíð-épeaceta að lruairgtríb ðall.

VII.—In this very beautiful and pathetic poem the author gives us what may be called a biographical snap-shot of himself. Pressed apparently by dire poverty, he had changed his residence, and found himself in a land of surpassing loveliness. Duinneacha, where the poem was composed, must be near the great cascade that rushes impetuously down the slopes of the Tomies Mountain into the lake beneath. It is night, and a storm rages on land and wave. Tonn Toime thunders with deafening noise. His sleep is disturbed, and he breaks forth into a lament for the chieftains who, if they lived, would relieve his distress. In his impatience he chides the waves for their angry clamour.

5. The MacCarthys built their castles on the edge of Lough Lein and the River Laune, as Carew says, “to stop all the passages of Desmond.”

7. A very graphic description of the district around the Killarney Lakes.

9. Refers to MacCarthy Mor. 10. Capaetac laoi, the Earl of Clancarty, also called Baron of Blarney, whose chief residence was at

VII.

ON HIS REMOVING TO DUINNEACHA, BESIDE TONN
TOIME IN KERRY.

The truly wet night seems long to me, without sleep, without snore,
 Without cattle, or wealth, or sheep, or horned cows ;
 A storm on the wave beside me has troubled my head,
 Unused in my childhood to the noise or the roaring of rivers.

If the protecting prince from the bank of the Laune were alive,
 And the band who were sharers with him,—who would pity my
 misfortune,—

Ruling over the fair, sheltered regions, rich in havens, and curved,
 My children should not long remain in poverty in a watery land.

The great, valiant MacCarthy, to whom baseness was hateful,

10 And MacCarthy from the Lee, enfeebled, in captivity, without
 release,

MacCarthy, prince of Kanturk, with his children in the grave—
 It is bitter grief through my heart that no trace of them is left.

My heart has withered up within my breast, the humours of my
 body are troubled,

Because the warriors who were not found niggardly, and who
 inherited the land

From Cashel to the waves of Cliodhna and across to Thomond,
 Have their dwellings and their possessions ravaged by foreign
 hosts.

Blarney until 1688. For an account of the Earl mentioned here see XLVII.

11. The branch of the MacCarthys, called MacDonogh, owned Kanturk. In Queen Elizabeth's time they erected a magnificent building, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram 120 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; the structure was four stories high, and the flankers five, but Elizabeth ordered the building to be stopped lest it might afford a stronghold for rebels. This family forfeited their estates by taking part in the rebellion of 1641.

A éonn ro éisor iŋ aoirthe céim go h-árb,
 Meaðair mo éínn claoiðte óð' béisceað tár;
 Caðair dá o-tiðeað arið go h-Éirinn báin,
 20 Do ðlam naé bínn do óínnibínn féin ad bpráðai.

17. The poet here addresses himself to the great cascade, now called O'Sullivan's, which dashes into the lake beneath, even when no storm is raging, with an awe-inspiring sound.

Thou wave below, which dashest from such a height,
The senses of my head are overpowered with thy bellowing,
Were help to come again to fair Erin,
20 I would thrust thy discordant clamour down thy throat.

VIII.

ÓAILINTÍN BRÚN.

Do lea nai g an cia c 旤aer c f  a m'  ean- eo i e 旤 p
 Iar -taif o l nan  a balia ra ta a b -pe arann  uinn  e sg am n;
 S gam ll air   ri an iar  air    ar ta r  io ga et  Mu an
 F  a de apa   am  ri all  ia m opt, a  ailint n  br n.

Cai pi l   an   lia p,  ialte c, n   mar par i e air  -t n ir,
 I  be anna   ru ig   ri an   ar  u llte   a or ao ib   ir d ,
 C alla   an  ri an  ri a t a      aca ib r ig  Mu an
 F  a de apa   am  ri all  ia m opt, a  ailint n  br n.

- 10 D  air tr is  ia d  an  ial pu i       ea ct at    i  air  -t n ir,
 O ne dar i    an  ia c  i ra ct a a n- d am ge an- co ill R u ir;
 Se cn ai    ar d   ri an- -  ru i       ar e   ao in  iu n
 F  a de apa   am  ri all  ia m opt a  ailint n  br n.

VIII.—The subject of this pathetic, if bitter poem, was Sir Valentine Brown, the fifth baronet of that name and the third Viscount Kenmare. He was born in 1695. During his youth he was an outlaw owing to the attainder of his father. In November, 1720, he married Honora Butler of Kilcash, in the County of Tipperary, who died of smallpox in 1730. He married secondly Mary, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Castle Ishin, in the County of Cork, the relict of Justin, fifth Earl of Fingall. He died on the 30th of June, 1736. See Archdall's "Lodge," vol. vii., p. 57.

From numerous allusions throughout his works, both prose and verse, it is obvious that our poet cherished a peculiar affection for the Brown family. Indeed some of his prose satires seem to have been inspired by his indignation at their having been made outlaws while their lands became the prey of adventurers. We do not know what request of his was refused by Brown which called forth these bitter verses. That he was in his old age when they were composed is certain from internal evidence. It is also certain that they cannot have been written later than 1734, for in that year the Earl of Clancarty died at Prals-Hoff in the territory of Hamburg. It is difficult to exaggerate the pathos of this poem. The poet represents himself as weeping in his old age for the banished nobles of the Gael, and in his need turning to one of the usurpers by whom he is repelled.

VIII.

VALENTINE BROWN.

A distressing sorrow has spread over my old hardened heart
 Since the foreign demons have come amongst us in the land of
 Conn,
 A cloud upon the sun of the west to whom the kingship of
 Munster was due ;
 It is this which has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

First, Cashel without society, guest-house, or horsemen,
 And the turrets of Brian's mansion black-flooded with otters,
 Ealla without a third of the chiefs descended from the kings of
 Munster ;
 It is this which has made me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

The wild deer has lost the noble shape that was her wont before,
 10 Since the foreign raven nestled in the thick wood of Ross ;
 The fishes shun the sun-lit stream and the calm, delightful rivulet ;
 It is this that has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

1. *craic*. Disease in general, and the names of diseases in particular, are often used figuratively to denote sorrow, distress, or anguish. *craic* is a feeling of smothering on the chest caused by cold, and its application here to sorrow, that, as it were, spreads over the heart, is singularly apt. *Ib. búr*: hardened, senseless, passionless from age, as the trunk of an old tree may be called *búr*. 6. The full expression is *do mādراoibh*: the preposition is omitted, leaving the aspiration. 6 could not be the preposition here. *Ib. nírð'*, for *nírðe*, to suit the metre.

7. *Ealla*. The district of Ealla, or Duhallow, had a great many minor chieftains under the clan system. Cork was the first king of Cashel.

10. *rapaicta*: MS. *rapaictac*, but metre requires the *c* elided. *Ib. piač*: *M piačač*, but which does not read well with *neadbaig*.

Ðairinip tiaþ lapla n' l aice 'on éloinn úir,
 A hamhurð, mo éiac! lapla na peabac ríosacé rúðacé;
 Seanarorð hiaé að vian-ðol fé éeacétar vísob rúð
 Þá dearað þam tríall riám opt a ðailintín bprún.

Clúm na n-ealtan meara ðnámaþ pe ðaois

Map lúipeacé dealb cait aip ðáraé ðraois,
 Ðiúltaird ceatþa a laéta éál ðá laois,

20 Ó ðiuðail ríof ðail a g-ceapt na g-Cártacé g-caom.

Do rtiúratað Pan a ðeareca a n-áirde críoð,

Að tnúé cárðaib an Mapr do báraíð rínn;

Márglaird aitíð ðeaprað lán an trír,

Að bryðað na maprð traþna ó ðáil do rínn.

13. Ðairinip is Valentia Island; Domhnall MacCarthy More was made Earl of Clancare and Baron of Valentia by Elizabeth; the poet laments that a MacCarthy no longer holds the title.

14. hamhurð: see XLVII. 16, note. 17-18. glaum in M. I read clúm in 17, which suits the metre, and lúipeacé in 18 should be understood to mean 'covering' or 'fur.'

20. Sir Valentine Brown rendered some services to the Elizabethan government in connexion with the surveying of escheated lands, for which he was rewarded with "all those manors, castles, lordships, lands, and hereditaments whatever, in the counties of Cosmainge and Onagh O'Donoghue, in the counties of Desmond, Kerry, and Cork, late or sometime being in the possession of Teige

Dairinis in the west—it has no lord of the noble race ;
 Woe is me ! in Hamburg is the lord of the gentle, merry heroes ;
 Aged, grey-browed eyes, bitterly weeping for each of these,
 Have caused me ever to have recourse to thee, Valentine Brown.

- The feathers of the swift flocks that fly adown the wind
 Like the wretched fur of a cat on a waste of heather ;
 Cattle refuse to yield their milk to their calves
 20 Since Valentine usurped the rights of the noble MacCarthy.

Pan directed his eyes high over the lands,
 Wondering whither the Mars had gone whose departure brought
 us to death ;
 Dwarfish churls ply the sword of the three fates,
 Hacking the dead crosswise from head to foot.

macDermod macCormac, and Rorie O'Donoghue More." *Ib.* For *ríop báil*
 M has an *Uaile*. 22. There can be no doubt that the Mars is the
 Pretender, so "Márr san banna," VI. 5. *do báratás rinn* = *do cuiр rinn*
éum báir, or rather *do léig dáninn bár d'fagdáil*.

23. The MSS. practically all agree as to the text. One MS. in the Royal
 Irish Academy has *muiрglid aitid* *ðáraoð lán an tgrír*, but none other that I
 have seen aspirates the *ð* of *ðearrpað*; for *an tgrír*: *ef.* XVIII. 40—

Le comaécta ðraoiðeaécta an tgrír ban árra,

lán = *lann* (?). The *aitid* alluded to are, no doubt, men of the stamp of Cronin
 and Griffin: see Introd.

IX.

NUAIR DO CUIR NA h-EIRICÍS EASBOG CORCAIGE
TAR LEAR.

Mo bhrón ! mo milleaō anoir mo leun le luaō !
An rtheol gairid éluinim éus me déarac, duairc ;
Mo rthóir do rthuir, do bhrír mo réan, mo ruan,
Édin do éur tap tuir aip éigíon uainn.

Mo rtóir, mo círdeas ruis a n-éinfeacht uaim
Mo édir, mo éion, mo éuid do'n cléir gan éruar ;
Níor leór leir rinn gan rrua na féile ruair ;
Tap bóena a mbriu id ó cuipeas é monuar !

IX.—John Baptist Sleyne was appointed Bishop of Cork on the 13th April, 1693. In 1694 he was put in charge of Cloyne also. He was then 55 years of age, and was well known in Rome as a Professor of Moral Theology in the College of the Propaganda. In the list of unrolled parish priests of the year 1704 he is mentioned as an ordaining bishop up to the year 1698. In that year he was taken prisoner at Cork. On the 27th March, 1703, he wrote a letter, in French, to Cardinal de Giamsone from which we translate a few extracts:—"God at last permitted that I should be taken prisoner in my episcopal city, where I remained in this state for five years, being the most part of the time in bed ; until, at the close of last month, the mayor and aldermen of Cork made me rise up from my bed by means of a troop of soldiers, who, without having regard either to my advanced age, or to the state to which frequent pains of gout and gravel have reduced me, carried me off in the sight of all the people in a little boat which landed me a few days ago a league from Lisbon, where I had the consolation of being immediately visited by the French Ambassador, who, as a worthy minister of so great and so pious a monarch, has offered me his lodgings and everything that he could do to aid me." Translated from *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, vol. ii., p. 369. The Nuncio in Lisbon, writing on the 24th of April, 1703, about this new arrival, says:—"Notwithstanding the Act of

IX.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS SENT OVER THE SEA
BY THE HERETICS.

My grief, my undoing now, my anguish to be related !
 The bitter tidings I hear has made me tearful and troubled,
 It has upset my mind, it has shattered my happiness and my
 rest,
 The sending of John across the main from us by force.

My store, my treasure, he has taken from me all at once,
 My justice, my affection, my favourite among the clergy without
 harshness,
 He was not content that I should lack the stream of refreshing
 generosity ;
 Since he is put in bondage beyond the main, woe is me !

Parliament banishing all the Prelates and the Religious from that kingdom, he would not abandon the flock entrusted to him ; for which reason he was thrown into prison, and kept there many years in such rigorous confinement that he was not permitted to converse with any one. Nevertheless some Catholics found means to penetrate into his cell, and he exercised his sacred ministry as best he could. The Protestant ministers being enraged at this, compelled him, so to say, to embark naked, on a sudden, in a little vessel that was sailing for Portugal.”—*Ib.*

The Sovereign Pontiff, in a letter, *in forma brevis*, to the King of Portugal, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, dated September, 1709, makes honourable mention of Dr. Sleyne. Dr. Sleyne died at the convent of Buon Successo, February 16th, 1712.

The departure of Dr. Sleyne in a little boat from Cork is the subject of the above lyric as well as that by Mac Cartain (L).

7. *puaip* = *puaipé*, ‘refreshing.’ Perhaps *na réile puaip* = ‘the hospitality which he had got,’ that is, with which he was endowed. Perhaps for *pinn* we should read *pín*.

8. The last line stands by itself (?), “Alas, that he was sent across the sea into captivity.”

X.

AN FILE A Ó-CAIRLEÁN AN TÓCÁIR.

Do riubal mire an Muimhneachán mhní,
 'Só éúinne an Doire píobairnnaí
 Mo éumha níor bhrípeasáid céap iúdacháid rímní
 Do feicirint bhrusig Táinéar an Dúna.

Do mearfar am' aighean i pór am' ériodh,
 An marbh ba marbh gur beo do bhi,
 Ais capthaí macra feoil i píon,
 Bunch dá chaitiúin i píon.

Feoil do bhearrasáibh i éanla ón Ó-Tuinn
 Ceolsta, i píon, i píon na níde;
 Róirbhá blaerbhá, i píon gan tíméal,
 Conairt i píon gádair i píon aomhráid.

Óronaí ais imcheacáit, i píon i píon ais tigheacáit,
 I píon i píon ais rascáipeacáit dúninn do binn,
 Óronaí aip ríallmairiúra ais gádair,
 'S ais leagáid na b-plaistear gá ceannra.

X.—Castle Tochar belonged to a branch of the Mac Carthy family renowned for their hospitality. The Tadhg an Duna mentioned in this poem was the second of that name. He died in 1696, and was lamented in fervid strains by O'Rahilly's satirist, Domhnall na Tuille. O'Rahilly must have been young when Tadhg an Duna died, but probably was a frequent visitor to the Castles of Togher and Dumanway, as he seems to have resided in his youth, for some time at least, in Iveleary, which adjoins the territory once owned by the Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim. The plot of this little poem is as beautiful as its descriptions are fresh. Tadhg an Duna was no more; strangers were holding sway in his mansion when the poet visited the old haunt. Yet so lavish is the board, so many visitors come and go, so varied are the amusements, that he thinks old Tadhg is again alive amid

X.

THE POET AT CAISLEAN AN TOCHAIR.

I have traversed fair Munster,
 And from the corner of Derry to Dun na Riogh
 My grief was not checked, merry though I was,
 Till I beheld the mansion of Tadhg an Duna.

I thought within my soul and eke within my heart
 That the dead, who had died, was alive,
 Amidst the carouse of the youths with meat and wine,
 Where punch was drunk, and brandy.

10 Meat on spits, and wild fowl from the ocean ;
 Music and song, and drinking bouts ;
 Delicious roast meat and spotless honey,
 Hounds and dogs and baying.

A company going, and a company coming,
 And a company entertaining us melodiously,
 And a company praying on the cold flags,
 And meekly melting the heavens.

his revellers as of yore. But the mystery is explained. It is Warner who has taken the place of the generous chieftain. For a very interesting account of Tadhg an Duna, and of Gleann an Chroim, see "The Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim," by Daniel Mac Carthy Glas. See also Introduction to XXXVIII.

1. The more usual form of acc. is *Mumha*. The MSS. have *po* after *mín*, and the next line begins with *Cúinne*.

2. Perhaps the corner of Ireland in which Derry is situated is meant. *Dún na Rioğ*, perhaps Tara.

6. *ba mánb*. MSS. *bo mánb*. 11. MS. *címall*. 12. MS. *cíogaóct*.

Nó go b-fuadar panar ó aon don éirírt,
 Ógur b'í Warner ceannaraé réimí glan rúdgád,
 Do bí pan m-baile gheal aoráda clúmhuiil,
 Blaistear b-fann roimh ðeoirsiðe.

20

'Sé Dia do ériu éisig an raoigal rílán,
Is éas fíal a n-ionad an Féil ruairí bárt,
Ais ríap air tuisíriú, air cléirí, air dáiim,
Cúraod naé fallra, mór-érioiðe.

Until one of the mansion gave me to know
That it was Warner, the affectionate, the mild, the pure, the
joyous,
Who was in this bright, ancient, famous dwelling,
20 A chieftain not weak in hospitality to strangers.

It is God who has created the whole world,
And given us one generous man for another that has died,
Who bestows upon families, scholars, and bards,
A champion not false, and great of heart.

XI.

D'FÍNNÉDÍN UA DÖNNÉUÓA AN GLEANNA.

Páilte iñ da'c'is ò òraoiéis céad
 Do bláth na peabac naé íriol méin,
 Ó áitpeab Sagron iñ cinn te daor,
 Do h-áruig Pleargá na pean-g-éan.

Coimélaó cupata, epráibh-teac, caomh,
 Blaist mar Órðar a m-beapnain baochtail,
 Neart tréun, roilbhír, rámha, réimh,
 Iñ cuan na bhanba tá lán laig.

Súil iñ gluirfe 'ná dhrúct aip fiéor,
 Úir na cnuinne agur fionn-dairi tóir,
 Iñ clú dá éime 'fan Muimain go deo,
 An Phœnix árd naé epanndá.

Laoct meap gpeanta, glan, dípeac, fial,
 Do ppréim na Pleargá 'r do fíol na b-Fiann,
 Céile dairghe, feap fionta riap,
 Fínnédín gpoisde mac Óonnail.

XI.—Finneen O'Donoghue was son of the O'Donoghue Dubh of the Glen, and was an object of dread and terror to the settlers. Colonel Hedges writes, in 1714, that he was the man they most feared in Kerry. He appears to be the person who figures as Finneen Beg in the correspondence with the Castle officials of the period. It is curious to note from what different points of view our poet and a man like Colonel Hedges estimate his character. Any one who studies the records of those troubled times will see how justly the poet describes Finneen when he calls him the stay of his country and the shelter of the bards. Miss Hickson thinks that Finneen afterwards joined the Irish Brigade in the French service. See in "Old Kerry Records," vol. ii., the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century."

XI.

TO FINNEEN O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

One and forty welcomes from a hundred druids
 To the flower of warriors, of mein not lowly,
 From the home of the niggardly, guilty Saxons,
 To the dwelling of the Flesh, of the slender women.

A stag, valiant, devout, gentle,
 A chieftain like Osgar in the gap of danger,
 A power, brave, pleasant, peaceful, mild,
 And a haven to Banba, who is very weak.

10 An eye more sparkling than the dew upon the grass,
 Mould of the world, and a fair, great oak,
 An honour to his race in Munster for ever
 Is the high Phœnix, not shrivelled.

A warrior, nimble, shapely, pure, honourable, hospitable,
 Of the root-stock of the Flesh, and of the seed of the Fianna,
 Wedded to heroism, a man who distributes wines,
 Is the valorous Finneen, son of Domhnall.

5. *coinphiað*, lit. ‘hound stag.’ *coin* has an intensitive sense, as in *conabhal*; *cainnphiað* would give assonance.

8. For *lán-lag*, perhaps *lom-lag*, or *pann lag* should be read.

10. *úr* I have translated ‘mould,’ but the meaning seems doubtful. Some MSS. have *úr*. The word has a host of meanings. Perhaps ‘the sun of the universe’ is the proper translation.

12. Phœnix has no very particular meaning, the idea is ‘a paragon of perfection,’ ‘something unique.’

Uaral d'aibisg ó ríðeib é,
Uan na peabac ón Inre an laoé,
Ír buan-écap cornaith dá éir go tréun
An ríð-écap uaibpeac ceannra.

Don dor tarpmuin d'éigrib Cuinn,
Craobh baór paemar ó Léan-loch linn,
Réilteann d'aibisg d'fhuil Éibip Ínn;
Páilte Uí Cealla don planda.

17. d'aibisg, lit. ‘ripened’; that is, sprung from, and came to maturity *cf.* “d'aibisg im' éaoib-ra créim aghur cnead,” which ripened in my side a smarting and a sigh.—“Arachtach Sean.”

18. ón Inre, the name of the place where O'Donoghue lived at Glenflesk.

21. Cuinn. MS. ñaoin, but this is also the reading of M in VIII. 2, where A has Cuinn, both words are pronounced alike.

A noble is he who ripened from kings ;
Lamb amongst the warriors from Inch is the hero ;
A lasting head of defence for his country with bravery
20 Is the princely man, proud and gentle.

The only bush of refuge left to the bards of Conn,
A prosperous branch amongst us from Lough Lein,
A star that ripened from the blood of Eibhear Fionn ;
O'Kelly's welcome to the young scion.

22. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk were a branch of the O'Donoghues of Lough Lein. The latter drove the O'Carrolls from around Lough Lein, and settled there, giving the district the name of Eoghanacht Locha Lein, and afterwards Eoghanacht Uí Dhonnchadha.

24. Uí Cealla ; the allusion is obscure. A poem by O'Brudar opens with this phrase.

XII.

AIR ÚAS TRÍR ÉLOINNE TAIÓÐ UÍ CRÓINÍN.

Do gheír an Ráistill, do raoibhao, a geol,

Do leunaó a peun rinn, do pléaradh tig an bhrón;

Do léir-éuirpeaó ceathair naé léir dám an fiodh

Aip a h-aol-bhrois do b' féile, cár leunmhar an fheol.

Do béal-mháisíoraó fhor le tréan-éuile mór

A ghréiméire, 'ra peudairb, 'ra caolaí, 'ra ceol,

Do léim-rié an fionn iona h-éadan dá bódach

A caomh-éuile ñaora 'f a raor-éoirín bair.

Ir ciaé gúirt ir tréan-éuile, ir rian-éuile gan leigear,

10 Ir rian-épeac 'pan iarréar ir fiaobhar duibh teinn;

Mian ghoil gan meidir, cliaibh-éuirpe taidim

Éibhlín a g-cré éille, Ólarmuid, ir Taobh.

A Óla o'fhuilinig creibhíll ir rian-lot an daill

Doo' niamh-bhrois leat riaraig an tríar ro fó ghréim;

Ciallraó go raióibhír dá b-fial-aíair gáidim,

Gó b-fiaothraithe ré pléacataó doobh Óla-choil aibh' raibharc.

XII.—In the O'Curry Catalogue of the R.I.A. MSS. the children lamented in this most beautiful elegy are said to belong to Timothy Cronin, whereas in the Catalogue of the British Museum MSS., where it is stated that they were drowned, Patrick is the name given. There is a copy of the poem in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS., Maynooth. In the “Book of Claims” on forfeited estates entered on or before the 10th of August, 1701, we have the following entry:—“No. 2215, Darby Cronine claims a term for three lives, two in being, on Raghmore Shimmogh (should be Shinnagh) and Mills, and four (illegible) of Clonntyny, by lease dated 20th October, 1675. Witnesses, Edward Daniel, Connell O’Leary, and another. Forfeiting proprietor Nicholas Browne *alias* Lord Kenmare.” Copied from “Old Kerry Records,” vol. i., p. 225. For references made by Colonel Hedges to the Cronins in his correspondence with Dublin Castle, see Introduction.

6. peudairb, dat. for nom. *Ib.* caolac, MS. caollaí, “the roof wattling of a house under the thatch” (see Stokes’ *Lismore Lives*, index, p. 387): what corresponds to the ribs of a man. Hence ‘the breast’ of a man: *ef.* dá

XII.

ON THE DEATH OF TADHG O'CRONIN'S THREE CHILDREN.

Rathmore moaned, her sails were rent,
 Her prosperity was maimed, the house of sorrow burst ;
 A fog fell so thickly that I cannot see the sward,
 On her lime-white mansion, the most hospitable—sore affliction
 is the tidings.

Moreover, violently snatched away by a strong, great flood
 Are her prizes, her jewels, her roof-tree, her music ;
 A spark leaped up unto her forehead, burning her
 And her beautiful, precious coverlets, and her noble goblets of
 gold.

It is bitter sorrow and torture, it is painful wounding without
 cure,

10 It is a sore calamity in the west, it is a black, sickly fever,
 It is a longing to weep, without mirth, it is a fit of heart-
 sickness,—
 That Eileen is in the clay of the churchyard, and Diarmuid
 and Tadhg.

O Lord, who didst suffer death and the signal insult of the blind,
 Conduct to Thy mansion of brightness the three who are in
 bondage ;
 A store of wisdom I beseech for their hospitable father,
 That he may be able to bow down in Thy sight before Thy
 Divine Will.

n̄ealannaiō p̄in-ōsl̄rē 'r d̄á Ṅ-caolač úp, XXII. 222. It also means rods or wattles, apart from their connexion with roofing : see II. 42, and XXVI. 87.

13. c̄peſ̄oīl. O'R. gives c̄peīoīl b̄áir, 'the knell of death.' *Ib.* p̄ian lot: *ef.* na p̄ian-Ṅaρc reólt̄a, XV. 40, and p̄ian uρcáir, Blaithfleasg, p. 25.

15. ciallraō, from ciall, like fulraō, from ful. *Ib.* r̄aiðb̄ir must be pronounced r̄aiðir, one syllable; Ṅaiðim, for Ṅuiðim.

Trí réapla gan tinnéal bað réimh-oilte pliðe,

Trí réið-éomniol gréine trí aon-ðarða a ngníom,

Trí d'éara nár claoim, níor b'aorðar a n-aorí,

20 Trí réilteann a ð-tréite 'r a m-bréite ñan þuimp.

Trí teuda bað binn, trí créaéta 'ran típ,

Trí naomh-leinb naomhá, éuð deupr-þearc do Chríost;

A ð-trí m-beul, a ð-trí g-crois, a ð-trí gaor-éorr fá lioig,

A ð-trí n-eudan bað gléðeal að daolaitb, iñ díe.

Trí fíonúir bað éaoim, trí colúir ñan baoip,

Trí príomh-uðla craoibh níp bað ríðearail a ð-tíðear;

Trí fíonn-túir an tìðe, nár éríon-ðiúlta gnaoi,

A ð-trí tlím-éom a mion-ðrúið do líon duðac mo érois.

Trí díe liom a n-díe, trí caoi cnír mo éaoi,

30 Trí aoin-þónid an naoimh-nírð, trí clí cùmra bí;

Iñ gur rðríoib éuðad don éill trí gnaoi múnite grínn,

A Ríð, rtiúir doð' ríð-éúirt an dír ní 'ran t-aoin.

18. réið-éomniol: MS. ré-éomniol. *Ib.* aon-ðarða: cf. aon-ðeal; also a n-aomh-éuileg gnað, XVI.

21. créaéta means 'cuttings, ravines, deep valleys': cf.—

"Créaéta an talamh að fræðasairt 'r að frðasairt."—XXII. 8.

It seems improbable, from the context, that créaéta has the meaning 'wounds,' here.

31. rðríoib, MS. rðríoib, but cf. "beis me að rðríoibað liom."

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, polished manners,

Three calm candles of the sun, three most skilful in action,

Three ears of corn, without bending, who were not old in years,

20 Three stars in virtues and words without pride.

Three melodious strings, three glens in the earth,

Three sainted, holy children who fondly loved Christ,

Their three mouths, their three hearts, their three noble bodies
beneath a stone,

Their three fair, bright foreheads the prey of chafers—it is
ruin !

Three fair vines three doves without folly,

Three prime apples from a fresh bough, that were royal in
their dwelling,

Three fair turrets of the house, three with faces not old, nor
forbidding ;

Their three slender waists, their smooth cheeks, have filled
my heart with sorrow.

A triple loss their loss to me; a triple lamentation the cause of
my weeping—

30 The three sole standing grounds of the sacred clergy, three
sweet live breasts;

And since they have passed to Thee, to the grave—the three of
refined and cheerful aspect—

O King, direct them to Thy royal mansion—those two and the one.

XIII.

MARÓNA SEAÐÁIN ÓRÚIN.

Tárg tré a ð-caitíð dearca deobra,
 Þád tré a b-þeacaid cranna iþ cér-énuic,
 Cár tré a ð-créacaid flácha iþ mórða,
 Seaðán mac þail a b-þeapt aip þeoðað.

A þáir, ro meallair leat ár lóðrann,
 Þál ár n-apðar ár m-bailte 'r ár ð-tórrpat,
 Þárdar aip ð-teac ár m-ban 'r ár m-bólaðt,
 Ár rðád róimr gzeanaib feanta fóirne.

10 Ár rðiað dín ár ríð iþ ár rð-þlaið,
 Ár ð-cloðad cruaid do buan éum comhraic,
 Ár nðriðan geimrpe, ár roillpe, ár loðrann,
 Ár ð-crannn baðair, ár ð-taíðniom, ár nðlóirpe.

Ár ð-túr daingion ria naðair, ár ð-erððaðt
 Ár ð-ciall, ár raðar, ár b-þeið, ár mórðion,
 Ár nðnaði 'r ár méin, ár nðné 'r ár rððaðar,
 Ár m-báð, ár m-bare, ár maiðe iþ ár m-beððaðt.

20 Ár n-Orgar teann, ár laðarða, ár nðlórdá,
 Ár Phœnix mullair, ár ð-cuðrað iþ ár ð-comðrom,
 Ár n-apm a n-am reafain le fórluðt,
 Ár Caerar trœun, ár péilteann eðlur.

XIII.—For remarks on this poem see Introduction. There are two copies among the Murphy MSS., but only one gives the whole poem; the other omits several stanzas in the middle; one copy in the R.I.A. omits the same stanzas. In the heading of a R.I.A. copy it is stated incorrectly that John Brown was the grandfather of (the then) Lord Kenmare. Captain John Brown of Ardagh, the subject of this elegy, died without issue August 15th, 1706; thus we have fixed

XIII.

ELEGY ON JOHN BROWN.

News through which eyes stream forth tears,
 The reason why trees and stately hills bend down,
 A trouble through which mightiest chiefs tremble,
 Is that John, son of Valentine, is mouldering in a tomb.

O death, thou hast enticed away with thee our torchlight,
 The fence of our harvests, of our homes, of our wakes,
 The guard of our houses, of our women, of our kine,
 Our protection against the flaying knives of brigand bands.

Our shield of safety, our prince, our high chieftain,

10 Our steel helmet enduring for the fight,
 Our winter's sun, our light, our torch,
 Our staff to threaten, our darling, our glory,

Our strong tower against the foe, our valour,

Our reason, our sight, our strength, our great love,
 Our visage, our mien, our comeliness, our delight,
 Our boat, our ship, our beauty, our vigour,

Our stout Osgar, our speech, our voice,

20 Our Phœnix of the mountain top, our champion, our justice,
 Our weapon when we have to stand against vast troops,
 Our strong Cæsar, our guiding star.

accurately the date of this poem. He had for a long time acted as agent on the Kenmare Estate.

4. mac báil. John Brown was son of Sir Valentine Brown, second baronet of that name. *Ib.*, *pebcað*; MS., *peočaint*.

6. M ḫ-toraiṁ. A ḫ-toraiyb.

18. Phœnix. One MS. *ap pfeine* (= *ap ḫ-peinnið*), ‘our champion.’ It is doubtful whether a particular “mullach” is meant.

Mo nuar an tír fá ríor aod' ñeáid-re,
 Ír iad gan trías aét Óis na glinre,
 Ár d-coillte dá ríor-ríor le fórra,
 Ír lailéig að blaibrið 'na n-ndúirrið.

Aitá Maigoneáthe do ríngil gan nóeap,
 Tá Cill Círne cárthap ñeáraí,
 Dá éaoibh Mainse fá gallairb gan teára,
 Sliab Luára a n-guaireaít dá fíordra.

30

An uair do riú an tuisir tarp eortar,
 'S an tan do bhrír loé Óuir fá móintíb,
 Cír dhéim an Ruír do ériú an éinise,
 Tréimhre roimh a dul air feáda.

Dó riú pealta ón rréip air Eoganaí,
 Cír Phœbus do éuit éiclip ceo òuib,
 Dó bí an rae 'tan t-aodári do bhrónaí,
 Ír Léan-loé að déimhreao dō tdirpeac.

40

Dó bí an laoi dá éaoi, baib énir vi,
 Ír Dún baoi na laoerád fóirnior,
 Dún Daingé dō dñbaé créacáe ñeáraí,
 Ír Dún Aonair do créacataí tdirpeac.

An ghuaireaít ro air Éamain do bhréónig me,
 'S an buairpeam ro air Cluan na n-nd-úrpeit,
 Buairpeam iñ duaircear dá fíordair,
 Dá éiliosm dñur rídeig rúd dá b-pórtaib.

22. This line occurs again, with a little change, XXXIV. 24.

23. A special stipulation, about the woods, was made at the sale of Brown's estate to Asgill. They were to be handed over to the purchaser. The woods, it is said, were destroyed to the value of £20,000 : see Introd.

24. Lailéig : Leinstermen, or Palemen. *Ib.*, að blaibrið. M a m-bliaðna, which disturbs the metre, and gives but indifferent sense blaibrið = blaþraí, 'braying, roaring.'

Alas ! the land is wearied at thy loss !
 Its people without a lord, save the God of glory !
 Our woods are being destroyed by violence,
 And Leinstermen clamouring at our people's doors.

Magonihy is helpless, without a spouse ;
 Killarney is querulous and tearful ;
 On either side of the Maine the foreigners hold boundless sway
 And Sliabh Luachra is in trouble proclaiming his death.

When the sea rushed beyond its bounds,
 30 And what time Lough Gur overflowed into the moorlands,
 At the roar of Ross the province shook,
 A short space ere he went unto decay.

Stars from heaven fell on the Eoghanacht,
 And an eclipse of black mist fell on Phoebus,
 The moon and the air were in grief,
 And Lough Lein moaned sorrowfully.

The Lee bewailed him, it was just she should,
 And Dunboy, of the mighty heroes ;
 And Dundaghda was sad, oppressed, and tearful ;
 40 And Dun Aonfhir, wounded, and sorrowful.

This trouble that has seized on Thomond has oppressed me,
 And this distress on Cluain of the new-births—
 Distress and grief proclaiming his death,
 And claiming that he sprang from their stock.

25. nōcān, the MS. spelling. The first syllable must be an o-sound.

33. The Eoghanacht meant is Eoghanacht O'Donoghue : see XI. 22, note.

37. bat̄ cón̄ d̄i, because of his mother, who was péapla an Laoi, 108, *infra*.

42. Cluán, probably Clonmeen, the home of the O'Callaghans.

43. A has buanpearáin ðo deorac að fóðairt ; the whole stanza is unsettled in the MSS.

A m-bun Raite do éairdil an tóir-rgoile,
 A m-bun Roðair bað érom a ngeónra,
 A g-Cnoc Áine d'árdaitg móri ðol,
 Ír tā Cnoc bhréannainn traoëta a n-deoraiib.

Ní h-é an ðol ro ír doicte bhrénidg me,
 50 Déit ðol na fíinne b' aghat mar nódar,
 ðol na gile léir fnaidhmeað go h-dg éu
 Ó'fhuil an diúic, dá érú, ír dá éomhur.

ðol an bhrúnaig éongantaiig, érddá,
 Atá a lónduin fé óub-rgmaéit fáirne,
 ðol a élonne—táid uile go bhrónac,
 Ír dian-ðol Máible ír cráidte debraic.

ðol na druinse léir h-oileað tu að' níde,
 Do þréim na rídgéte bað cumanraic erddá,
 Laoëra bað laoëur a n-gleas-bhruid,
 60 Do fíleactaib Céin fuaip réim dá énidé.

A éomhálta cléib na gaor-þlaié tóirða,
 Na laoðaireac do b' agh Éirinn róra,
 Ír na n-dréam do þréim-þliocet Eogam
 Dári óual géilleað an t-Sléibe 'ran Tócair.

Liaéct a ðaolta, ír céim a g-cóimhream,
 Do grían t-þlioéct Éibír, Néill ír Eogain,
 Ír ná raiib aon do réixib Fórla,
 Þan a ðaol Þan bhéim fá óð leir.

45. M mon-ðol. *Ib.*, bun Raite: properly, bun Trádhraighe.

46. M a g-Cluan Samháda d'árdaiig geóninte.

47. Cnoc 'Áine, Knockany, in county Limerick.

48. Cnoc bhréannain, Brandon Mountain, in Kerry.

50-2. His wife was Joan, sister of Pierce, the sixth Lord Cahir, a near relative of the Duke of Ormond.

53. an bhrúnaig. Nicholas, second Lord Kenmare, who was banished for his adherence to James II. He died at Brussels, in April, 1720.

At Bunratty a vast multitude assembled;
 At Bun Roghair heavy were their cries;
 At Knockaney a loud wailing arose;
 And Cnoc Breannain is subdued with tears.

50 It is not this weeping that has oppressed me most painfully,
 But the weeping of the fair one whom thou hadst to wife,
 The weeping of the bright one to whom thou wert united in
 thy youth,
 Of the blood of the Duke, of his race, and of his kinsfolk;

The weeping of Brown, the helpful, the valiant,
 Who is in London under the dire yoke of a horde;
 The weeping of his children—they are all sorrowful—
 And the strong weeping of Mabel, who is troubled and tearful;

60 The weeping of those with whom thou wert fostered in thy
 youth,
 Of the root-stock of the kings, who were able and valiant—
 Heroes who showed heroism in the stress of battle,
 Of the progeny of Cian, who obtained sway for his province.

Beloved foster-brother of the great, noble chieftains—
 The O'Learys who were wedded to Erin,
 And the chieftains of the root-stock of Eoghan,
 Who held hereditary sway over the Sliabh and the Tochar.

So many are his kinsmen, it is hard to tell them,
 Of the radiant race of Eibhear, Niall, and Eoghan;
 Nor was there one of the kings of Fodla
 Who is not doubly akin to him without blemish.

56. Máible; who Mabel was, I have been unable to find out.

60. Céin, Cian was the third son of Olioll Oluiim.

63-4. For Tochar, see X.; for Sliabh, *cf.* XXXV. 47.

68. M ȝan a ȝol ȝan bim r ȝop leip, which must be corrupt. ȝol will not correspond with bim, and ȝop, which means a 'rule' or 'line,' can hardly be the word the poet used; the reading in text is that of A.

70 'San méad do ḡallaitb baō feaprodha róirracaē,
 A laoċra, a fláċa, a maiċe, 'ra leódgain,
 Nárp ḡéill d'aċtaib na Saġġan, għan ġleō-ċeuṛ,
 Dio tpeun tarġi għar-ġraō għażżepp a n-ċor-ċu il.

lapla faiरriing Čill Ħara na ġ-s-cenċippeaċ,
An t-lapla oñi Ħainzean an bappac 'pan Róirrteac,
An t-lapla o Ċallaitb baō żaca le eomprac,
An t-lapla oñi ġ-Caċċajr, iż-żlaċa Īunbóninne.

80 An Cúrracaē 'pan ċuncuṛ baō ż-żniżżeq,
 Triaż Čille Ċonne, 'pan Ridire p-o-ċiil,
 Triaż na Lice, Mac Muiriż 'ra ċoġiġu,
 'S an triaż o īnniż b'du unctione na ġ-s-cenċita.

Aħħabar uabbar bħu aħżeżeq 'iż-żgħid,
Aħnuað luuż iż-żile għan teobra,
Méadu għad-dian aix ċiaċ 'pan ż-żniżżeq,
Cisor b'ur b-ċeappani aq-Ċarġill dā ċoġiġpream.

An ħara cäj̊r do ċepriż an ċenċipe
Driofha iż-ż-żebiż a b-ċeappani 'ra mōrċu
L-lep id-żibpreaħ ariż fuq tħalli
Ariż a b-ċeappani aċċiżte iż-żebra.

90 If ċiċ-ċeppeaċ b'ur ġ-s-coillte aix feodċeaħ,
 If mailiż Ċaiż-ż-żebiż aq-adding tħarr fuu,
 Għan aħħar ta' a ġ-s-ceann 'rau-ż-żon lej,
 On lā d'imx-żiż-żebiż tħalli u rraidi na r-żebda.

Tu iż-żebbe c-potvien don tħix tu aix feodċeaħ,
A ġeāg do p-riżom na mīleaq tħallu,
If tu ariż n-n-ż-żebiż aix ғħad-dan,
O żibpreaħ an p-ix-ż-żebda.

78. an Ridire, the Knight of Glin : see XXVI.

79. triaż na Lice, the Lord of Lixnaw, so called from a great stone supposed to have been on the bank of the river Brick. *l-ic rraġġa*, ‘the flag of the swimming.’ Mac Muiris = Fitzmaurice.

81. uabbar : see IV. 29, note.

And as many of the foreigners as were virile and valiant—

70 Their heroes, their champions, their leaders, their warriors,
Who did not submit to the enactments of the Saxons, without
taking up arms—

Mightily, and beyond measure, was poured out their golden blood ;

The wide ruling Earl of Kildare, of the feasts,
The earl from Dingle, Barry, and Roche,
The Lord of Talla, who was a stay in the battle,
And the Lord of Cahir, and the chieftains of Dunboyne ;

De Courcey, who was first in the conquest,
The Lord of Kilkenny, and the much-beloved Knight,
The Lord of Lixnaw, Fitzmaurice, and kinsmen,
80 And the Lord of Innisbofin of the melodies.

Cause of wounded pride, of sorrow, of distressful weeping,
Renewal of destruction, and of boundless evil,
Heavy increase of sorrow in the province—
Asgill counting the rents of your lands.

The second cause of anguish to the province !—
Griffin and Tadhg prosperous and insolent ;
They through whose means our great nobles were expelled
From the lands which were theirs by law and justice.

90 A ruinous waste is it—your woods lying in decay,
While Tadhg's malice burns like a black ember ;
Without question all of them are his from head to foot,
Since the day on which the shielding chief of hosts departed.

It is anguish of heart to the land, that thou art mouldering,
Thou branch of the ancient stock of great warriors !
Our shelter from the winds of the ocean,
Since the king was banished by violence.

84. *Aróill*. John Asgill, who purchased the Lord Kenmare's estate, and married his daughter Joan : see Introd.

86. *Ónpófa*: see XVII. ; *Taóis*, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin, a hearth-money collector and under-agent, whom the poet satirized for his extortion : see Introd.

Do b'ír-re ceannra d'fíann nó ró-lað,
 Do b'ír-re teann le teann gan ró-ċeapt,
 Níor éupa an fanntaé cam cap mórbá,
 100 Aéet tríat do meaḃrais feabhar gáe rompla.

Aiċċim Dia go vian ad' ċoṁair-re,
 Un Spiorad Naoṁ go tħreun 'tan mōr-lilac,
 Óġa 'r apptail 'r aingil 'na rlóigħtib,
 Dođ 100 ċoimħdeac tħo ríođaёт na għolix.

AN FEART-LAOI.

Þé an lic iż-żuħbaċ ċlúċ-ċuprha an Phœnix Ğaoiħi, 100
 Cupaō clúċu il, Cúċulamn, Caerpar għorix,
 bile bñiġ, għnūiż roixi, aodħara, caom,
 Do ġuixerlin użiż ħarrunaċ iż-Żeapla an Laoi.

Turaō Muħan fuċċat atá tħraoċta, a liođ,
 110 Cuprha a n-niżi tħruġ-ħol tħo tħreun v-on tħi,
 Ciżże ħiġi, u đeoar baċċa għejj 'tan dligħe,
 An buinnej cūl cuuħra do ppreiha na ríođ.

A leac iż-żu ħarrá tħo bħarrá tħo mħiorgħaj-rē limm,
 Pā clair an bħarrha d'farradha rinniż il-ap għ-ċinn,
 Čreac iż-żu ciprā na mná l-in aqas, a liođ,
 120 Ħażi iż-Seaġħan o tħali f'ad' bħarrunaib 'na luuġe.

108. Peapla an Laoi. John Brown's mother was Mary, second daughter of Cormac, Lord Muskerry; the chief residence of the Mac Carthys, of Muskerry, up to 1688, was Blarney, near the Lee. 109. turaō : A has ciuixeriġe.

112. bunne is used of a binding layer of rods in wicker-work, either at the

Thou wert mild to the weak and feeble ;
 Thou wert strong against the strong who had not right ;
 Thou wert not avaricious, crooked, cantakerous, given to pride,
 100 But a chieftain who realised the perfection of every pattern.

Earnestly do I beseech God in thy behalf,
 The Holy Spirit of Might, and the Divine Son,
 That virgins, and apostles, and angels in hosts
 May conduct thee to the kingdom of glory.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the stone, alas ! is firmly laid the Phoenix of a Gael,
 A champion of fame, a Cuchulainn, a mighty Cæsar,
 A noble of mild, peaceful countenance, gay, comely,
 Sprung from the noble pulse of Brown and of the Pearl of the
 Lee.

O stone, beneath thee lies vanquished the foremost of
 Munstermen,
 110 Laid in the earth—a cause of piteous bitter weeping to the
 country—
 The treasure of the clergy, an authority subtle in law,
 The fragrant binding sprout of the stock of kings.

O stone, shameful for ever is thy enmity towards us ;
 In the furrow beneath the harrow helpless hast thou left our
 leaders ;
 The ruin and woe of the women is thine, O stone,
 Since Valentine and John are lying within thy womb.

base, or in the body of the work. The *buinne cúil* is the *buinne* at the verge (or base, as the work is being woven), and hence is the binding layer. It is applied here to an important individual of a distinguished family.

114. *pá clair an bpráca* : lit., under the furrow of the harrow, that is, in slavery.

XIV.

AIR ÓAS ŠEAÐÁIN MÉIRGÍS UÍ MÁÐÁINNA.

Ul é iñ ué iñ díz na cléipe !

Ul é duðaé ! iñ ué lom iñ léana !

Ul é cwoiðe tu rínta tƿréit-lag !

A Šeaðáin thic Čaiðg go doimhín þá bæillig.

Doráinne don éruiðneacét gan éogal gan claonað !

biaðtaðað gwoiðe iñ tauirpeac réimr ruil !

Uaral, áirpeac, dáilteac, réim-ðlan,

Múint, cuimra, clúmail, bæapac.

Ul é ué an tobap féile

Do dul don úip a o-túip a þaoðail !

Ul é buan do luët cuapda Ériponn,

Leaðgað an leðgáin érðba a g-cré-éluist !

Mór-þeap oilté iñ ciðde cléipe

Bísonuip foláin, biongán laoðrað,

Leaðcónip grœanta analac Ériponn,

Duairé an oinig ná dpuidhead ó ðaonnað.

Róip na gaioðe, gnaoi gan éipling,

D'ionarað dáið iñ báip iñ éisgré—

Óronða riubail na Mumhan le céile—

A þ-þial-þroð ðraðomar áluinn ðné-ðeal.

XIV.—The subject of this elegy appears to have been the father of Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, who wielded so much power in Kerry during the first quarter of the eighteenth century : see Introduction. The only copy I have seen of the poem is in the Maynooth collection.

1. na cléipe. It depends on context whether cléap is to be understood of poets or clerics. 5. gan éogal gan claonað ; for this phrase we some-

XIV.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONY THE RUSTY.

Alas ! alas ! the ruin of the bardic tribe !
 Black woe, distress, and dire tribulation,
 Anguish of heart, that thou art stretched prostrate without
 strength,
 O John, son of Tadhg, deep beneath a huge stone.

A grain of the wheat without chaff or bending,
 A great almoner, a chieftain mild and joyous,
 Noble, obliging, open-handed, mild, pure,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous.

Alas ! alas ! the well of hospitality !
 10 That he should go into the grave in the beginning of his life ;
 O lasting woe to those who wander through Erin
 Is the laying of the valiant hero in a dress of clay.

A great man, educated, and the treasure of the bards,
 Wholesome vine, branch of heroes,
 Splendid student of the annals of Erin,
 Guairé of generosity, who forsook not kindness.

Rose of the wise, countenance without blemish,
 Who clothed poets, bards, and learned men—
 The bands that wandered throughout all Munster—
 20 In a hospitable, pleasing, beauteous, bright mansion.

times find $\bar{\sigma}$ an \bar{c} o \bar{g} al claona. 7. \bar{a} ipeac, ‘accommodating’; \bar{a} ipe, ‘what is convenient’; \bar{a} ipeamail, ‘convenient, handy.’

9. τ obap péile : cf. τ ruit na péile, IX. 7. 12. cpé- \bar{c} luic, *sic* MS., the usual form of culaic in Munster. 14. bion \bar{g} án, perhaps for buinneán, dim. of bunne : see II. 18 n., but bean \bar{g} án may be the word.

18. \bar{d}' ionarað. MS. $\bar{d}o$ inarað. 20. $\bar{g}n$ é- \bar{c} eal. MS. $\bar{g}naoi$ \bar{c} eal.

Uíball cumhra lábaé é rín,
 Cúraó caéa éum feapamh dá réx céapt
 Rídt-þeapr rúairc na n-duantaitb d'éirteacét
 Óian-ðrásb bruinnghiol a g-cumann 'ra g-céad-þeapc.

A éine rín do bí feapamhul, tréanmáar,
 Ciallmáar, ráirteacé, bláé ná rtaonraó,
 Cúpana, fioémaar, ríodhá, faoðraé,
 D'fáir ó Óian a n-iachaitb Éirionn.

30 Seaðán 'ran nír éusg rmáit aip tréapchaitb,
 Sínte a b-þeaprt gan þreab 'na ðeugdaiib;
 Þraoirpe marcaig, meap, acfuiinneacé, tréigðteacé,
 Réilteann ebluir, comet tréipre.

Éusg glap bedíl aip beðláitb éanlaisé,
 A óul don nír, ír dñbaé na rðeulta!
 Tobap laéta na n-anþrann tréit-lag
 b6 na m-boéet, 'r a n-dorur aonair.

40 A þeapc, a b-páirt, a n-ðrásb, 'r a g-céadraó,
 A g-cnuimoguul, a b-þorða, 'r a ríomh-ðusé,
 A n-anpráct anama, a g-capair, 'ra g-cléipeacé,
 A g-Cúculainn lá cnuinnigðte an aonair.

Truað na d-truað do clí fá béislic!
 Mac mic ſeaðán níg, áirb-leóðgan, raoir-þlaisé,
 biaðtaé do riapad na céadta,
 Þan buaibírt, ná doicéall, Þan doðma, ná ñaor-þruid.

Óo ðruim a báir tig báðaó aip tréapchaitb,
 Muir do cnuaió doðt buan að béisicíg,
 Cnuana talamh ír rratáanna að gémponid,
 Tonna aip mire, ír uirðe na fléibte.

31. *Þraoirpe*, no doubt from *þraoir*, ‘valiant, powerful,’ which is often written *þraoisce*. 40. The idea is, he was to them a protection such as Cuchulainn would be to those attacked by a hostile band at a public meeting.

A fragrant, strong apple was he,
 A champion in battle to defend his rightful king,
 A joyous prince in listening to poems,
 Warmly beloved of maidens, their favourite, their first love.

His race was manly and valiant,
 Wise, affectionate, a blossom that would not bend,
 Gallant, wrathful, kingly, fierce,
 Who have sprung from Cian in the lands of Erin.

That John is in the grave has brought mist over the heavens,
 30 Stretched in a tomb with no motion in his limbs ;
 A valiant horseman, rapid, vigorous, well-skilled,
 A guiding star, a comet of the heavens.

It has put a mouth-lock on the mouths of the birds,
 His going to the grave—sad is the tidings—
 Fountain of milk for the weak and prostrate,
 Cow of the poor, and their only door.

Their prime favourite, their love, their portion, their understand-
 ing,
 Their nut of the cluster, their prop, their gentle voice,
 Their soul's darling, their friend, their scholar,
 40 Their Cuchulainn on the day the assembly meets.

Oh, pity of pities ! thy breast beneath a great stone,
 Grandson of Seaghan Og, high hero, noble chieftain,
 Almoner who was wont to minister to hundreds,
 Without trouble, or churlishness, or regret, or difficulty.

Because of his death a deluge passed over the heavens,
 The ocean shrieked harshly, distressfully, and constantly,
 The valleys of the earth and the torrents loudly roared,
 Furious were the waves and the mountain waters.

47. c̄puaña : cf. c̄pēac̄ta an talaím, XXII. 8.

48. Mr. Bergin suggests uirȝe 'na ḡlēitib = 'the waters mountain high.'

50 Craoibh ðeal duille, mo milleabh céartha,
 Map do ðeaparrat ag Aistrópp rnaíte a fhaosdail !
 Tréan-þeap meap gaoithe rmaectuiðeað faolcónin,
 Ná raið gallta canntlaic taontuirð.

báir m̄ic Čaiðg iñ rnaidom am aeibh-pe,
 Iñ creibim am glunaitb tñírreac, tréite-las,
 buan-énead tinn am clítioic téaccta,
 Iñ fiabhrusig goile go creibneac am aeibh-pe.

Mo inéinn tinn gan bhríð ná éifeacat,
 Mo láim aip rionna-érit, očar me faon-las,
 Lúct mo eor aip eorða n-éinþeacat,
 Ag caoi mo mapcait gan coigal ná claonað.

Iñ tā a fár-þiort að bárdaið Éirionn
 Ður neac píodða an gairdhiðeac ro dæarfam,
 Ríð-éu an feap ro do fíleacataið Éibír,
 O' árd-ðúcteup Cláir Muñan le céile.

Uðall creibh-éac, álunn, tréin-nírt,
 Ðo bæarfbað deoð don očar ðné-ðeal,
 Þiað dā earbaið, ciod ðanaid map rgeul rin,
 Iñ nápr ðún a ðóruig riom fíocraid céadta.

70 A fíeanéacar glún tā annrúð le céile
 'S an leabhar Muñneac rgríobh-éa ón g-céad þeap,
 Nó a Saltair bennuigðe Óairil gan claonað,
 Ðo rgríobh Cormac, tobair na cléipe.

Mo nuap a mánámuil mánla, ðlédeal,
 Ílúinte, éumra, clúmuil, bæarfac
 Ðo épeib calma ðleanna na laoçrað,
 Ag dol go cnuaið aip uaið a réim-þír.

52. taontuirð, we have taontorð, 100, *infra*, where it seems to mean ‘demur’; and here we may translate ‘quarrelsome, obstinate’; toirð means ‘journey, business’; nað cnuagd an toirð opm é = ‘is it not hard case with me?’

58. rionna-érit is like baillé-érit, and can hardly be from rion : cf. sian gerán in “Cath Fentragha”: cf. also tonn-érit, XXI. 5.

- Bright branch of foliage, my tormenting ruin !
 50 How Atropos has cut the thread of his life ;
 A strong man, rapid, powerful, who tamed wolves,
 Who was not anglicised, or morose, or stubborn.

The death of Tadhg's son is a knot in my liver,
 And a gnawing pain in my knees prostrating, weakening,
 A constant, violent pang in my frozen breast,
 And a trembling fever of the stomach in my liver.

- My brain is sick without vigour or power,
 My hand is tremulous as with eld, I am diseased and devoid of
 strength,
 The vigour of both my feet together has been checked,
 60 As I bewail my horseman without blemish or perverseness.

And right well do the bards of Erin understand
 That the hero I commemorate is of royal lineage,
 That this man is a princely hound of the descendants of Eibhear,
 Of the high lineage of the kings of all Munster's plain.

An apple, virtuous, beautiful, of mighty strength,
 Who would give a draught to the pale sufferer,
 Food in his need—sad though the tale be—
 And who closed not his door against a procession of hundreds.

- His pedigree is there complete
 70 In the Book of Munster, written from the first man,
 Or in the Holy Psalter of Cashel without deceit,
 Which Cormac wrote, the fountain of the bards.

My woe ! his womanly, gentle, bright consort,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous,
 Of the stalwart race of the Glen of the heroes,
 Heavily weeping on the grave of her gentle spouse.

71. *Saltcap.* The Psalter of Cashel was compiled by Cormac Mac Cuillinan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who was slain A.D. 903. It is now lost.
 74. She was of the O'Donoghue family of Glenflesk.

1r Sír b' é Seadhán a grádó 'r a Phœnix,
Ríonair d'earfáir do clannaithe Milesius,
Maoire calma Mainse i nSléibhe Mír,
80 Céilinn banba an fáraíre tréim-nírt.

Do b' é a fionraír ríð don taoibh éearf
Cian nár éigil a éortar ná a fíeadha,
D'fáid mar beatha fáirfirinse Óaoðalaé,
Séan i nronar do pollúr don t-raoígal.

Do fuaír Seadhán ciall ó Óia na céille,
Caiéamáit i nraídháil do gnáé gan traocheád,
Clú nár cím, i nrá tuillpeað céad gusé,
1r beo a chaire, ní marb acht raoígal do.

Do b'í an cupað, 'r ní éuiríom-re bpréas air,
20 Ógrádómar, dálteacé, páiltceacé, déirceacé,
Ovineamhail, ríosdóba, cwoithe-ðeal, tréidchéeacé,
Að dul tap a chumair cum oinig do òéanamáit.

Do réir a chumair, dap Macuireir níor bpréas ran,
Ná raibh díúic na ppionnra a n-Éirinn,
Tríat ná earfboð, raðart ná cléirpeacé,
Do b'fheárr na Seadhán a g-cáilíb raoíða.

30 Gníomhíom-re i ngníomhíom-re Óia na n-déiße,
An t-Acháir 'pan Mac 'r an Spiopad Naomhá,
Iñ Árð-Ríð mórr na glóríre a n-éinþeaðt,
Seadhán do glacað 'na éacair gan taontoíl.

AN PEART-LAOÍÓ.

'S an béallic atá traoctá páitó Phœnix glan-uðvap
Peap gléðeal blátt féinne rám raoír bað ðeað-chumhá,
Áig éinmír Cláir Éirionn, árð-ðaonnaðt, peapamblaðt,
Atá a n-éinþeaðt pád' éraor að Seadhán t-raoíða Ua
Matðamna.

79. maoíre = maor. 87. tuillpeað, his fame did not deserve a hundred voices speaking against him in reproach: cf. XV. 261, "nár tuill gusé coimarran." céad gusé is simply another way of saying gusé comarran.

John being indeed her love, her Phœnix,
 A vine-tree that sprang from the race of Milesius,
 Stalwart steward of the Maine and of Sliabh Mis,
 80 The hero of Banba, the warrior of mighty strength.

His ancestor was prince of the Southern Country,
 Cian, who did not spare his money or his jewels,
 Who left behind him, as a patrimony, Irish plenty,
 Prosperity, and happiness for all men to see.

John gained wisdom from the God of wisdom,
 Spending and getting for ever without pause,
 Fame not weak, and which would not deserve a hundred reproach-
 ing voices,
 His spirit lives yet, one life alone is dead.

The champion—nor do I tell lies of him—was
 90 Kindly, generous, hospitable, charitable,
 Manly, princely, open-hearted, gifted,
 Beyond his power attempting generous deeds to do.

According to his means—by Maurice it is no falsehood—
 There was neither duke nor prince in Erin,
 Nor chieftain, nor bishop, nor priest, nor scholar,
 Who surpassed John in noble attributes.

I pray, and pray ye, to the God of gods,
 The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
 And the great high King of Glory, likewise,
 100 To receive John in His city without demur.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the great stone lies low a seer, a Phœnix, an unblemished
 author,
 A bright man, the flower of the warriors, pleasant, noble, well-
 proportioned,
 Emery pillar of the land of Erin, high humanity and manliness,
 Lie together beneath thy throat in noble John O'Mahony.

XV.

AIR ÓÁS UÍ CEAALLACÁIN.

D'euð a mbairle na m-buaileteoiríde an 24 lá do thí August 1724.

Saiðeað-ðoim níme tré inéinn Póola,
 'S gaoð don þlátt tré lár a ðrólann,
 Cáir gan leigearf ið aðnað tónirre,
 Álir feað cúnig cúnig, duðað na rðeolta.

Sgoð na Muinneacé rínte aip feodcað,
 Leannán þanba, capait na ngeðcað,
 A n-aon t-þníl a þún a n-ðóðeur,
 'Sa g-cú glaca pe namarið dá móri.

10 Þuð a þárt aip þráttirib beð-ðoim,
 Ár gan áriom d'fárt aip órðaib,
 Ciorrþað cléipe feuð gur fóðsuir,
 Óo þríð na rtorma riðið aip neðlaib.

Páð na cúnig duðað veðrað
 Réilteann díona críce ið cónig,
 Seaðac na reaðac ið planda mór-þníl,
 Óo dul a n-ñir a n-tnír na h-ñig.

XV.—Amid the long roll of transplanted Irish, given in the MSS. of the Marquis of Ormond, we find the following entry:—

“Donogh O’Callaghan, late of Clonmeen, in county Corke, and Ellen O’Callaghan, his wife; 12th of June, 1656 (date of decree); 29th of August, 1657 (date of final settlement). 2,500 acres. Donogh O’Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare, and was ‘The O’Callaghan’ during his life; he died before 1690. He had a son and heir, Donogh og O’Callaghan, also of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan,’ who died in 1698, and with whom the pedigree in at least one copy of the *Book of Munster* begins. He had three sons, the third of whom was Domhnall, the subject of this elegy, who was in 1715 of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan.’ He married Catherine, second daughter of Nicholas Purcell, titular baron of Loughmore. He died on the 24th of August, 1724. His wife died in 1731. He was succeeded by his son and heir, Donogh O’Callaghan, of Kilgorey Castle, county Clare, who married Hannagh, daughter of Christopher

XV.

ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN,

WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724.

A wounding, venomous dart through the brain of Fodla,
 A blast of the plague through her inmost breast ;
 An evil without a cure, and the kindling of sorrow
 Throughout five provinces—dismal is the news.

The flower of Munstermen stretched in decay !
 The darling of Banba, the friend of the strollers !
 Their only hope, their love, their confidence,
 Their hound in war against an enemy however great !

By his death the Friars are wounded to the quick,
 10 An untold destruction has grown upon the clergy ;
 Behold, it was the signal for the ruin of the bards,
 By reason of the storm that rushed through the heavens.

The cause of this dismal, tearful ruin,
 Is that the protecting star of district and of province,
 The warrior of warriors, and the high-blooded scion,
 Has gone to the grave in the beginning of youth.

O'Brien, of Newhall, county Clare, and at his decease left a son and heir, Edmund O'Callaghan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the father of Bridget O'Callaghan, wife of Thomas O'Reilly, Esq., Catherine O'Callaghan, the wife of Thomas Brown, late Earl of Kenmare, and Ellen O'Callaghan, wife of James Bagot, of Castle Bagot, Elizabeth O'Callaghan, wife of Gerald Dease, nephew of Lord Fingal, and a daughter who became a nun." (See Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry.") Thomas O'Reilly was father of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., a distinguished theologian, who died in 1878, at Milltown Park, Dublin.

There are two copies of this poem at Maynooth, and two in the Royal Irish Academy, but all seem to have a common original.

6. *gēðcaé* = a stroller, one of the numerous band included in *lucht cuapda* 'Cipionn, who obtained their livelihood by frequenting the houses of the wealthy; now a term of reproach.

20 Oiðre Óeallaċáin Čairil éáið érroða,
Sáit̄ tří Ríogaċta, Ríg na ró-þlait̄,
Seapc na h-Ériponn, laoč na leðgan,
A ḡ-Cill Čréiðe þá béisilic ró-ðlaṛ.

'Apmur, iñ é taṛraingħe a n-op-ħat̄
Paoléu paobħraċ ēigħneac beħħda,
Að tħreibean imil na coille 'na ċenimpiet̄,
'S að dul aip reiħiż aip leirgiib Fidla,

Sínte anuaf aip uaiġ an leðgħan
'Na ċelnið d'sona aip l-ixx an róif ḥebni,
Dian għreadda bap að teacċt 'na ċomħaq,
Ná għarċa cħiaż 'na ħiwaq am nόna.

30 Ċuġ tonn Clioħna bíoðgað ró-niżi,
Tá tonn Ruðraiħe a b-puċċiń bħroġaċ,
Tonn Tuaiġħe dā ħuaagħrað go deħraċ,
Iñ Capán Cloinne Mie Mic Muiriż iñ Tħaliex.

Do ᠀eim tonn Téide go ᠀lorraċ
Innriċiō iñ dā ġaorib Ābann Tħaliex
Li fe do ħaġi a n-arrħaib teħbrað
'S an ᠀leapħ ेrraorhaċ ērraobhaċ ċenόħħar.

40 D'ħuaagħiż an Ruāċtaċ a ró-᠀ol,
Birog bonn Inni iñ birog na bñinnej,
Birog na Ríogħ iñ Ríogħ-ħbirog ħidu,
Birog āt̄ Čliaż na riċan-ħaqiċi reolta.

Do r-ġreaddha ríos-ħmná mín-ċlājip Ċeġuin,
bi a Síz Ċruaċan duaptañ ᠀lorraċ,
A m-birog Ċonall na ᠀-ċonaptaċ ᠀-ċeolħar
Iñ Síz ħaġidbe Il-leiħbe a m-biroġ-᠀ol.

21. 'Apmur. O'Callaghan's arms, "Pearl in an oak forest, a wolf passant proper," are here described. Ābann Il-oġġ = The Blackwater.

The heir of Ceallachan of Cashel, the modest and valiant,
 The beloved of three kingdoms, the prince of high princes,
 The darling of Erin, the hero among champions,
 20 Lies in Kilcrea beneath a great, grey stone !

His coat of arms, drawn in golden colours :—
 A wolf, fierce, violent, impetuous,
 Issuing from the wood's border in rapid race,
 And going forth to hunt in the plains of Fodla,

Stretched above the grave of the hero,
 A protecting cover on the tombstone of the bright rose,
 Without clapping of hands coming near to him,
 Or the shouts of hunting-bands in his wake at eventide.

Tonn Cliodhna started with a mighty start,
 30 Tonn Rudhraighe wears a veil of grief,
 Tonn Tuagh proclaims his loss in tears,
 And the Casán of the Fitzmaurices and Tonn Toime.

Tonn Teide moaned with a loud voice,
 The Inches, and either marge of the great river,
 The Liffey wept to the point of overflowing its banks,
 And the hungry Flesh full of boughs and nuts.

The Roughty proclaimed his death with much weeping,
 The mansion of Bonn Inis, and the mansion of the Boyne,
 The mansion of the kings, the royal mansion of Borumha,
 40 The mansion of Dublin, of powerful ships under sail.

The fays of smooth Clar Eoghan screamed aloud,
 In the fairy palace of Cruachan a confused hum of sorrow was
 heard,
 In the mansion of Conall, of the harmonious hounds,
 And the fairy palace of Badhbh, of Meidhbh, woefully wept.

30. Ruðraige: MS. Ruighe, but see Introd., Sect. IV. 40. pian-bapc: cf. XII. 13, pian-lot an daill.

Do bheart Clioöna tpirí na rgeóltáib
 Óip peabac Óaoðal na h-Éirionn Óonnall,
 A laoç laoçúir, a b-paoðar comhraic,
 A ð-ceann tpiré, a Ríð, 'ra pð-þlait,

50 A nðriam ðeimþrið, a ð-claiðearm a nðleó-ðar,
 A v-tuað ðualann, a ð-cruaið pð-ðlan,
 A rínpreeap ceapt, do clannaið Eoðain,
 bun a ngeinealaç uile 'ra v-teora,

A n-Orgar teann, ceann a rðníðte,
 A ríð, a m-biaðtaç riam 'ra n-ðr-ðloç,
 A ð-ceann vsona, iñ vson a mbðlaið,
 A Marf tréan, 'ra pélteann ebluir,

60 Raðarç a rúl, a lúç, 'r a lóðrann,
 A m-brataç coðaið dá b-poptaët 'pan ló ðeal,
 Leidheap a n-oðar a ð-cloðad 'r a n-ðr-ðleosð,
 A ð-cpann cuðra, a lúç 'ra pð-niðr.

Dubairt Clioöna—píop a rgeóltá,—
 Éibír Fionn óp ðlún-ðean Óonnall
 Céadhríð Óaoðal, níop ñaoð an t-eolur,
 Sínpreeap Cloinne mic bile mic bheóðain.

Do ðearpcaip, aip rí, 'na píod-þroð cœolnáip,
 Síodaighe bpeaca, iñ brataèa rróill ðlaini,
 Cuilð dá nðormað, oðair að bl mið,
 Aip laoçra að imírt aip þiðcill go ðlóraç.

70 Cuilte dá n-dearpðað aip maidin 'r am neóna,
 Córusðað cleiteac að baiprhionnnaið óða,
 Píon aip brippeað dá iþe, aður mórtar,
 Peðil aip ðearpaið, iñ beaðuifde aip bðrðaið.

46. Óaoðal: MS. Óaol.

65-104. In these lines the life at

Clonmeen while the O'Callaghans held sway over 50,000 acres of land, is described

Cliodhna said, as she told the tale,
 That Domhnall was the hawk of the Gaels of Erin,
 Their hero in valour, their sword in battle,
 Their head of a cantred, their ruler, their high chieftain,

50 Their winter's sun, their shield, their battle staff,
 Their shoulder axe, their steel the purest,
 Their true premier in descent, among the children of Eoghan,
 The foundation of all their genealogies, and their limit,

Their valiant Osgar, the leader of their hosts,
 Their prince, their almoner ever, their stone of gold,
 Their protecting chief, the defence of their kine,
 Their mighty Mars, their guiding star,

60 The light of their eyes, their vigour, their torch,
 Their standard in battle, protecting them in the open day ;
 The healing of their diseased, their spear of gold,
 Their tree of fragrance, their vigour, their great strength.

Cliodhna said—true is her account—
 Eibhear Fionn, from whom Domhnall sprang,
 Was first king of the Gaels—the intelligence was not idle—
 The premier in descent of the descendants of the son of Bile, and
 of Breogan.

I beheld, said she, in his musical, princely mansion,
 Speckled silks, and garments of pure satin,
 Swords being whetted, invalids quaffing mead,
 And warriors playing at chess noisily.

70 Coverlets being prepared, morn and even,
 Young maidens engaged in arranging down,
 Wines, newly-opened, being drunk, and jollity,
 Viands on spits, and uisquebagh on tables ;

Óróndá agh tairbhíol gan tairbh don nór-brois,
 Óróndá agh tuaitim 'ra g-euirbhionna bheónigte,
 Óróndá aip meirge gan éeilg don éomharraín,
 Óróndá bortha agh laibhirt do ghlórach.

bolctanur cumhra dhlúch agh eoinírié,
 Ó anáil baocht na cléire cónrpe,
 Ó Daochá luachéa buana aip ghrónaith
 80 Na raoiúche capnaithe tacaíre an éoiníraic.

Siúirt aip érotaith dá reimh go ceolmhar,
 Starca dá leigheas agh lucht leigheann i f eolur,
 Mar a m-bíos trácht gan cait aip órðaith,
 I f aip gáe ploinneas dár gseineas 'fan Eorpúir.

Dóirre gáe dúnas aip dúnaith ómraí,
 Céir dá laraí aip gáe balla 'súr geomra,
 Caip gáe m-briúreas don b-fusairinn gáe nómhant,
 'S gan trádhaí aip lacht arteaí 'fan bl rán.

Eié da m-bronnaí aca aip ollamhnaíb Fórla ;
 90 Eáéra gárt aip leacain agh eoinírié,
 Tróigheacá a n-iorduil, iomarcá beóraí,
 A g-eorntaíb aitcheadáca aip thíos bós-élan,

Baíb níomh 'fan cluamh-rin fuaim na ngleórtaí
 Tríom-éáir gealbh a pleagraíb na g-ceo-énoch
 Sionaith dá n-dúrthaí éuca i f eabón-þuis
 Mioltá aip mongaíb, ceapc' uirge, i f rónglait.

Lóinn na peile agh gseimhniú pe fóir-luacht,
 I f ceapca peatá do fáimneas ghlórach,
 Conairt an rídh 'r a faoiúche tóirbhreac,
 100 D'éir a peatá a n-aðatíb pleagraíb na g-ceo-énoch.

88. Lacht = liquid in general, often = 'milk,' sometimes used of tears: "éuð mo ðearfá agh ríleab lacta tuuð." *An Spealadoir.*

Companies coming to the famous mansion without sorrow,
Companies falling down with feverish pulse,
Companies inebriate without offence to their neighbours,
Companies of pride conversing uproariously.

A fragrant odour issuing in strength
From the tender breath of the trumpeting band,
Swift, continuous currents from the nostrils
80 Of the defensive nobles of the field of battle.

Airs being played harmoniously on harps,
The wise and learned reading histories,
In which an account was faultlessly given of the clergy,
And of each great family that arose in Europe.

The doors not closed on enclosures bright as amber,
Waxlights blazing from every wall and chamber,
Every moment fresh casks being opened for the multitude,
While there was no ebb in the liquid that came into that
drinking feast.

Steeds being bestowed on the *ollamhs* of Fodla,
90 Strong steeds in teams prancing on the hillside,
Foot soldiers contending, abundance of *beoir*
In goblets of wrought silver, of great purity.

Often in that plain was heard the clamour of sportsmen,
The loud uproar of the chase on the sides of the misty
mountains,
Foxes and red bucks were being wakened for them,
Hares from the mead, water-hens, and thrushes.

Oh ! the rapture of the chase, as it presses onward with great
force,
With pheasants wide-scattered and wildly screaming ;
The prince's hounds and his men fatigued
100 From their pursuit up the slopes of the misty mountains.

Tréidigh dán téarnam, méala móir liom,
 An éluain fá dháir na d-cád dán teibhre,
 Glór na n-dall go teann 'ran ór-briod,
 Mar a m-bhíod imirte iñ dliosair feapar fóirne.

Aduibairt Clioðna ó phinn-éraið ómrais
 Náir éuibe a ñaoil do maoiðeam pe móir-þlaið,
 Le ríð, dái þeabhar, a m-bréatain, ná a b-þlónorpar,
 A b-þraime, a Saðraib, na a d-caéair na Rómha.

Oo bhríð gur b' Phœnix é iñ móir-þlaið,
 Cloé do'n ériofhal bað glaine 'ran Eoruip,
 Capbuncail dán duibhe, ná cróine,
 Ríod-laoé, ríð-þeabac, ríð-éeann eóisde.

Ríð-þréamh uafal, ua na ngleob-þeap,
 Trí ari gáis eoruineacé na bhanba cróda,
 Þioð dán cuilionn ná ðriflioc 'na éomðar,
 Óraíðneac dealbh ná cap-máide ðníðte.

Cuð an lia Þáil gliað-dáir bhrónac.
 Iar n-dul a d-cré dái éadan ró-ðeal
 Dái béal tana, dái tðeanðain, da ðlórhæið,
 Dái riðe peamhar, dái leacain mar fórrþar,

Dái cliað fionna-ðeal, fuinneamhul, fóirnupt,
 Dái briaðraib binne, dái fóinneacó, dái óighe,
 Dái uetð caoin, dái éoim, dái bæð-ðneap,
 Dái mæðraib cailce, dái þeappain, da mórdac.

An tan do ruðað an ceann cine ro Ðomhnall,
 Do paid Mars don leanb gleob-ðcup,
 Bað fuainneac plaiðeap, iñ talam, iñ nebltaib,
 Aer, iñ réilteann, rréip, iñ móir-þmuip.

110. Speaking of the MacCarthys, of whom the O'Callaghans are a branch, Sir Bernard Burke says: " Few families in the United Kingdom have so remote or so renowned a pedigree."

Oh pain without relief ! a great evil do I deem it
That the vale is given over without reserve to the screams of the
jackdaws,
Loud is the voice of foreigners in the golden mansion,
Where there was wont to be the play and the chatter of chess-
players.

Cliodhna, from the fair rock of amber hue, said
That it was not becoming to boast of his relationship to a great
chieftain,
To a king, however good, in Britain, or in Flanders,
Or in France, or in England, or the city of Rome.

Because he was a Phoenix and a great prince,
110 A stone of the purest crystal in Europe,
A carbuncle without stain or discolourment,
A kingly hero, a kingly warrior, a kingly head of a province.

The noble scion of a kingly race, the descendant of warriors,
Through whom was poured out the wheat of valiant Banba,
A wood unencumbered by holly, or briar,
Or sterile thorn, or burnt-up cross-stick.

Lia Fail uttered a doleful cry of strife
When his forehead—the brightest—was laid in clay,
And his fine mouth, and his tongue, and his voice,
120 And his stout arm, and his cheek like purple,

And his fair, bright breast, vigorous and strong,
His musical speech, his name, his youth,
His noble chest, his waist, his live complexion,
His chalk-white fingers, his person, his dignity.

When Domhnall, our tribal chief, was born,
Mars endowed the child with the power of engaging in battle ;
Heaven, and earth, and clouds were peaceful,
The air, the stars, the sky, and the ocean.

130

Tuð an ðriðan do ciall ðan teóra,
 Uairpleaðt aigne, rðaipreað, ír enðrað; ;
 Ðairðe ðan béisim, don þéapla rðó-ðlan;
 Meabhair, ír imtleaðt, cuiñne, ír beosðaðt.

Tuð Mercurius rún do céir do,
 Seoide flaitheaf do faiþriuð ðan céimþriom,
 Neapt, ír oineac, ír glaine, ír mórðaðt,
 Ðairðe map céile ír laoður leóðain.

140

Do éuð þan map aifðe Óomhnall,
 Stað an tréada ír céir ðan dreðiðteadet,
 Glaine map ðrúðt ír clú ðan feðcað,
 Meabhair glan grínn, ír gaoir 'na meðraib.

Tuð Nereus do Þoll na rþóiðte
 Rið le miðneac aip imioll na bðéna,
 Neptunus éuð lonð do reðlta,
 Ír Oceanus árðac fóðr myri.

Bamðia an t-þaiðþriðr poimnt do ðeðnaið
 Ceres raðmap tuð rað aip an ðomhan do,
 Mil ír feupr ír céir ðan dreðiðteadet,
 Aip gac talam 'na þatalað Óomhnall.

150

'S an ðliðge éipt níor lisoðca bðltan,
 Ná an ríð-ro do þrím-þliðct Scóta,
 Saop-ðliðge þeið glan þeið pe comarrain,
 Do ðníoð taoipreac Infe Mðire.

Eson poëma ðan poëall 'ná ðlóðraib,
 Saop-mac Ðonnchaða ír Ðonnchaða, Óomhnall,
 Ír Caðaoip Modarða poðva na ngeðcaac
 Ríð-þiaðtað cínn iapðair Eoppa.

133. rún : cf. XXVI. 123, where Mercury gives rún a céileib.

138. céir : we know from XXVI. that wax was given to heal the flock.

141. do Þoll : sic A. M : do gall. Þoll is elsewhere used of a hero like Orðar, &c.

142. imioll : MS. miol, perhaps the right word here.

149. This line occurs in XXII., and in an elegy on O'Keeffe by Domhnall

The Sun gave him wisdom without limit,
 130 Nobility of mind, spending, and getting,
 Faultless heroism to the purest of pearls,
 Understanding, and intellect, and memory, and vivacity.

Mercury gave him a becoming secret,
 Princely jewels, abundantly, without number,
 Strength, and generosity, and purity, and dignity,
 Valour as his mate, and the heroism of a lion.

Pan gave to Domhnall as a gift
 The shepherd's staff, and uncorrupted wax,
 Brightness like the dew-drops, fame never to decline,
 140 A clear, sprightly intelligence, and skill in his fingers.

Nereus gave to the Goll of the hosts
 To command with courage, on the borders of the ocean ;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 And Oceanus a small vessel to guard the sea.

The goddess of riches granted him a portion,
 Ceres, the fruitful, fructified the earth for him,
 Bestowing honey and herbage and uncorrupted wax
 On every soil on which Domhnall would set foot.

Not Boltan was more skilled in genuine law
 150 Than this prince of the primal race of Scota ;
 Noble, equable laws, pure, mild to his neighbours,
 Were framed by the chieftain of Inismore.

A sedate Eson, without corruption in his speech,
 The noble son of Donogh, and of Donogh, was Domhnall,
 And of Cahir Modartha, the stay of the strollers,
 The princely almoner, of the head of Western Europe,

Garbh O'Sullivan.

152. What O'Callaghan's connexion with Inismore was has not been ascertained.

153. Here begins the pedigree of O'Callaghan, in which he is traced up to Adam. Many of the adjectives applied to his ancestors have little historic meaning. Some copies of the *Book of Munster* begin the pedigree thus: *Donnæad*

160

Mic Ceallaċáin ḡeaparġai l-emeanmna id-ħeodha,
 Mic Conċeubair raoi b'riċċiġi erodha,
 Mic Donnchaċha ġo mic Ta'ioġ feiōm-niżżeq eblajid,
 Mic Conċeubair Laiġdiġi ta'om nápr f'olamid,

Mic Donnchaċha uaqar il-cuan na ró-ħoċċet,
 Mic Maolħeċċelainn Ħiñn ba'd ċaoiġreac cōiġe,
 Mic MicCraie fuair meaq a n' őiġe,
 Mic Cineide d'apġuim Ċoġanaċċet,

Mic Loċluuinn riawm nápr ġiall i ngleoiċti ħ,
 Mic MicCraie nápr leam a g-coġġrac,
 Mic Maċċamna Ħiñn raoi iż-leħdan,
 Mic Muċċhaċha ġo mic Aħħa na g-ċop g-coġġrac,

170

Mic Cineide ruaiō do ruiaġġeaō f-fidjire,
 Mic Ceallaċáin Ħiñn raoi, mic Domhnall,
 Mic Muċċhaċha neaprtiġi ar ceap na mōr-ġlaieċ,
 Mic Donnchaċha fuair coġġixom t-reġ ċeċċaċċet.

Nuap mo ċepo iċ-ċeġġ, ap Clioħna ċoġġiċċaċ,
 An maiōm tal-ħan raoxiż-żorrha bixxu,
 Tuaħħuwa ħalli u il-ġo boiġi iż-żon mōr-ċloċ,
 'S an Ġruimniż aġ-ċaoi na n-deorha.

180

Pailip āvviġi t-reġiċ-ħaġ, t-dixx-żorrha,
 'S an Ūain-tiġi 'naf ġnāċċ r-riop-ċedniż-żorrha,
 An Ċuċċil Ruaħ p'ri għix-xu im nόna,
 'S a n-Ārđiżiżi p-pearrha l-ni lajt-tar na t-dixx.

ōs fuairi bár a g-cunċa an Ķlājiġ mac Donnċa ġo mic Caċċu Modartha mic Ceallaċáin, &c. This Donagh Og must be the father of Domhnall. O'Rahilly's pedigree begins thus: The sedate Eson, that is Domhnall, was son of Donogh, and of Donogh, and of Cahier Modartha, &c.; and this accords with the *Book of Munster*. Eson is probably = Aeson, a name for a hero like Goll above.

155. Cahier Modartha lived in the reign of James I.

157–8. Conchubhar died at his Castle at Clonmeen on the 31st of May, 1612, and left a son and heir, Callaghan O'Callaghan, then aged 25 years and upwards,

Son of Ceallachan, the manly, the high-spirited, the vivacious,
 Son of Conchubhar, a noble who was bold and brave,

Son of Donogh, son of Tadhg, the staying strength of the learned,
 160 Son of Conchubhar Laighnach, who did not suffer from sickness,

Son of Donogh, the noble, the haven of the poverty-stricken,

Son of Maolseachlainn, the Fair, the chieftain of a province,

Son of Macraith, who was esteemed in his youth,

Son of Cinede, who spoiled an Eoghanacht,

Son of Lochlann, who never was a hostage in contests,

Son of Macraith, who was skilled in fighting,

Son of Mathghamhain, the Fair, a sage and a hero,

Son of Murchadh, son of Aodh, of the wrestling contests,

Son of Cineide the Red, who expelled the foreigners,

170 Son of Ceallachan the Fair, the sage, son of Domhnall,

Son of Murchadh the Strong, the root-stock of great chieftains,

Son of Donogh, who obtained justice by valour.

Oh sorrow of my soul, said the powerful Cliodhna,

This eruption in the earth, so sad and doleful !

Thomond entire, to Burren of the great stones,

And Drumaneen pouring out tears.

Weak is Palice, envious and sorrowful,

And Banteer, where high festival was wont to reign,

Culroe is in sadness at eventide,

180 And at Ardruim of festivity the torches blaze not.

and married: see Archdall's *Lodge*, vol. 7, p. 244.

160. The word *pólain* is merely a conjecture, as MSS. are defective.

172. This Donogh was son of Ceallachan of Cashel, and here the poet takes a rest: after a few stanzas the pedigree is resumed.

175-6. Thomond, for the O'Callaghans then lived in Clare, and Drumaneen, near Mallow, as they lived there formerly.

180. "A mile north-east of Inniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, near which is the village of Cloghroe." Smith's *Cork*, p. 155.

Achadhingeaip Jupiter uppaic mórða
 Aip Clioðna doirb bí roéma le debratib,
 Bior geinealaitg an rídg d'imirint dóib rim,
 Ó bí an leabhar 'na glacailb iip eblair.

Achair Ceallaéam, capatib dá comhgar,
 buaðcain binn, ap Clioðna ró-ðeal,
 Mac Laéna láidip, lán-meap, beitda,
 Mic Airtégoile, rídg clírde cúnig eónig,

Mic Sneadóghra, mic Donnghaile, ró-nírt,
 Mic Donsgurra rídg raoérpaic reóndaic,
 Mic Colgam éaim tuig timéioll Rómá,
 Mic Fáilbe Plann o Téamhar éusd mór-éreac,

Mic Aoða óuiib Rídg Muhaman, cróða,
 Mic Críomhchain t-reim, mic Féilim céolmáir,
 Mic Donsgurra Rídg raoérpaic, reómpaic,
 Mic Naðfraoié nár elaoiðte a g-comhgar,

Mic Ćuirce Caipil na n-eaéra reónla,
 Mic Luiðdeaic, mic Oíllill do ńronnað reónide,
 Mic Fiaéca Ílaoil nár éim, mic Eogam,
 Mic Oíllioll uafail fuaðrataig Ólum,

200

Mic Moðga Nuadat fuair leat Þórla,
 Mic Moðga Neid nár éimisg gleðcúl
 Mic Eanna Óeirð, mic Óeirð na reónla,
 Mic Eanna Muncaoin muirnín ógban,

Mic Moðga neaptímar do éreacáð cúnig eónig,
 Mic Moðga Þeirþiur raoer le debratib,
 Mic Eachaioi áine, áluinn, ronnið-ðeal,
 Mic Duaé Óallta óall a comhþoigur,

181. This stanza is a kind of invocation of the Muses for what follows. The poet intentionally omits to say that Donogh, at whose name he halted above, was son of Ceallachan, of Cashel, but after this brief interruption starts from Ceallachan as if he had said it.

185. In that interesting tract “Tóruigheac

The sustaining, majestic Jupiter besought
 Of Cliodhna the doleful, who was sobered with her tears,
 To trace for them the genealogy of this prince,
 Since she held the book in her hands and the knowledge.

The father of Ceallachan, dear to his kinsfolk,
 Was Buadhchain, the melodious, said the bright-visaged Cliodhna,
 Son of Lachna the strong, the nimble, the sprightly,
 Son of Artghoile, the accomplished king of five provinces,

Son of Sneadhghus, son of Donnghaile the valiant,
 190 Son of Aongus, the victorious, the wealthy monarch,
 Son of Colgan Cam, who went the round of Rome,
 Son of Failbhe Flann, from Tara who took great spoils,

Son of Aodh Dubh, the valiant, King of Munster,
 Son of Crimhthain the genial, son of Felim the musical,
 Son of Aongus the laborious king, of great halls,
 Son of Nadfraoc, who was unconquered in fight,

Son of Cork of Cashel, of the nimble steed-studs,
 Son of Lughaidh, son of Oilioll, who dispensed jewels,
 Son of Fiacha Maol, the fearless, son of Eoghan,
 200 Son of Oilioll Oluim, the noble, the vigorous,

Son of Mogh Nuadhat, who obtained the half of Fodla,
 Son of Mogh Neid, who refused not warfare,
 Son of Eana Dearg, son of Dearg of the sails,
 Son of Eana Munchaoin, the beloved of maidens,

Son of Mogh the Strong, who was wont to spoil five provinces,
 Son of Mogh Feirbhis, hospitable to strangers,
 Son of Eachadh the honourable, the beautiful, the bright-visaged,
 Son of Duach Dallta, who blinded his kinsman,

‘Ceallaċāin Čairil,’ is given Ceallachan’s pedigree, which differs somewhat from our author’s, but is too long to give here. 207. *áine*: MS. *pip áine*.

208. *Ouaċ*, blinded Deaghaidh, his brother, hence his name, Dallta: see Haliday’s *Keating*, p. 364.

210

Mic Caipbhe Luiarb, an oimíd ró-ðlain,
 Mic Lusdaios Lusaidne lualac glóracaé,
 Mic Ionnaomhaip mic Niadhaif fiaidh Fóbla,
 Mic Aodhamairi foltéaoim riord-ðlain, ró-ðlain,

Mic Moðga Cuirb, mic Þipr Cuirb róinírt,
 Mic Coðcais ñaoimh, an mísleað mómaip,
 Mic Reaceta muirníg, mic Lusdaios Lúigé,
 Mic Oilioll áirb bað fáam a n-bírþreac,

220

Mic Lusdaios ðeirb nár meirgeac élððruis,
 Mic Oillill Uairceaf ua na mórr-þlaié,
 Mic Lusdóeacl Iarðoinn cliaib-ðréum érðða,
 Mic Eanna Ólaoin bað fioctíap fórracaé,

Mic Duaé Þinn, nár claoiðte a ngleonidti,
 Mic Séadna Ionnaruis ñuipbíg ñeolmhaip,
 Mic brefirriq na Muimneac mórrða,
 Mic Airt Imliq Ionnaruða lóniðnið,

Mic Féilim peacemhaip, mic Roisceaétais bæðða,
 Mic Roain ríosðlan ruíðeað cónige,
 Mic Þailbhe ðréuðaiq bað ruptaétt dái ñoðarfram,
 Mic Caip fialmhaip fíriantais ñónirrið,

230

Mic Þaildearfðaioñ díl fuairb fíor iñ eblur,
 Mic Muineamhun mic Caip, neapt gac deorai,
 Mic Irirea mic Þinn, raoi bað ðreðraé,
 Mic Roisceaétais mic Roip do ñuip gleoniðte,

Mic Glair, mic Nuaios, na ruag ró-þada,
 Ðoirtear don té ñin Rex Scotorum,
 Mic Eochaios ðaoðrais, ðéap a ngleonidti,
 Mic Conmhaoil bað ðípeac béoð-ñuip,

211. fiaidh Fóbla. “By the magic powers of his mother, Fliodhuis, the wild hinds came and gently yielded their milk for him like cows.” Haliday’s *Keating*, p. 363.

212. riord-ðlain : MS. riordlin.

226. ruíðeað = ruaiðeað : MS., riðeac, perhaps = ríð gac, &c.

- Son of Cairbre Luisg, of purest generosity,
 210 Son of Lughaidh Luaine, the expressive, the noisy,
 Son of Ionnadmhar, son of Nuadh, who obtained the deer of
 Fodla,
 Son of Adhamar of the fair locks, of bright eyes, very pure,
- Son of Mogh Corb, son of Fear Corb of great strength,
 Son of Cobhthach Caomh, the noble warrior,
 Son of Reachta the affectionate, son of Luighe Loige,
 Son of Oilioll the great, whose face like a fawn's was gentle,
- Son of Lughaidh Dearg, whose features were not rusty,
 Son of Oilioll Uairceas, descendant of great chieftains,
 Son of Lughaidh Iardhonn of the strong, valiant breast,
 220 Son of Eanna Claon, who was fierce and forceful,
- Son of Duach Fionn, unconquered in contests,
 Son of Seadna Ionnaruidh the clutching, the musical,
 Son of Breisrigh, of the stately Munstermen,
 Son of Art Imleach, the angry, the stormy,
- Son of Feilim, famed for government, son of Roitheachtach, the
 vigorous,
 Son of Roan the royal, the pure, who would despoil a province,
 Son of Failbhe the well-shaped, who was a protection to his
 neighbour,
 Son of Cas the hospitable, of the bridles and festive gatherings,
- Son of Faildeasgad, the beloved, who obtained wisdom and
 learning,
 230 Son of Muineamhun, son of Cas, the strength of every stranger,
 Son of Irirea, son of Fionn, a prosperous noble,
 Son of Roitheachtach, son of Ros, who engaged in conflicts,
- Son of Glas, son of Nuadh, of the long hostile excursions,
 He it is who is called Rex Scotorum,
 Son of Eochaидh Faobhrach, who was sharp in conflict,
 Son of Conmhaol, who was stately and vigorous of frame,

240

Mic Éibír mic Mileas éomhaéataí,

Árdo-rí ráim na Spáinne an leógan,

Mic bille éumhra níl mic bheordhaí,

Mic bhratá éionnighdai, tár nár tóirneadh,

Mic Deaghsaí, nár meata 'f a éoiníodh leis,

Mic Aileasa éaois do tíméill Eorpaí,

Mic Allóid uaibhriath uafail ró-nírt,

Mic Nuaðat mic Nenuall bað ró-mhearp,

Mic Aodnaímain mic Taist do cleacáit cónáthuile,

Mic beoðgamáin níomhach rídh i f ró-fhlait,

Mic Éibír Seuit tar tap tuisir tuig tréadán-þír,

bað rídh fan Scythia an lúcht-þíal beodha,

250

Mic Éibír Gluinín þínn luéit grínn ró-nírt,

Mic Aodnaímain aðmáir aig glíc eblusir,

Mic Éibír Seuit tar tap tuisir éáid ómraí,

Mic Lárm-þínn bað érroithe-ðeal cónraé,

Mic Srún mic Earrún na plóniðte,

Mic Þaoisíðil Glairbhað bað éurad cónáthraic,

Mic Niuil mic Þínaða fórraí,

Mic beat ná cleacátað móide,

260

Mic Maðog éaois mic Iapet heodha

Mic Naor 'fan aifc dson fuaip i f comhdaé

Mic Laiméic do mairp reál 'f an dómán

Mic Metupalem do b'þada bí a m-beodruis,

240. The tower of Bragantia, near Corunna, in Spain, visited by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1602: see "beatá Daoða Ruairí," p. 322.

245-252. These stanzas are given as in M (vol. 4). A gives them thus:

" Mic 'Eibír gluiníþínn luéit grínn ró-nírt,

Mic Aodnaímain aðbær aig glíc eblusir,

Mic 'Eibír gluiníþínn cui�buiðe omraí,

Mic Laiméicinn bað croyðe-ðeal cónraé,

Son of Eibhear, son of Mileadh the powerful,
 Which hero was a sedate high King of Spain,
 Son of Bile, the sweet, noble son of Breogan,
 240 Son of Bratha, who began the tower which was not destroyed,

Son of Deaghfatha, who failed not in contest,
 Son of Airead Caoin, who travelled over Europe,
 Son of Alloid the proud, the noble, the strong,
 Son of Nuadhat, son of Neanuall the rapid,

Son of Adhnamhan, son of Tait, who practised condolence,
 Son of Beoghamhain, the fierce king and high chieftain,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, who brought brave men across the seas,
 This vigorous, hospitable, vivacious hero was king in Scythia,

Son of Eibhear Glunfionn, the cheerful and strong,
 250 Son of Adhnamhain, the fortunate, the generous, the subtle, the wise,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, from across the sea, the modest, the amber-visaged,
 Son of Lamhfionn, the cheerful-hearted, the handsome,

Son of Sru, son of Easru of the hosts,
 Son of Gaodhal Glas, who was a champion in battle,
 Son of Niul, son of Fenius, the powerful,
 Son of Beath, who was not wont to swear,

Son of Magog the gentle, son of the sprightly Japeth,
 Son of Noah, who found protection and shelter in the ark,
 Son of Lamech, whose life was long on earth,
 260 Son of Metusalem, who was long in mortal shape,

“ Mic Aðnaðain mic Toit do cleaðt comh-ðuill,
 Mic biogamhain nímhndh rísd iñ po-þlair,
 Mic 'Eibhír Scuit tap muir éuð tneðin-þír,
 bað rísd 'ran Seythia an lúð-þíal beðba.”

For detailed information about several of the names mentioned in this pedigree, the reader is referred to Keating's and O'Halloran's *Histories of Ireland*, and to the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

Mic Eonac éaoim nár éuill gúé comáiríran,
 Mic Iapet mic Malalel bheann,
 Mic Enoir mic Set nár bheag cóna,
 Mic Áodair érísiona rmaoin aip mórr-olc.

Ní'l glúin le hár ó Áodair go Dhomhnall,
 Céit árd-ríghe bí aip an dómhan,
 Ríghe críche i� ríghe énigearac
 Fiach-taoirígh tighearnaí 'r leósain.

AN PEART-LAOIÓ.

Peile, i� mireacaé, i� roineann, i� clú gan éear,
 Tréithe riortraithe, goirm-élan, úr, i� mear,
 Déiníx uile na Mumhan a d-túr 'ra neart
 Do tréithe-lag agad fad' cumáraib, i� duibhac, a leac !

Son of Enoch, the gentle, who deserved not the reproach of his
neighbours,

Son of Japeth, son of Malalel, the sprightly,

Son of Enos, son of Seth, whose garments were not short,

Son of Adam the wise, who conceived great evil.

There is no link to record from Adam to Domhnall,

But high kings, who ruled the world,

Kings of countries, kings of provinces,

Generous chieftains, lords, and heroes.

THE EPITAPH.

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without
sorrow,

- 270 The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem,
The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength,
Thou holdest prostrate within thy hollow—it is sad—O stone.

XVI.

AIR ÓAS AN FÍR CÉADNA.

Sgeul gairid do ghearr-ðoin mo cpoide-re,
 'S do léir-éuir na mílte éum fáin,
 Céir beac iñ péapla na Muimneac
 Dúr raiðeadaò le h-mtleaçt an báir,
 A céadar, a Céafar, a ríneap,
 A n-aon t-plaçt, 'r a n-aon éuilg ðnáit,
 A méin uile d'aon toil, 'r a píð eirid
 'S a g-caomh-éinneal oíðéé iñ lá.

10 Saobh-deamhain aeinir agur spraoishe,
 Ní féidir a mhn-éorð dá ráis
 Tá Thetis fá éaor-éonnaib rínte,
 'S a céile, dá coimdeacét ní nár;
 Phlegon gan éirteacét, iñ Triton,
 Tpéan-Íllaprt iñ spraoirpeac 'na láim
 Phaeton ag léimníg tarf líne
 Agur spréacét-ðealg nímnéac 'na fáil.

Mo ðeapa mar fíala aip an píð-lie,
 Iñ éadtröm le maorðeam dom go bpráit,
 Muna d-tréigfinn-re raop-fuìl mo clítig
 20 Aip épre-éuilt an taoríg tarf bápp;
 Caop éumaip Éireann an raoi-rin
 A ppriomh-ðaip dob'aoiðde fó bláit,
 Éag-ðul éusd mé-ri go claoiðte,
 'S na céadta mar rínn uile aip láp.

XVI.—This elegy is on Domhnall O'Callaghan, lamented in XV. Its plan reminds one a little of the “Gallus” of Virgil, and the “Lycidas” of Milton. An elegy by O'Lionnan, on John O'Tuomy, appears to be a close imitation of this piece. The metre is the same, and even the same deities are introduced.

3. céir beac = ‘bees’ wax,’ something rich and precious.

4. raiðeadaò, MS., fiaorað: cf. XV. 1. Ib. mtleaçt = ‘cunning contrivance, cleverness, strategy’: cf. feuc an mtleaçt atá ‘na cpoide =

XVI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

A bitter news that has sorely wounded my heart
 And sent thousands into banishment for ever :
 The bees' wax and pearl of the men of Munster
 Has been shot down by the cunning contrivance of death ;
 Their Cedar, their Caesar, the head of their race,
 Their own ornament, their own constant sword,
 The beauty of mien to all, as all acknowledged, their true prince,
 Their beautiful light by day and night.

The furious demons of the air and the magicians
 10 Cannot be restrained in their fury ;
 Thetis lies stretched beneath fiery waves,
 And it is not unseemly for her spouse to accompany her ;
 Phlegon is without hearing, and Triton,
 Mighty Mars holds a spear in his hand,
 Phaeton leaps beyond his track,
 While a wounding, venomous thorn pierces his heel.

My tears as a seal on the prince-covering stone,
 Trivial is the tribute ever to boast of,
 If I do not pour out the generous blood of my heart
 20 On the clay-coverlet of the matchless chieftain ;
 The flash of Erin's power was this noble,
 Her tallest root-oak in blossom ;
 His death has been my undoing,
 And has laid prostrate hundreds like me.

'see the cunning that is in his heart.' 6. *aon τ-ρλαct̄*, *plact̄* = 'finish, ornament, what makes comfortable'; *obair τλαct̄inār* = 'finished work,' &c. *Ib.* *aon cūil̄ð* = *aon colð*; M *muincūil̄ð*; *aon*, the pronunciation of *aon* in Connaught. 13. Phlegon, one of the horses of the sun.

15. Phaeton, the sun's Charioteer; some MSS. give Etan, others Aeton, which perhaps suits better with Phlegon. 16. Some MSS. give *craobh-ðealð*; and some read *ðraaoim̄ð*, for *nīmneac̄*. 19. M *τ-τρεισ̄-ð-ρα*.

21. *craobh cūmair*, cf. *caer comhraic* = 'brand of battle': *Lismore Lives*, p. 22.

Do raoばðar ȝréarða 'gyr tisorða,
 Do ȝréan-t-rlorð an t-íreal an t-árd.
 'Na éaom-éodlað réim do bñ Typhon
 Gyur léim d'earþaið taoide air an tráid;
 30 Péirte na m-beul ngorð cíor-ðuð
 Gyur léigearðar díoð uile an t-ryndam,
 Do n-éirðeað na d'éirte cé an ȝioð-þlair
 Do ȝaor-élanndaið Míleiað fuairt bárt.

Do ȝeapt Clíodna ón g-carratd m-bán gruaðaið
 Gyur b' é reabac árd Cluana ȝil mén,
 Ceap ȝioðða Cairol, árd-éuaile
 Ó Ceallaéam uafal 'ra ȝisol,
 Brat ȝfona air Callair lá an éruatain
 Do éorpnaið le cnuar nírt iþ cloiðið,
 Coir laoi ȝear mapb tð air fuarað,
 40 Mo éealð ȝáir éruatd ȝuirt, air rí.

Do ȝþread Aoibhill éailce þá Óomnall
 Do ȝréarðsuir a debra air an d-toinn;
 Do ȝlac bíoðgað iþ fearp ȝáir loba
 Agyur aingil do ȝeorað ag caoi;
 An ȝeal-inre a g-caðair ȝreáð ȝlóbrtmar
 ȝuð feapann rtáit móp do 'gyr cíor;
 A mearpð naomí atá ȝnam þá mór-éion
 Iþ feappa map lón do 'ná ȝaoiðeal.

AN FEART-LAOI.

A mapmaið-leac ȝlar, þá air leagaðað capa Cláir Þaoðal,
 50 Dá ȝ-fearrfað neac cé'n plait ro tairðeað fáð ȝaoð,
 Abair do feapar ná fan ag aðairt fán ȝréal,
 Ua Ceallaéam ceapt iþ mac Uí Ceallaéam é.

25. raoばðar, cf. raoばðu ȝðamail, XXII. 5. 37. Ealla, the place of his ancient patrimony, now Duhallow. 38. A cnuatd-nírt a élaðið.

39. He was buried at Kilcrea, which is near the Lee. 41. Aoibhill, M Sybil.

43. Ioba, M Joseph, another MS. Iova. 45-46. These lines are obscure. A ȝáið ȝéir, for rtáit móp; the island meant, perhaps = the

Heaven and earth have torn themselves asunder,
 The low has fiercely swallowed up the high,
 Typhon lay in a soft, lovely sleep,
 Until he leaped on the shore through the absence of the tide ;
 The black, blue-mouthing sea-serpents,
 30 All ceased from their swimming
 That the gods might hear what royal prince
 Of the noble race of Milesius had died.

Cliodhna, from the white fairy rock, said
 That it was the noble warrior of bright Clonmeen,
 A royal chieftain of Cashel, a high branch,
 The noble O'Callaghan and his seed,
 The protecting robe of Ealla in the day of distress
 Protecting with the vigour of his strength and sword,
 Who lies beside the Lee, in the south, cold in death ;
 40 O bitter piercing sting of death to me, said she.

The chalk-white Aoibhill screamed in grief for Domhnall,
 She poured her tears on the waves,
 Ioba started and was seized by a deadly frenzy,
 And angels tearfully lamented ;
 The fair Island gave him, as he dwelt in a beautiful glorious city,
 Large estate-lands and rents ;
 His soul is amid the saints in high esteem,
 And this is better as a possession than worlds.

THE EPITAPH.

O gray marble stone, beneath which the beloved of the land of the
 Gael lies low,
 50 Should someone inquire what chieftain is this who is treasured
 beneath thy side,
 Reply readily, nor delay in discoursing on the tidings,
 The true O'Callaghan and the son of the O'Callaghan is he.

Inismore of XV. 152. Inismore, or the Great Island, is perhaps that in Cork Harbour, on which Queenstown stands. The Cotters owned this island in the seventeenth century. O'Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare.

47. *naomh* = *naomh*, spelled according to Connaught pronunciation.

49. *mapmain*; a *mapbil*, a *mapbuill*, &c., are variants.

XVII.

AIR ÓRAS INNUIRCÉARTAIS UÍ ÓRÍOBTÁ.

A báir, do rúdair *Muircheartaí* uainn;
 Ró óráidéanaí an uain do éáid;
 Fuaodairg go fheagair *Taobh* don cill,
 A óráidilt leir ní cuiibe go bpráid.

Do bpráid, a ñapb-leac, ceanchníl le dñéraíct ríor
 An pánaí fleaghais léir cpeacáid do buabáid an tír;
 A ñ-eáir do b-préabhráid ó Achéron éusgáinn aníor
 Páirid do daingíon an paille, ar bpráid a ériodh.

10

Croíde gan acht-áruaijé, gan taipre,
 Círpiceaíc fuaip báir bísoghta,
 Tá re a n-íffionn dár riannaí,
 Iorí fíata diaibhl dár Óríoraí.

Tá Óríobta aip ríut in Styx do faon, laid, fann,
 Iar na mílte bhrúinnidíol an' fóeuil aip éaoibh don abainn,
 A ñroíde-corrí ríin fá lic iar Daoil dár rígráibh
 Óríomhcoim uile le níni dár ñaoiráid iar ñeamhain.

XVII.—In his satire on Cronin, our author handles the subject of this fierce poem severely. He also refers to him in XIII., and II. Murtagh Griffin was administrator to Helen, wife of Nicholas, Lord Kenmare. He had been originally a Catholic. In a “Book of Claims” (1701), concerning the lands forfeited, in 1688, we have the following entry: “Murtogh Griffin, gent., as Administrator to Dame Helen Browne, and on behalf of Sir Valentine Browne, and the rest of the children of the said Helen, claims £400 per annum, and the arrears thereof, on the whole of Sir Valentine Browne’s estate, by a reversing clause in the act of Parliament.” He appears to be the person who was Clerk of the Common Pleas, to whom a long letter on the state of Kerry was written by Maurice Hussey, February 28th, 1712. See *Old Kerry Records*, second series, p. 139. The strong language of this poem indicates the feeling that prevailed in those days against those who rose on the ruin of the great nobles.

XVII.

ON THE DEATH OF MUIRCHEARTACH O'GRIFFIN.

Thou has taken Muircheartach from us, O death,
 Too late is the time for everyone ;
 Snatch Tadhg quickly from us to the churchyard,
 It is not fitting to separate him from him for ever.

For ever, O rude stone, bind down with zeal
 The wandering rake by whom the country has been wofully
 despoiled ;
 Lest he might come back to us suddenly from Acheron,
 Press the villain tightly and bruise his heart.

A heart pitiless and without mercy,
 10 A heretic who met with a sudden death,
 He is in hell tortured
 Roasted among a band of demons.

Griffin is feeble, weak, and helpless, in the stream of Styx,
 Accompanied by thousands of maidens at the river's marge ;
 His great body is beneath the stone, and chafers mangle it,
 While the primal hounds of evil, and demons, execute his
 damnation with bitterness.

2. *Taðg*, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin. In a severe personal satire on Cronin, the poet connects him with Griffin in an unenviable manner. Griffin has the task allotted to him of selecting a new nobility from among the rustics in the room of those who had been banished, while Tadhg looks after the 'Parliament.'

10. *bárt bísogða*, a sudden or startling death. M. *bisogð*.

11-12. *Þriðorð* is quite as suggestive as *Þriðbæta*. A gives the chain word, for 11-12 it has

" *Ní léir iþriðonn dák þíanað
 Muircheartac ialmáar O Þriðora.*"

15. A deviation from MS. reading has been necessary in this line.

20

Deamhain ippriinn do ruaið
 Tug daët an ghuail aip a gné;
 Ó' iatð Peadar an doruif roimhe,
 'S do éuait ñíor do tig na n-ðaor.

Ó ñaorait Shiocht Éibhir bað roilbír clá,
 Ír le caomh-cumann cléipe go dtuigair do éul;
 O réanait mac Séamus, le furiinn na mionn,
 A réirt uile, ní leun liom a n-íppionn tu.

AN CEANÐAL.

Réid' goile tá, a peamair-leac, amur tap Sionainn éaimig;
 Péirt éruinniðte geall gac peann-bocht ñripte éráidte;
 Peacað cuiinne meall gac peang-bean éuige éarlaist;
 Ír béal clífe ñum mionn do éabairt a g-coinne an pápa.

Maor cuiinne ceanntair d'feallfáriof cineas Óaracháe,
 30 Ír caomh-ionad an t-peabairc ón leamhain d' a ngoirid ñapair,
 Ñaor-ñeapann éall, 'na gceall ro, éuige tárlaist;
 Sé tróigðte go gann do Ceampull Cille h-Áirne.

22. caomh-cumann cléipe = 'the Catholic Church.'

27. peacað is

a syllable too long, and does not give assonance; perhaps péic is the true reading.

31. M ó éarlaist; A ír, for ro, and íppionn, for peapann, which suits assonance better. If we read íppionn, then 32 should begin 'S ré, &c.; and éall, in 31, will = 'in the other world,' which may be the meaning in either case.

The demons of hell he put to flight
Which made his countenance of the colour of coal;
Peter shut the door against him,
20 And he went down to the house of the condemned.

Since thou didst condemn the race of Eibhear of pleasant fame,
And didst turn thy back on the fair company of the clergy,
Since thou didst desert the son of James for a blaspheming band,
Thou serpent of evil, I grieve not that thou art in hell.

THE BINDING.

Beneath thy maw, O stout stone, lies a reprobate who came across
the Shannon ;
A serpent who embezzled the pledges of every poor ruined
helpless man ;
A wicked sinner who deceived the slender maidens who came in
his way ;
Lips skilled in pronouncing imprecations against the Pope.

Wicked steward of a barony, who plundered deceitfully the
MacCarthys,
30 And the fair seat of the warrior from the land which is called
Parthus,
In reward for this, dear is yonder demesne he possesses,
Six scarce feet of the Killarney Church.

XVIII.

AIR ÓRÓGHAIÖ DO BRONNAÖ AIR.

Do fuairfar reáidhe i� leóir a m-bpreáchtachet,
Dá bhróig éaoine m'híne blácha,
Don leatagar do b'í pan bearpbairfe b'ain chear,
I� tuigeadar loingisior Ríð Íníb tarf páile;

Dá bhróig riomhgoiğche riobanta beaprtéa;
Dá bhróig bhuana a d-tuaprgaint lán-énoch;
Dá bhróig leargairgche bearpnaö go bláchtámar;
Dá bhróig díona air fíocé na m-bánta;

Dá bhróig fiaora éadtrrom fárgéa;
Dá bhróig fíocara a ngorchéab le námaid;
Dá bhróig éana, gan earrgáar gan fáibhre;
Dá bhróig élirde, gan bhríreab gan beárrna;

Dá bhróig érddá órddá air áiridiú,
Do rinnéaö do'n érpoicíonn do rtocháö don bán-ársuaid,
An b'ó do b'í d'á díon air fáraé,
Do b'í d'á faipeab að an b'-fátaé go lán-éceapt.

Do b'í Phoebur tréimhre a ngrádó ói,
Dúir éuir Ceadmúr a lionn duib 'na deaðaiö riu,
Dúir fhoið í 'pan oíðce b'áille,
Ó éeann céad rúl an trú bocht gráinna.

XVIII.—This curious poem is taken from a scribbling-book belonging to Og Michael O'Longan, and bearing date, 1785. A few emendations have been made from a MS. in R. I. Academy. The date of composition is given in the latter as “about 1724.” The O'Donoghue here lauded seems to be Domhnall O'Donoghue Dubh, the father of Finneen, the subject of XI.

17. a ngrádó ói: the usual expression is a ngrádó léi. *Ib.* In this reference to Phœbus and the cow, there is a confusion of two myths. 1º. Zeus, not Phœbus, stole Europa, the sister of Cadmus, who was sent by his father, Agenor, in search of her. After consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was directed to

XVIII.

ON A PAIR OF SHOES PRESENTED TO HIM.

I have received jewels of conspicuous beauty :
 A pair of shoes, fair, smooth, handsome,
 Of leather that was in white Barbary in the south,
 And which the fleet of King Philip brought over the sea ;

A pair of shoes, neat, decorated, well-trimmed ;
 A pair of shoes, durable, in stamping on great hills ;
 A pair of shoes that repair breaches beautifully ;
 A pair of shoes that are a protection from the roughness of the
 meads ;

- A pair of shoes, of high quality, light, closely-fitting ;
 10 A pair of shoes, steady, in encounters with a foe ;
 A pair of shoes, slender, without folds, or welts ;
 A pair of shoes, nimble, without seam, or gap ;

 A pair of shoes, valiant, splendid in public places ;
 A pair of shoes, made of the hide torn from the white cow,
 The cow that was guarded in a desert place,
 And watched over by a giant with great care.

- Phœbus for a season was in love with her,
 So that he put Cadmus into black melancholy after her,
 Until he stole her, on a most beautiful night,
 20 From the hundred-eyed head, the poor, ugly monster.

follow a certain kind of cow, and to build a town on the spot where she should sink of exhaustion. As he wished to sacrifice the cow he sent for water to the well of Ares, whose guardian dragon slew the messengers. Thereupon Cadmus slew the dragon. 2°. Zeus had converted Io into a white heifer, but Hera, discovering the plot and obtaining command of the heifer, set Argus Panoptes to watch her. But Zeus commanded Hermes to put Argus to death and deliver Io. The story in the text is a curious mixture of both fables. Zeus is confounded with Apollo, Cadmus with Hermes, and Io with Europa.

18. Ceadmūr, for Cadmūr : like Ceapolur, for Capolur.

bhróga an époicinn ní bogaid le báirtíocht,
 Ír ní éruaibh ann teafbaé a m-barrpa ná a m-bálta,
 Ní léanann gaoe a róimh ná n-deállraod
 Ní éig airta ír ní érapair le lán-tear.

An ghuairé pnaómais a larfha 'ra rála,
 Ghuairé clúim an tairbhoibh áille,
 Tuig clann Tuireann tar uirge 'na n-ártach
 Cumh lusgáid do bhrí lúchtáir láintír.

30 bhróga b'fearra níor éceapadair dánme,
 Ír ní b-fuairt Aileil a rámhair le rártacht,
 An oideacaéit éusg tréigheas aip Ajax,
 Ní b-fuairt iad, ciód dian a ráiðte.

An meanaiti léir pollaó an époicinn ro rátiom lú,
 Do pinneaoibh don éruaibh baibh éruaibh dá d-táinig,
 Seacáit g-céad bliadain na viaibail do bádair
 Ag déanamh deilg le ceilg bólcánuir.

40 Aip bhrúacáitibh Acheron d'earfhaip an enaibh duibh,
 'S a gníomh le cailleacáitibh cuiðeaécta Atrops,
 Léir fuaðaibh feabhrí na m-bhróga n-deárrfóna
 Le comacta dhraoiðeaécta an trír ban árrfa.

Do bádair pealaibh dá g-ceapaibh do Óáriur,
 Ní go ruis Alarðum barrpa na g-ceárd leir,
 Do bádair tréimhre ag Caerfai láintír,
 Dúir goiðeaibh bhréaga an traoibhail dá lán-troið.

Do bádair tréimhre ag déitibh Fáilbe,
 Ag lir clúmail 'r ag lusgáid na lán-épeac,
 Ag boibh dearfá, baibh éaca le námaid,
 Ír ag balair bémionn éacata aibhreac.

28. lúchtáir : A lúbaé. 31. The defeat of Ajax, in the contest with Ulysses for the shield of Achilles, caused his death. See *Odyssey*, Bk. XI.

Shoes of this hide, they do not soften by rain ;
 Nor do hot seasons harden their tops, or their welts ;
 Winds do not mar their beauty, or their lustre ;
 They do not shrink, or shrivel, through excessive heat.

The bristle that bound their edges, and their heels,
 Was a bristle of feathers of the finest incense,
 Which the children of Tuireann brought in their bark across
 the sea,
 To Lughaidh, who was vigorous and strong.

30 Shoes more perfect poets have not feigned ;
 Nor did Achilles get the like of them for comfort
 In his legacy, which brought pain on Ajax ;
 He did not get them, vehemently though he declaimed.

The awl that pierced this hide I tell you of,
 Was made of steel the best tempered that could be procured ;
 Seven hundred years were the demons
 Fashioning the point with the skewer of Vulcan.

On the brink of Acheron grew the black hemp,
 Spun by the hags of the band of Atropos,
 By which the borders of the beauteous shoes were sewn
 40 Through the magical power of the three aged women.

They were for a time being fitted up for Darius,
 Until Alexander carried off the perfection of the arts ;
 For a season they were possessed by the mighty Cæsar,
 Until the ornaments of the world were stolen from off his power-
 ful feet.

They were for a time in the possession of the gods of Failbhe,
 Of the renowned Lir, of Lughaidh of vast spoils ;
 Of Bodhbh Dearg, a stay against the foe ;
 Of Balar, of the blows, the renowned in deeds, the fortunate.

38. Atrops = Atropos, one of the Fates.

40. ἄπρα. Αἴραιοιν.

50 A m-briuiđin maiđe Šeanaiš iř pala do bádair,
 Ađ Aoibhíll 'r ađ draoisíib árra;
 A n-uacétar ní éaitid ní caillid a n-dealltar,
 Do fuarpar iad ón b-píal-féar pálteac.

Domhnall cneardha mac Čaéail do ráidim líb,
 Túrcallaċ píor, iř tauirreac aobhrac,
 Do þór an Ðleanna ná peacaō dá námaid,
 Do bponn domhra na bpróga bpeádcha.

Níl galap ná leigírfiđ, tpeirgħid ná lán-ċeipr,
 Ciaċ ná feapż ná peacaō le fánaiħ,
 Taprt ná gortu, ná oċrapr eráid,
 Peannaid ná pjan ná diaċċiż bájra-þrui.

Ionna do piċċeaō Ořdar għad bearnha,
 A n-gleidniđiib 'r a g-comiġrac námaid;
 Ěoll mac Mörna, għear mōr a ċaile pīn,
 A n-iaraċet baō tħian mar ċadex leip.

Ađ Cúpí do bñodar ráie,

Ir ađ Cúċulainn Muixxeiħħne baō ḥaċċaċtaċ,
 Ađ Meađb Cرعاċna do bñuadha bájra,
 Ir ađ Niall Ġlūn-duuħ, iř ađ Conall Ceapnaċ.

70 A g-Cluam Taipħi iř deapħi għup bádair,
 Ađ Dunlainq do bixi rúgħaċ párda;
 'S dā n-iǎoħi l-żejt a n-iall 'r a bpráġħaō aix,
 Do bħarha oħra ón iomwaġ pīn plán leip.

An tħi do paxi iř feap a ċaile,
 bile do ġġiex-żil-locħiċi Fianna iř Pálbe
 Do jaorijib Čaipħi, baō feapħa, pálteac,
 Tuġħiġ domhra na bpróga bpeádcha.

49. Seanuib, *sic A*: another MS. gives Sainib as a correction.

55. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk: see Introd., also XLIX.

56. In prose the phrase is *do bponn opm-ra*.

58. *peacaō le fánaiħ*: variants are *pala pe fánaiħ*, *paliċċaille aix pánaiħ*.
 61. M, *lonna paxiħi do piċċeaċ an t-uisiż aix għad bearnha.*

Long were they in the fairy mansion of Magh Seanaibh ;
 50 They belonged to Aoibhill, and to the ancient magicians ;
 They wear not their uppers out, nor lose their appearance ;
 It was a hospitable, generous man who bestowed them on me.

Domhnall the polite, the son of Cathal, is the man I speak of,
 A true hero, a fortunate chieftain,
 Of the race of the Glen, who knew not to retreat before their
 enemies ;
 It was he who presented me with the beautiful shoes.

There is no disease, or pain, or sore affliction they will not cure ;
 No asthma, or frenzy, or falling sickness ;
 No thirst, or starvation, or gnawing hunger ;
 60 No tribulation, or torment, or evil of death-bondage.

In them would Osgar run upon every gap,
 In battles and fights with the enemy ;
 Goll mac Morna, though great his fame,
 Yearned for the loan of them, as all others did.

Cúrí had them for a quarter ;
 And Cuchulainn of Muirthemhne, who was valiant ;
 And Meadhbh of Cruachan, who used to win the goal ;
 And Niall Glun-Dubh ; and Conall Cearnach ;

In sooth they were on the plain of Clontarf ;
 70 Dunlaing had them there, who was joyous and contented ;
 Could he but have tied their thongs and fastened them upon him,
 He would have brought Murchadh safe with him from that conflict.

Conspicuous is the fame of the man who gave them,
 A chief of the sun-bright race of the Fianna and of Failbhe,
 Of the nobles of Cashel, who were hospitable and manly ;
 He it was who bestowed on me those splendid shoes.

70. *Dunlaing*. Dunlaing O'Hartigan came late to the battle of Clontarf, being delayed by the fairies. He came to meet certain death, and foreknew that Murchadh would also fall.

80

Ciothá tár pe realao faoi ḡallair agha áitpeab,
 Níor ḡoġluim uaċċa cnuar ná cpráidteacét,
 Níl cinniteacét 'na ċeoiðe ná cám aip,
 Āċet dñiċċar maiċ a ḣean agh fárr leip.

Peap fialmári iż-żiġi le dñiħże,
 Peap t-reiġ-ċċeaċ, náriż ċreis a ċaiphe,
 Peap b-ronnhaċċ taħbarhaċċ p-riċ-ċlue,
 Peap roċċar ruilz náċċ d-ġoġjeaċċ d-ġaib-ċċeaċ.

Ní peanċaġ b-riéiżże a r-ġeijż go h-árra aip
 Oċċet píċċ őréaġ do'n ḣ-riéiż ő d-táiniż
 Do bñi agh riaraħ a n-iaċċaiż Pailbe
 O Ċar t-rolużiż go D-ġonċhaħ deaġ-ċċeaċ,

AN CEANċAL.

90

Iż-żogħa renidie mo ńbrola iż-żiġi eorġu l-riū puin;

Iż-żogħi iż-żiġi aip r-ġoħda iż-żiġi na n-ġoġiż őr l-ix-xiex;

Reġiżbiż mo ńbrol-ja c'eo do il-ġu l-dunhaċċ riġi

Ġuriż żogħa d-damra le D-ġonċhaħba boin.

88. M 6 capitulo. A 6 Ċear t-rolużiż.

91. In one MS. (R.I.A.) this line is erased, and the following substituted:—

“poġiul ńb-ċuċċiż beo ǵoġiż cioth do il-ġu l-dunhaċċ riġi.”

- Though he has long been dwelling with the English,
He learned from them nor churlishness, nor ill-humour ;
There is no stinginess in his heart, nor has he a fault,
80 But the hereditary goodness of his ancestors grows with him.

A generous man, hospitable to the bards ;
A virtuous man, who has not abandoned his friends ;
A bestower, a contributor, of philosophical mind ;
A sober, joyous man, who is not querulous or cruel.

It is not spreading abroad a lying pedigree of him
To say that there were eighteen kings of the race from which he
sprang
Ruling in the lands of Failbhe,
From Cas of the light to Donnchadh the good.

THE BINDING.

- My shoes are choicest jewels, many are not like them ;
90 They are an ornament on roads of the fresh-cut, blue stones ;
It will be a relief to my sorrow, sad and wretched though I am,
That Domhnall O'Donoghue has chosen soles for me.

XIX.

AIR ÓAS ÓAUSON.

Faoi láp na lice ro cupéa tá an olla-þíapt peamhar,
 Do épáid le ðligðiib an fúirionn bað mímic þíam teann ;
 Do b'fearrde mire, iñ gac n-dúine atá fúlangð þian Dall,
 An bár dá rðiobað tá tuilleað iñ þíe bliaðain ann.

Cumhíb go lom fád' bonn a ðairþ-leac mórd
 An mursuire fállra do meabhrusig dánsgusid iñ rðníð,
 Le ðligðiib na nDall éus rðannhrað air ðanba iñ tðir,
 Iñ go bfeiceam-na an t-am þeið fán fámail ro a maireann
 d'á þró.

An marb ro þeuð, mo léan ! nár rmaectaig a  oil ;
 10 Iñ maipð do éréis Mac Dé iñ mar Þeadaip nár  oil,
 A marb ní h- a t 'r an méid nár marb ní bo t,
 A t  ur marb é f im mar aon i ir anam iñ copp.

Iñ ionða marb do marb an marb ro f it- a, a lioð,
 Iñ marb don marb-ro marþfea  le r n a  rtoi e,
 Marb do marb na marb iñ nár ionntaig r i e,
 'S ir marb é an marb ro a n-Acheron r i cte r i or.

XIX.—Seaghan Claragh Mac Donnell has written a poem on the same subject as the above. It is longer and far fiercer than O'Rahilly's.

4.  ia al of MSS. does not suit metre; a milder word like b p suits.

6. rðníð = 'the neck,' hence 'servitude' (?).

15. do marb na marb: cf. a  b u da  na marb, VIII. 23.

XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF DAWSON.

Underneath the middle of this stone is laid the sleek serpent,
Who harassed with enactments a people long in prosperity ;
Better had it been for me, and for all who suffered hardships
from the English,
Had death snatched him away more than a score of years ago.

O great, strong stone, hold tightly beneath thy foot,
The false tyrant who planned deceit and servitude,
Who brought destruction and rout on Banba by English laws,
And may we see the time when all of his race who survive shall
lie beneath stones like thee.

Lo ! this dead man, alas, who subdued not his will ;
10 Woe to him who abandoned the Son of God and did not weep
like Peter ;
His death is no loss, and those whom he killed not are the richer
for it ;
But he, for one, is dead as regards both soul and body.

Many dead did he do to death, he who lies in death beneath
thee, O stone !
Woe to the dead man who should live with the secrets of his
heart ;
A dead man who slew the dead, and changed not his ways,
And this dead is now dead sucked down into Acheron.

XX.

TIONÓL NA Ȫ-FEAR MUINNNEAC.

Aጀ የiuḃal የam aip Ȫruiġionta na ሺuṁan mór Ȫ-timéiol

Do ḡuaḋamap 'r an ḡeim̄peaḋ ḡuaḋ ḡorainn,

Do bí Tuaċal Ó Rínn ann, iŋ Ȫorðall Ó Cuínn ann,

l̄i p̄luaiġte feap Muinm̄neac na Ȫ-focair;

Do bí ḡruaċha iŋ ḡraoix ā ann, uaipl̄e aġur írle

lona n-uame a m-buioe iŋ a ngorpm̄;

l̄i ȣan ḡuainne aip an m-buioin የin anuap aċċet Ȫruiṭ r̄isda,

O ḡluaqaiħ a maolie ȣo copaiħ.

Do bí Ó Néill ann, Ó Dom̄naill, Ó Conċeubair 'ra Ȫlóiḡte

10 Mac Cap̄ċaiġ mór iŋ Mac C̄riom̄ċain;

Do bí t̄iġeарna t̄ipe Ħoġġain ann, Ó Ȫrjan ceapt na Ȫdirim;

Mac Caċċain, Mac C̄όda aġur twilleaō;

T̄ri ħiġid eċċiġiġ, naci ħiġid reb̄m̄ra,

T̄riċċad riġiż corbinaċ tarġ tonna,

Aċċet ní paib̄ riġiż Seoirpre ann, ná aonneaċ Ȫa ḫb̄or-pan,

'Náρ ȭ-ċuiħrionn, 'náρ ȭ-ċoġiġ, nō 'náρ ȭ-ċumann.

Do bí Ȫrūnaċ Loċi Léin ann, iŋ Ȫrūnaċ na h-Éile;

An Ȫiūie iŋ a ḡaolta የin uile;

bí an Ȫurċaċ, 'pan Léireaċ, Ó Ȫuġħa 'pan Céitneaċ,

20 'San Ċúrraċ ḡuajr ȭseilleaō a ȭ-ċúiġe Ulaō.

Ó Ȫondain t̄iġi ȭmēiġle, cap-ċep̄ūbaċ an Ȫeil ȣuiħ,

l̄i p̄uba an toħac Ȫréim aip a ȭlueċaiħ,

Čuġi p̄riūna aip aġi laoċra iż-żebiż le p̄uċař iŋ le pléapaiħ

l̄i cūiġeař nisop t̄eapna m̄ Ȫar Ȫ-fuqirinn.

XX.—This interesting song, composed to a beautiful air, has come down by oral tradition. There are two copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy; one is modern, made by the late Nicholas O'Kearney. He inserts his own family name, in line 12, for Mac C̄όda, of the older copy. Some of those allusions in the poem are obscure, but it appears to have reference to the expected rising in favour of the Pretender, soon after the accession of George I.

1. aip = 'amongst, from one to one'; the order perhaps is aጀ የiuḃal የam

xx.

THE ASSEMBLY OF MUNSTERMEN.

In my wanderings among the fairy mansions, throughout Munster
Went I, in the winter that has just passed ;
With me there were Tuathal O'Rinn, and Gordall O'Quinn,
And hosts of Munster men in their company ;
There were druids, and magicians, the noble, and the lowly,
In their various colours of green, of yellow, and of blue ;
Nor did the band wear any other covering by night,
Than silken coverlets from the ears of their head to their feet.

There were O'Neill, and O'Donnell, and O'Connor, and their hosts,
MacCarthy Mor, and MacCriomhthain,
There was the lord of Tyrone, the true O'Brien of the Borumha,
MacCahan, MacGillycuddy, and many besides;
There were three score festive bands, nine score apartments,
And thrice ten crowned monarchs from over the main;
But King George was not there nor any of his family,
Taking part with us, or present with us, or in our company.

There was Brown from Lough Lein, and Brown from Eile,
The Duke, and his relatives, in full muster;
There was De Burgh, De Lacy, O'Dowd, and Keating,
20 And De Courcy, who obtained sway in the province of Ulster.
From London comes a clown, cantankerous, club-footed, of black
 mouth,
 With the juice of foul tobacco on his cheeks,
Who dispersed our heroes, with powder and shot,
 Nor did five of our band escape.

aip Ծրագրություն, ծառացանց մոլ ծ-դիմքություն կատարելու համար պահանջվություն է առաջանալ:

3. O'Curry (MS. Cat. R.I.A.) thinks this poem has reference to some political movement in Munster, in which the Celtic and Anglo-Irish families were to take part. 21. *rméiple*. The allusion is obscure. The individual here referred to appears to be the "Roibin" of *Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis*, who is called 'Robin an tobac,' and an 'o \ddot{g} lae \ddot{o} Galba.'

Ó ୟୁର୍ତ୍ତୋ ତିଥ ଚେନ୍ନ କୁଇ ଆଖ ଲେଇ୍ଦୋର ଏହ ଅନ ଗ-କମ୍ପା

ତ୍ରି ହ-ଆଧାରୀଙ୍କ ଶୁଣ ଫେଅ ଏହ ମାର ଛୁନିମି;

ନି ପାଇ ଲେଇ୍ଦୋର ଏହ ଶାନ ଆମ୍ରାର, ଶୁଣ ରୁଦ୍ଧିନ ଓର୍ଜା କ୍ଲାମ୍ପା,
ନୋ କ୍ଲାଇସ୍ପେ ଶାନ ଚେନ୍ନ ଲେ ପିଢ଼ ପିଲିବ.

ଲେଇ୍ଦୋର ରେ ଚେନ୍ନ କୁଇ ଲେ ଟର୍ପାଇଁ ଯାଏ ତ୍ରି ଥେଅନ ଏହ,

୩୦ ଲେଇ୍ଦୋର ଏହ ଥ ଫର୍ମାନେବ ନି ରୁଦ ରାନ;

ଦୋ ରୂଷ-ବ୍ରାହ୍ମିଙ୍କ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଶାମନା ନିର ଦ୍ୟୋମାଓମ ଦାମ ଆମାଲ ଡୁଲ
ବିନ୍ଦିନ ଫିନ୍ଟା ଶୁଣ ବ୍ରାନ୍ଦା ଆଚ ଅନ ରୋମାଦ.

ତିଥ ଅନ ପାପା ରାନ ଛେଇପ ଚେଅର ଆ ଲାଖାଇ ଅ ଏପଲିଙ୍,

ଲୋନ ଲାମି ଥେଅ ବିନ୍ଦିନ କେଇ ଆଶୁର କୋମ୍ପିଲ;

ତିଥ ବ୍ଲାଟ ଏହ ନା ଶେଅଗାଇ ଯା ଦ'ଫାଇଲିଟିଙ୍ ଅନ ରପେଇ ଝଳନ

ରୋମ ଝରାପା ମିଳ ଦେ ଦୋଷାତ ଚୁଗାଇନ;

ତିଥ ଅନ ଫାନୁଷିଥେ ଶାନ ଆନ ଲୋତ (ଚିଠ ରାଇସ୍ଟେଅର ଲେଇ ବ୍ରେଅଗା)

'ନା ଲାନ-୍କୁମାର କାମ-ଝଳନ ଦା ରୋମାଦ;

ବାନ୍ଦିଫିଥ ରେ ଅନ ଟର୍ପାଦା ଶୁଷ ଟାଇ ଆଶୁର ବେଇ ଦୋ,

୪୦ ଯ ନି ରାଇସିମ-ରେ ଅନ ରୁଦ ନା ଚୋନ୍ନିବ.

25. The Owl seems to represent the British Navy: for campa the older MS. has camþruið. The whole stanza, 25-32, is obscure. 27. leïðear, the older MS., peiðim. Ib. claiñra = a scratcher. Why is the same thing called a 'clam̄pa' and a 'claiñpe ଶାନ ଚେନ୍ନ'? A crying child is sometimes called a clam̄pa. 33-40. The triumph of the Pretender is described, and the calumnies regarding his parentage scornfully alluded to.

From Bristol there came an Owl to relieve the camp,

He had three horns and a tail, as I hear;

Doubtless there was no help for it, till there sprang upon them a
scratcher,

Or a headless vagabond, belonging to King Philip.

He sends the Owl, with his three horns, adown the tide,

30 Nor could he receive any aid from the French;

For one like me it was no idle journey to the fairy mansion of
Cnoc Samhna,

They are wont to have wines and brandies in great abundance.

The Pope with the true clergy comes to where the destruction
was wrought;

In his right hand he held a seal (wax) and a candle;

The boughs burst forth into blossom, and a cloudless heaven
welcomes

The grace of the Son of God which is come unto us;

Comes the wanderer without a blemish—though he has been evil
spoken of—

To his rightful place in his full power and pure beauty;

He will submerge the band who despised and struck at him,

40 And for that I will say nothing against him.

XXI.

AN FILE AR LEABAID Ó ÓNAIS AG SÓRÍOÓAD Ó GUS A
CARAID ÍAR N-DUL A N-EADÓSÁS DO A D-EÚSIÓ
AIRÍSTE.

Cábaír ní ghoirbhéad go d-cuirtear me a d-cruinn-cóimhriann,
'S dár an leabhar dá n-ghoibhinn níor ghoiridé an níos ómhrá,
Ár d-coisnácaí uile glac-éumaraíc ríl Eogain,
Ír tollta a d-cuirfe aip d'iomáis a m-brióid aip feocheadh.

Do éonn-érithe m' inéinn, d'iomáis mo phríomh-bhéal,
Poll am' ionachair, bioranna tríom' òrbláinn,
Ár b-fonn ár b-foiintí an ár monda 'r ár mion-cóimhri,
A ngeall re píngínn ag fuairinn ó éríoch Dover.

DO ÓBDAIR AN T-SIONAÍNN, AN LIPE, 'R AN LAOI CHÉOLMÁR,
10 Ábáinn an biorra óuib, bhrúice, iñ bhrigid, bóninne,
Com Lóe Óirg 'na ruine, iñ Tuinn Cúime,
Ó lom an cuirpeata cluicé aip an Ríg copróineac.

XXI.—A painful interest attaches to this poem. The author had been reduced to extreme poverty, his lands and cattle and even his house had apparently been seized for rent-charge or some such debt. He lay on his bed of death and thence despatched this epistle to a friend. Every line of it breathes the spirit of unwanted passion. There are two copies of the poem in the Royal Irish Academy and another in the British Museum. The style is abrupt and many of the allusions are obscure. The full title of the poem as given in text is found only in the British Museum copy.

2. dár an leabhar, lit. 'by the book,' *i.e.*, the Bible; a common mode of strong assertion.

3. coisnácaí, sing. for pl. 4. an éuirfe is a variant (R.I.A.)

7. comháir, Brit. Museum copy; the two copies, R.I.A., comháir, which may = 'neighbourhood,' or = 'kinsfolk.' The latter meaning suits best here.

XXI.

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND,
 HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO
 DESPONDENCY.

I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin,
 And I swear, if I were to cry, it would not come at my call ;
 All our chieftains, the strong-handed of the race of Eoghan—
 Their strength is undermined, and their vigour gone to decay.

My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope is gone ;
 My entrails are pierced through, darts penetrate my heart ;
 Our land, our shelter, our plains, our fair kinsfolk,
 In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover !

- The Shannon, the Liffey, and the tuneful Lee are become discordant,
- 10 The stream of the black water, of Brick, of the Bride, and the Boyne,
 The waist of Lough Derg and Tonn Toime are turned red
 Since the knave completely won the game from the crowned king.

8. Unfortunately we are ignorant of the precise transaction he refers to ; pínginn, a ‘penny,’ hence, a ‘trifle.’

9. do boðap, was discordant like a bell out of tune.

10. bprisðr may be taken as poet. gen. after aðainn or bóinne, poet. nom. The former seems preferable.

11. B coðam ; A com.

12. lom, do lom pe cluicé seems = ‘he won the game even to bareness,’ i.e., completely. cuipreata = ‘Knave’ at cards in spoken language. O’R. has cuipeat. The Knave and King are William III. and James II., respectively : cf. *Rape of the Lock* :—

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins, oh shameful chance, the Queen of Hearts.

Mo ḡlam! iр minic do ḡilim-re ríor-ðeóra;
 Iр tróm mo ḡubairt, 'rír duine me aip míočom-érom;
 Þonn ní ḡigéann am ḡoíre 'r me að caoi aip bñiéríb:
 Aéet foðar na muice noé ðointear le raiðeaðníreacé.

Doll na Rinne, na Cille, aip críc Eoðanaé,
 Do lom a ḡoile le h-uíreafbaid, aip díz cónra,
 An reabac 'g a bñuillid rín uile 'r a g-cíoróirpeacé,
 20 Þabair ní ḡigéann don duine cé gaoil dñ-pan.

Þán tróm-lot, d'ímstig aip cíneacád na ríosg mórdá,
 Tréaðann óm iþionnaib uifde do ríom-ðlóraé,
 Iр lonntráp éuirið mo ḡrusiéib-ri faoinfheoga,
 'S an abainn do ḡileaf o Truipill do caoin-Eocuill.

Staðfað fearfda 'rír ñap ñam éað gan maill,
 Ó tréaðgrád ñreagdai leamáin, Léin, iр laoi,
 Raéad na b-þarð—le reape na laoé—don cíll,
 Na flácha þá ñaib mo ḡean poið éað do Críorð.

16. Does the poet refer to the seizure of a pig for hearth-money or for tithes?

17. Doll, B and one MS. R.I.A. have Þall. The words are pronounced alike. Doll is used often like Orðar, &c., for a hero.

17-20. This stanza is obscure. It seems simplest to take Doll and reabac as referring to the same person, and a ḡoile = 'his (that is, my, the poet's) strength,' and similarly, an duine as referring to the poet. Who the Doll was is not clear. B has Eoðanaé, as in text, for Eoðan of the other copies, and we know that the poet often spoke of Eoghanacht O'Donoghue simply as the Eoghanacht; cf. XIII. 33; hence, not improbably, reference is to Lord Kenmare, whom he had already attacked (VIII.). Moreover, from 24 *infra* it would seem that the poet at this time was beside some tributary of the Blackwater that may be said to flow from Truipill (a mountain east of Mangerton) to Youghal, or the Blackwater itself, as there is also a place called Truipill near the source of the Blackwater. na Rinne = of Ross promontory (?), na Cille = of Killarney (?).

My groan ! often do I shed copious tears,
 Heavy is my woe, and a man am I under injustice,
 No tune comes near me, as I weep on roads,
 But the screaming of the pig which is wounded by dart-throwing.

The hero of the Rinn, of Kill, and of the land of the Eoghanacht—
 Has wasted his (*i.e.* my) strength by want and injustice !

The hawk who possesses all these and their rentals—

20 Does not give favour to the man, though he be his kinsman.

Because of the great ruin that has overtaken the race of the
 proud kings,

Waters plough their way from my temples with heavy sound !

High swelling do my fountains give forth streams

Into the river which flows from Truipill to fair Youghal !

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;

Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have
 been laid low,

I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
 to the graveyard,

Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the
 death of Christ.

20. *pabap*, MS. *poðap*. Pronunciation is much the same. Two MSS. give *čiȝeann* ; one copy (R.I.A.) has *čuȝann*, which does not rhyme ; the sense is much the same ; ‘favour does not come (from him) to the man,’ = ‘he does not give favour to the man.’

24. His tears augment the river beside which he is living. It is possible to take this line = ‘while I shed a river from Truipill to fair Youghal.’

25-28. This stanza—the last the poet penned—seems to dispose of Edward O'Reilly's statement that the poet was of the Cavan O'Reillys. See Introd.

XXII.

marðna ðiarmuda uí laoðaire an cíllín.

Créad an ríod-þrat níme ro aip Þóðla,
Þeir an t-íarðar diaéplaé deðrað?
An t-eus tré riðid na tonna go ȝlórað,
Ar d'þníg an Múma a ȝ-cumá go bþrónað?

Tá rðéim na ȝ-plaistear aip larað map lðéppann,
Ar fþraði na faiþrðe að cairmirt le fœorðain,
Éin a ȝ-creatarið le h-anaité an cõmpaic,
Ar creaceta an talam að fþreagdairt 'r að fððairt.

10

Raobair rðamaill iþ rðapað le fðrra,
Táid caopa fþapa dá ȝ-caistear aip ńðiðrið,
Ðéim na Sðealð go Ceallaib aip cóm-ðlop,
A n-deig an maipð map meapair luð eðlair.

XXII.—The subject of this, perhaps the finest of all the elegies, was Diarmuid O'Leary of Killeen, near Killarney, who died in 1696 according to one MSS. copy of the elegy. He is said to have fought under King James, and is popularly known as Captain O'Leary. There is a Leary, but the Christian name is not given, mentioned as a Lieutenant in Boisela's regiment of Infantry, in King James's Army, and it is probable that it is the same person.

The country of the O'Learys called Ivelairy is wild and mountainous, and extends from Macroom to Inchigeelagh. The chief residence of the O'Learys was Caislean Charra na Curra, which is built on a somewhat elevated rock on the south bank of the Lee, a mile to the east of the present village of Inchigeelagh. The ruins are in a good state of preservation and command an extensive view of the valley of the Lee and the mountains of Ivelairy.

The O'Learys had for centuries been followers of the Mac Carthys of Carbery, and the castles described were within easy reach of Dunmanway and Tochar, and marriages between them and the Gleann an Chroim MacCarthys were very frequent.

That the O'Learys were a favourite family with our author is manifest from

XXII.

ELEGY ON DIARMUID O'LEARY OF KILLEEN.

What fairy-covering of bitterness is this on Fodla,
 Which makes the western regions sad and tearful ?
 What the death because of which the waves run noisily,
 And which has left Munster dolefully in grief ?

The beauty of heaven blazes like a torch ;
 The violence of the sea struggles with the grassy fields ;
 Birds are trembling in terror at the fight ;
 And the ravines of earth reply and make proclamation.

Clouds burst asunder and violently disperse ;
 10 Showers of berries are poured on the roads ;
 The groan of the Skelligs is heard at Killybega ;
 Lamenting the dead as the learned suppose.

this and from some of his other elegies. Indeed he tells us (XXXV.) that his ancestors lived for a time in Ivelleary.

The text here given follows the order of a modern MS. in my own possession. It is the most accurate copy of all as regards arrangement, and is the fullest. There are several other copies of it extant, many of which I have examined, but most of them stumble over the proper names. The greater part of this poem has come down by oral tradition.

In the list of certificates of persons ordered to transplant from Kerry, in 1653, we find the insertion “Arthur Leary of Killeen, gent.” who may have been grandfather or uncle to the subject of this elegy. But there is no record of the transplantation.

3-4. These lines may be regarded as an answer to 1-2, or as putting the same question in another way. The latter view is preferable. *riob-ḃṇat*, *sic* B, Museum copy; most other copies *riobṇat*, which was the word that reached the editor by oral tradition.

11. Ceallaib, Killybega in Donegal (?). A metrical translator of this poem (A.D. 1820) took the word = ‘the churches’.

Óliaó na n-dúl iŋ cénir a ḡ-comhraic,
 Óíarptuisid fionn 'fan nír mac Óomnaill,
 Capabuncal crú na mór-þlaité,
 Iŋ fearaéin nár fumúin þeileat peoldta.

20

Rídg-laoé cogairó mar Dóll Mac Mórna,
 Þrím-ðeud fionair bað þorða dá éomður
 Óairgðsóeac na b-þad-rgíos do éomðeup
 Óleacuile aghur cait-þileað þníripipt.

Lí 'na leacain bað þamail le rógr-luið,
 Að coimheargðar caða le rneaccta 'na lóðuïð,
 Intleacæt reabairc iŋ aigne leoðan,
 'O lúigín a þatdair do ratailt a bhríðe :

bað ȝríoð a ȝ-treagairb, raoi calma cróðoa,
 Þíocómar neartmápar a ȝ-caðaib 'r a ȝ-comlann,
 Ríogasac reaðrað a ȝ-caifmírt 'r a nþleónitib,
 Namairdeac, reaðrað, reaðrað, rórrað.

30

Ué! mo éiaé! mo ȝian! mo ȝeðra!
 Ué ðiaérað tu a Óíarptuisid níic Óomnaill!
 Mo ȝðiað-éurað a ngliað-éup, mo leoðan,
 Mo érann baðair, mo éaca 'r mo lóðrann.

þrátair raoi Uí Néill na ȝ-cóigðeac,
 Uí ȝríain Aþa, Uí Cealla, 'r Uí Óomnaill,
 Míic na Mara do radað na ȝeñide,
 Ar céile cneafða na Carrairge ȝeñta.

40

þrátair gráðað Míic Cártha tñdir tu,
 Ar Míic Cártha na blárnán nár leónað,
 Míic Cártha Ealla Cinn ðainb na ȝ-cóigðreac,
 Ar Míic Cártha na Mainge tñin macanta tóðtair,

16. fumúin for fmuain. A man who taught me this poem orally glossed this word by fmuainis.

Ib. peoldta = peallta, 'treacherous' (?). Most MSS. have pððalta or pððalta, many pðltá, some polra; cf. 94 *infra*; the word in oral version sounded péollta.

24. Lúigín = the little hollow in the skull just above the occiput; tuinn is a variant.

36. Céile na Carrairge, perhaps the lord of Carrignavar, near Cork, a

There is war among the elements ; and the cause of their strife is
That Diarmuid the fair, son of Domhnall, is in the grave,
The carbuncle of the blood of the great chieftains,
And a hero who thought not of being treacherous.

A princely warrior in battle like Goll Mac Morna ;
A prosperous chief branch, the stay of his kinsfolk ;
A hero who made far-extending tracks ;

20 A fighter, and soldier of great might.

The hue of his cheek was like the rose flower
Contending in strife with the driven snow ;
The acuteness of the hawk and the courage of the lion
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe.

A griffin in battle ; a noble, bold, and brave ;
Fierce and strong in strife and conflict ,
Princely, impetuous, in combat and struggle ;
Hostile, responsive, enduring, forceful.

Ah ! my grief ! my pain ! my tears !

30 Alas ! my bitter distress thy loss, O Diarmuid, son of Domhnall !
My shielding champion to engage in battle, my hero,
My threatening staff, my stay, my torch.

Noble kinsman of O'Neill of the Provinces,
Of O'Brien of Ara, of O'Kelly, and of O'Donnell,
Of Mac na Mara, who bestowed jewels,
And of the mild spouse of Carrick of the sails.

The beloved kinsman of MacCarthy Mor wert thou ;
And of MacCarthy of Blarney, the unscathed ;
Of MacCarthy of Ealla, from Kanturk of the feasts ;

40 And of MacCarthy of the Maine, the mild, the gentle, the
courteous.

celebrated branch of the MacCarthys of Muskery ; *reólta* refers rather to Cork than to Carrignavar. But more probably O'Connor of Carrickfoyle is meant.

38. The MacCarthys of Muskery are also called of Blarney and of the Lee.

39. *Cinn ḥaínb*, Kanturk (= 'boar's head') is meant ; *baṇb*, 'a young pig.'

40. *na Maingé*, *Tíchearna Coipe Maingé*, a branch of the MacCarthys often referred to by the poet.

Brátheair foirtíl Shiocht Eoéanach na mór-éacáin,
 Ar pleácta Caire na g-craicéar tap bóéna,
 Sleacáta Ínílib doib' uirra a n-am gileas éur,
 Ar Clanna Ruðraighe clúimhíl binn éeolmhar.

Brátheair gearráidh ríg Cairebреас содирдеац,
 Ar Uí Raðallaið an tréun-þeap nár leónað,
 Ille Suiðne bað píocómpar a n-gleónitib,
 Ar Míic Amhlaoibh ó Teamhair bhuide an mór-éon.

50 lapla Seannaithe an Dainghin 'r an Tócair,
 Do b's a g-capadair ceangailte óot' þeoil-þuill,
 An τ-lapla críoc Dán baor 'ra þór-þlíoct,
 'S an τ-lapla pionn glis Cúrraç epróða.

Mac Þinnchín Mara an Éin éeanainn an leoðan,
 Ua Óonnéuda Tuirc 'ran Ruir na mór-þlaité,
 Ua Óonnéuda an Óleana bað macanta a g-comlann,
 Ar phioct Céin do caitheab a matheap pe flóigteib.

60 Ua Ceallaéáin na n-eac m-bán bað éreóraç,
 Ua Ruairc do b'uarpal pe deoraitib,
 Ua Caomh Óalla Óruimtaipib na u-tórratáin,
 Ua Seachnafaird ar Ua Ceapbhuiill epróða.

Brátheair Þeapdúir éalma épróða,
 Do éuir Alba a g-ceangal pe Þóðla,
 Brátheair Néill nár d'éill dár n-órdaitib,
 Ná a mac laoðaire cé gur éoir do.

41. The O'Sullivans.

42. Car was the son of Cope, King of Munster, and from him descended the O'Donoghues, O'Mahonys, &c.

44. Clann Ruðraighe, the descendants of Ruðraighe Mór, King of Ulster and Meath before the Christian era.

45. The MacCarthys of Carbery, one of the three chief divisions of that family.

48. an mór-éon, na mór-éon is a variant, and, except for metre, a better reading.

53. an 'Éin éeanainn, of the white-faced bird; which means that

The stout kinsman of the race of Eochaидh of the great conflicts ;
 And of the race of Cas of the spoils beyond the sea ;
 Of the race of Philip who was a prop when the war was waged ;
 And of the race of Rughraide, the illustrious, the musical.

The near kinsman of the king of Carbery, of the coaches ;
 Of O'Reilly the mighty man, the unscathed ;
 Of MacSweeney who was fierce in battles ;
 And of MacAuliffe from Teamhair Bhuidhe of the great hound.

- 50 The Lords of Shanaid, of Dingle, and of the Tochar,
 Were in friendship bound to thy life-blood ;
 The Lord of the lands of Dunboy and his descendants,
 And the fair, skilful, comely De Courcey.

Mac Finneen Mara of the Eun Ceanann, the hero,
 O'Donoghue of Torc, and of Ross of the great chieftains,
 O'Donoghue of the Glen, steadfast in the strife,
 And the race of Cian who lavished his wealth on hosts.

- 60 O'Callaghan of the white steeds, the active,
 O'Rourke who behaved nobly to strangers,
 O'Keeffe of Ealla, of Dromtairbh, of hostile pursuits,
 O'Shaughnessy and O'Carroll the valiant.

Kinsman of Feargus, the strong, the valiant,
 Who brought Alba into union with Fodla ;
 Kinsman of Niall who did not submit to our clergy,
 Nor did his son Laoghaire, though he should have done so.

Mac Finneen was from “Uét an ‘Eín fínn,” as a lullaby for a child of the O'Leary family tells us :—

Ír Mac Fínnéin ó Uét an ‘Eín fínn leat.

56. Cian, ancestor of the O'Mahonys, is again eulogised by the poet for his generosity, XIV. 81-84.

62. The allusion is to Fergus's conquest of Scotland in the early years of the sixth century.

63-4. Niall of the Nine Hostages ; the allusion means that he did not become a Christian ; *doip n-opðaib* = 'to our hierarchy.' The same is said of Laoghaire, *cé doip éorip do*, because he got every opportunity. It was Niall who introduced St. Patrick into Ireland as a slave.

Brátheair Cúrí nír-croisídeas leoðanta,
Brátheair Irial iŋ Ořgair na mór-ðcaſ,
Brátheair Conaill ó fionnebrog bóninne,
Ar brátheair buinne Cúculainn iŋ Eogain,

70 Brátheair Airt na ȝ-caſ do ȝdóthcúr,
Ar Coinn do b'ačaiρ d'Airt na ȝ-corðineas,
Corðineas ȝeal tíc Airt an leoðan,
Ar Caithbre rðair a ȝ-treapar na treðintę.

Do ȝfomþfainn-pe laoīte ðo léor ȝuit,
Ačet a ȝíor-ȝíor að raoiēiþ an eðluir,
Ður tríod-ra do ȝíolraið ðač mór-ȝuił,
Inr an ȝfotacéit-ro do ȝríom-ȝleacétaíb Scóta.

80 D'admuisig ȝraoiēe críocá Fóðla,
Ar caicfíð raoiēe ař laoīe na mór-ȝ-caſ,
Ður ȝslir ȝoo' ȝtreapar ðo ȝb-ȝearar,
Cíor ař ȝloct Coinn aðuir Eogain.

An líne ȝiðeíb tríor ȝeinir ðan ȝreðiȝteacéit,
Ó ȝe mac bile ðo ȝugadu a Ðomnaill,
Le ðaoir ȝo ȝugadap ȝiřim na corðineas,
Ó ȝríom-ȝlioet Oillill Coinn Conaire iŋ Eogain.

Laočrað Connačt iř Ulað bað ȝrða,
Ar ȝiðe Muham bað ȝuranta a ȝ-comlann,
Tríod-ra ȝnaiðmið a ȝ-euiple 'r a mórðačt,
'S iř ȝiři ðo ȝugair tar ȝomað dā n-ȝgaiþ,

90 A n-uaipleačt, a m-buaðačt, 'r a m-beððačt,
A ȝ-clú, a ȝ-céill, 'r a n-éifeacéit, ȝorða,
A n-eagna a ȝðair 'r a nðraiþ,
A ȝ-teanȝeacéit, a laðarðaíb, 'r a n-eðlar,

82. A Ðomnaill, Diarmuid was his name; the poet addresses him by his father's name, or else addresses his father. Perhaps we should read ó Ðomnall.

83. ȝiřim = ȝurðam.

83-4. He refers to the Battle of Magh Muchruime, in which Mac Con slew

Kinsman of Cúrí of the noble heart, the valiant ;
 Kinsman of Irial, and of Osgar, of the great combats ;
 Kinsman of Conall, from the fair mansion of the Boyne ;
 And kinsman of the stock of Cuchulainn, and of Eoghan.

- Kinsman of Art, who engaged in conflicts ;
 70 And of Conn, who was father of Art, of the crowns ;
 Of Cormac the bright, son of Art, the hero ;
 And of Cairbre, who scattered the strong hosts in battle.

I should weave verses in abundance for thee,
 But that the men of learning know full well
 That it is through thee descended every noble blood
 In this kingdom, of the chief families sprung from Scota.

- The druids of the lands of Fodla have confessed,
 And the nobles and the heroes of the great conflicts must confess,
 That to thy ancestors belonged of just hereditary right
 80 A tribute from the race of Conn and of Eoghan.

The line of kings through whom without taint thou art descended,
 From Ith son of Bile, till thy birth, O Domhnall,
 By wisdom they won the honour of the crown
 From the main descendants of Oilioll, Conn, Conaire, and Eoghan.

The heroes of Connaught, and of Ulster, who were valiant,
 And Munster's kings who were strong in conflict,—
 In thee they unite their veins and greatness,
 And truly hast thou excelled many of their youths,

- In nobility, in virtue, and in vigour,
 90 In fame, in wisdom, in worth,
 In prudence, in generosity, in manners,
 In language, in speech, in knowledge,

Art, and reigned after him. See note 217 *infra*.

90. τόργα, beyond or superior to them. In a copy of a poem spelled phonetically it is ḥórga, as pronounced.

91. M eaðanaib = eaðnaib for eaðna, ‘prudence.’

A láimh ac lioig, a riñgce, 'r a g-céoltóirí,
 A marcuígeaít na n-eacá ngróisde nár b-peallta
 Óg tóigait fáinne an ráip aip bóniúrlíb,
 'S a gcaitheamh gá 'fhan d-treapf pe fáirneapt.

An tan do bairteao 'na leanb an leoigan,
 Do bponn Mars do gá éum comraic,
 Cuig do píce cláideamh ar rróill-rgárr,
 100 Ar do bponn Diana fáinne an óir do.

Do éuig Jupiter culaith don t-rróill do,
 buailt agus calmaít gairdhe agus cródaí,
 Do éuig Venus do tréithe mórta,
 bheádgháít ar áilneacáit ar níse.

Do éuig Pan do rtaif ar cónra,
 Do éuig Bacchus ceapt aip ól do,
 Cuig Vulcanus ceárt ar comácht do,
 Ceárdca gairdhe na n-apm éum comraic.

Do éuig Aoibhíll cíor 'na óid do,
 110 Do éuig Juno clú 'na deónig do,
 Cuig Neptunus long faoi jéobl do,
 lonar fíuňail tarffrúill gáe mór-þlait.

A b-poiptearthaíct do b' é Solomon solus,
 A b-pilíðeaít do éuir círðiğe aip Ovid,
 A neapt do éuig Sampson rgárr do,
 Le n-apl leag 'r an d-treapf na fáitai g mórta.

A b-peallraíct do b' teann map Scótaif,
 'Na pannai b' gan cam 'na g-céadai b,
 A d-teangðai b, a labharðai b 'r a-n-eólar,
 120 'S a m-beaptai b' pann do meabhras Homer.

94. peallta. MSS. gen. pððalta: see 16, *supra*.

105. cónra, sic A, other copies cónrtaif.

118. This line is probably corrupt; either cam or pann in pannai b must be

In stone-casting, in dancing, and in running,
 In riding on horses, strong and not treacherous ;
 In taking up the ring of the race on roads,
 And in throwing the javelin in battle with great power.

When our hero was baptized as a child,
 Mars bestowed upon him a spear for the fight ;
 He gave him a pike, a sword, and a satin scarf ;
 100 And Diana gave him a ring of gold.

Jupiter gave him a suit of satin,
 Virtue, steadfastness, heroism, and valour ;
 Venus bestowed on him great qualities,
 Beauty, loveliness, and youth.

Pan gave him a staff, and string ;
 Bacchus gave him leave to drink ;
 Vulcan gave him skill in workmanship, and power,
 A martial forge for arms for the fight.

Aoibhill gave him rents in his hand ;
 110 Juno gave him fame in addition thereto ;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 In which every great chieftain voyaged across the main.

In wisdom he was “ Solomon *solus* ” ;
 In poetry he could question Ovid ;
 In strength Samson yielded to him,
 By it he overthrew in battle the great giants.

In philosophy he was firm as Scotus,
 In sentences which had no flaw in their burthens ;
 In language, in speech, and in knowledge,
 120 And in feats of verse, he realized Homer.

pronounced as in Connaught. A variant is

no fpan̄gcač ðan cam na comábaib,
 and even some of those MSS. which give the line as in the text have comábaib ;
 cōbaib, dat. pl. from cōb or cōb.

Monuap a éisghe ño rингil 'fan b-þróðþar,
 ðan ceol cláirriðe, þáis ná eblais,
 ðan pleas, ðan fion, ðan buiðean, ðan cónir,
 ðan rgoil éisghe cléip ná órð ann.

Map a m-bíos ðaigras ñeapbaé cónþoðlaé,
 Fíonta fairfingse a n-eafgaraiþ órða,
 Laocrað ðaigrse aif buiðean meannnaé míoðþar,
 Ríngse aif hallañb t' aðar le ceóltaiþ.

Map a m-bíos éisghe cléip if gðebcais,
¹³⁰ Map a m-bíos ñáim if báirð na cónise,
 A Ríos-þroig t' aðar coir Gleannanáuir Eoganaët,
 Mo rðsor fað mairfead faoi leacalb mo leoðan.

An aicme maoiðim náir claoiðte ón g-comprac,
 Að aifrið grínn ðaé líne geomáinn-ne,
 A ríparætaþ ðaoiðilse aif ðaoir na leoðan,
 Ælanna baorðne if Þoill mís Mórn.

Luan-þpeac leanb ná captar le fórra,
 Ðo lusat að imþeaët faoi leacailb aif fæðcað,
 Ðuaif tré rígræðaib ðaé ealta ðo ðebrac,
¹⁴⁰ O þruaðaib Mainse ðo rílegræt Ábann Mórið.

125. For the company that frequented great houses, and the pastimes indulged in, *cf.* :—

buiðne ñon ðruinj rín að toðar nírt
 Að geaigras ríðe 'r að innriint rðeol ruilt
 Að teacst tarf ðniomþarætaþ ðínn if móð-Ósunn
 Cloinne baorðne if Þoill mís Mórn.
 buiðne ceapbaé malartaiþ m-beð-þoðlaé
 ðioð aif mairðin ðan faice iompa aðt róirre
 Ríngse an ðaðaraig að aicme ñon ódir rín
 Ríngse an ólaiðim ðo ólidge ðaé órðuip
 Ríngse trægræt ne malartaiþ ceóltæ
 If níngse faða ne pacairfeacst óð-þan.

Alas his dwellings lonely in the Autumn !
 Without the music of the harp, without seers, or the learned !
 Without a banquet, without wine, without company, without a
 festive gathering !
 Without meetings of learned men, of bards, or of divines.

Where there used to be a multitude of chattering gamblers,
 Abundant wines in golden goblets,
 Champion warriors, and a high-spirited, courteous band,
 And dances to music in thy father's halls.

Where the learned, the clergy, and strollers were wont to be ;
 130 Where the poets and bards of the province used to be ;
 In the princely mansion of thy father beside Glanworth of the
 Eoghanacht,
 My woe while I live that my hero lies beneath a stone !

The company I have mentioned, unconquered in the fight,
 Rehearsing witty compositions on every generation that preceded
 us,
 Telling Gaelic tales about the wisdom of the heroes,
 Clan Baoisne, and Goll mac Morna.

O dire ruin of children, which is not restored by force,
 Going early under the stone to decay !
 It is a trouble which makes every multitude scream tearfully,
 140 From the borders of the Maine, to the sides of the Great River.

131. *GLEANNAMUIP* = *GLEANNABUIP*, Glanworth of the Eoghanacht: *cf.* *Eoѓanaсt Gleannaбpač* in *Aisling Meic Conglinne*. In 175 *infra* we have *GLEANNAMUIP* rhyming with *aтcумac*; the word is understood = Glanworth by the metrical translator. O'Brien's Dictionary gives *GLEANNAMAIN* = Glanworth, and Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. I., p. 445, derives it from *gleann iubair*, but both derivations seem incorrect; for *Еоѓанасt* some MSS. have *биннеac*, others *бineac*. Glanworth is only two miles from the Blackwater.

134. One or two MSS. have *зпfnn aip зaс*.

137. *Luan-сpeac*. Monday was supposed to be an unlucky day; thus, *beaprač an luain*, a cutting of one's hair on Monday, was inauspicious; also the Day of Judgment is called *lá an luain*; hence *luan-сpeac* = utter ruin.

Mionuair a é umplaéte bhrúidte bhréanidte,
 Éasdeoirí Dall go teann dá ró-ráriof,
 Dán rísiat eorpaíonn dán rofha dán cónla,
 Aéte Árt i� é a b-rafad ón g-comháir.

Baod éu a b-tighearná a b-triat 'r a g-cómhdalta,
 Baod éu a m-beatha a b-tairmse 'r a lóeápan,
 Baod éu a meáin a n-árasdáin 'r a n-ealaí,
 A g-cú luirg a n-upra 'r a mórf-luáct.

150

Ófnaid cléib i� réin do náscair,
 A bocht, a blácht, a rírácht 'r a h-níse,
 Óian-ágrád Síle rínté a g-comhainn,
 Aoibh i� Círt 'r a maireann beo aca.

Baile Uí Sdúirí ní rísuipreann dá neáraitib,
 An Cillín iona m-bíod tunnaisde agh ríndíchtib,
 Tá an Óianaé agh óian-ágl dán ró-fíor,
 'S an Sdáirtín ní faillíchtéac fíngairt.

160

Tá Órom Óuáit dán upra ná mórf-fílait,
 Ar Eacáilisde do ríomháir bhrónaí,
 Cnoc na Carrataíde a g-créaíteib le bhréanidteach,
 Ar Rácht daimhíb dán laeth-áigríochtae tóirreac.

A n-Uisib Laochtairp do rídhéig an mórf-ágl,
 Ar Uisib Fionluadha dán buaðaréa bhrónaí,
 A g-Carrataíd na Corra do g-óileadháir ríndíchté,
 Bhrónaíca fola ar a rofhasaib agh cónphuait.

Do ghoil an Laoi trí m' dho bhrónaí.
 Do ghoil an t-Sionainn an lífe 'r an Crónípreac,
 An Mhainist 'r an Pleárd, Ceann Mara i� Tóime,
 An Féil an Daoil 'r an Órúneac mórf fóir.

153-160. The places mentioned in these lines are all in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

161-3. Ivelairy of course wept; Ive Fionluadh is in Muskerry. At Carrig na Corra was the largest of O'Leary's castles.

166. The Croinseach is again referred to in XXXV.

Alas ! for his people, crushed, and afflicted,
 The injustice of the English forcibly despoiling them,
 Without a shield of defence, without a pillar, without a door,
 Except Art who is far away from them.

Thou wert their lord, their ruler, and their foster-brother,
 Thou wert their life, their treasure, their torch,
 Thou wert their pleasure, their love, their knowledge,
 Their tracking-hound, their prop, their great store.

It is a heart-groan and pain to thy consort :
 150 Her shieling, her bloom, her protection, her youth,
 The fond love of Julia, stretched in a coffin !
 And of Aodh and of Art and of all of them that survive.

Baile Ui Sguiré does not cease from her tears,
 And Killeen, where there were casks for multitudes ;
 The Dianach is bitterly weeping without cessation ;
 And Sgarteen is not neglectful in proclaiming his loss.

Dromduthaig is without a prop or a great chieftain,
 And Achalee is in woe and anguish ;
 Cnoc na Carraige is trembling through affliction ;
 160 And Rathgaisge is deprived of strength and sorrowful.

In Iveleary great weeping overflowed ;
 And Ive Fionluadh was doleful and sorrowful ;
 At Carraig na Corra multitudes wept,
 Drops of blood running down from their eyes.

The Lee wept three months sorrowfully ;
 The Shannon, the Liffey, and the Croinseach wept ;
 The Maine, the Flesh, the Kenmare River, and Toime
 The Feale, the Deal, and the great Bride in the east.

167-8. Ceann Mara, the Kenmare River. There are two rivers called Bride in Co. Cork. The one flows into the Lee on the south side, and through the Bog of Kilcrea : on it are the castles of Kilcrea, Castlemore, Clodagh ; the other flows into the Blackwater north of Tallow.

170

An Ruacáit a ñ fuaer-ðol ðo bhrónaé,
 'S an Claoðaé a ñ gáimhnið 'na cérn-þúir,
 An Cíapann ðo diañtar ðo mór-þuisir,
 An Cártáé eitioillaé beithe a ñasir Sroin-þruisir.

Abainn Daluað ran Cúanaé érðða,
 'S an t-Siúir ð'fáid círra ðo érdhéir,
 An Gléannmhuir ðo h-aetzúmhaé, 'tar cdir di,
 A ñiúirid 'r a ñ bñièrið 'na ñeñis riu.

180

Tá Dá Cíoc Ðanann 'r an Capn a ñ érdh-ðol,
 'S an Shlaibh Riaðaé a b-piantaib mhra,
 Þionnugðoé ðo nítmneáé dñi þðgairt,
 Ðo ríod-þroðaib bruighe na n-Æoganaéct.

Ðol na m-bairrþionn ó Seanait ðo bðcna,
 A élop níor ñeacaip ó fíleagfaib na g-céir-énoc,
 Atá Aoife 'na ríð-þroð ðo ñeðraé,
 Ar Aoibhíll ðo ríomharp 'na cdirib.

Ðo ñoil aïngip aip éalað na bðinne,
 A m-ðun Raite ðo rípeadhadap ceolta,
 Þruighean Maiðe Seanuit a g-créatáib ðo ñeðraé,
 Þruð Ríð ðo duðaé tríot 'r an ðeñir ríor.

190

A g-créioéaib Connacht níor ríupreað don mór-ðol,
 A g-créioéaib Laiðean bað cenni map rídeol tu,
 A g-créioéaib Mumhan, fá rímuð ad' þðgairt,
 A Maið Raðan coip Glairpleann 'r a n-Æðcaill.

170. Claoðach, a river flowing south of the Paps, eastward through a village of the same name, and emptying itself into the Blackwater.

171. Cíapann. One MS. has Cíapðún, another Cuípean, &c. The metrical translator understands Carane in West Kerry. For diañtar a variant is diañthaé.

172. Carthach, a river in West Kerry, now Caragh: the Beithe is the Glenbeigh River in West Kerry: the Shrine Stream has its source in a hill of that name east of the Paps.

173. Abainn Daluadh joins the Allo near Kanturk. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.; it seems to be in West Limerick.

175. The Gleannmhuir is probably the Funcheon which is near Glanworth.

The Roughty coldly weeps in sorrow,
 170 And the Claodach screaming with responsive shout,
 The Carane running darkly to the great sea,
 The fitful Carthach, the Beithe, and the Shrone stream.

The river Daluadh and the valiant Cuanach,
 And the Suir, which ceased to follow its course,
 The Glanworth in great sorrow, and it is due,
 Screaming and crying for his loss.

The Two Paps of Dana and Corran weep in unison ;
 And Sliabh Riabhac is in great trouble ;
 Fionnsgoth in distress proclaims his loss
 180 To the fairy dwellings of the Bruighin of the Eoghanachts.

The crying of the fairy maidens, from Shanaid to sea,
 Was not difficult to hear from the sides of the stately hills ;
 Aoife is tearful in her fairy dwelling ;
 And Aoibhill is sorrowful in her strains.

A maiden wept on the harbour of the Boyne ;
 At Bunratty did they make a melodious complaint ;
 The fairy palace of Magh Seanaibh is trembling and in tears ;
 Bruree is doleful for thee, and the Nore in the north.

In the regions of Connaught, there was no rest from great
 weeping ;
 190 In the regions of Leinster, thy loss was sore tidings ;
 In the regions of Munster, wrapped in mist proclaiming thy
 death,
 At Magh Rathán, beside Glaisleann and at Youghal.

177. Carn, a hill in the Kenmare Range, about 2000 feet high.

178. Sliabh Riabhach, a hill in Co. Limerick.

179. Fionnsgoth, a hill in West Kerry, mentioned again in XXXV., which I cannot identify.

181. na m-baíppíonn, often na m-ban m-baíppíonn ; the fairy maidens are alluded to.

184. cónáib = cónaib ; dat. pl. of cóna or cónáib.

187. Seanuáib or Seanáib, *sic* gen. in MSS. Peter O'Connell has corrected MS. in some places to Saib, which Keating gives : probably the same fairy mansion is meant here as in V. 4.

Caoineadh Muirínig a b-peisíor-ghol ńhrón éu,
 Ó Inír Fínn go Rídgheáid Mór,
 Ó ńhrúac uirge na Sionainne geolta,
 Go léim Con ńuilbe 'r go ńbaoi na mór-m-baip.

200 Caoineadh mná do ńár go ńdeóraí,
 Caoineadh leinb ná ńuigád go mór éu,
 Caoineadh éigre cléir iр ńir éu,
 Ir caoineadh fén go n-eusgrád leod éu.

Omboé! a ńapcaisg ńír éalma érbbá,
 An tocht tpeá radaid mo ńdeapca-ja ńdeóra,
 Oé! a ńairob ńan aipioig go ńdeó anoir,
 A ń-tpeád na n-aingíol let' anam ńon ńleáire.

AN PEART-LAOIÓ.

Aitá ciaé aip na riaprtáib 'r aip ńléibtíib ńúba,
 Ir tá ńian-ńeaprt cian aip na ńréaprtáib éusdáinn,
 Tá ńliadair iр ńianra na n-eun go ciúin,
 Ó ériallair a ńíarptuit Uí ńaoðair a n-ńír.

Tá an ńíarptáib go ńiacéraí aí ńeunaí cumá,
 Tá an ńriant ńéal aí ńian-ńol 'r an pae ńbaoi ńmáid,
 A n-ńiaid an éuprait ńíalláir ńob' éacétaí clú,
 ńíarptuit, an ńríat-úrra, iр leun, a n-ńír.

A leac ńin ńbaoi do ńpíom na ńeinne ńút
 ńíarptáib neid' éoim iр ńmaoin ńur Phoenix clúmuil
 Do ńleacétaib ńíce ńile iр ńíic Con ńúi,
 Ir ńur ńaprtáib ńrí ńioðaéta ńbaoi ńeille an ńríúr.

194. Rídgheáid Mór = Tivora, near Dingle.

195. Léim Con ńuilbe = Cuchulainn's Leap or Loop Head in Clare; ńbaoi = Bantry Bay.

204. ńleáire is used as nom. in spoken language.

Munstermen will lament thee in the genuine cry of sorrow,
 From Inisbofin to the Royal House of Moire,
 From the marge of the waters of Shannon of the sails,
 To Leim Conduibhe and to Baoi of the great ships.

200 Women will lament thy death in tears ;
 Children unborn will lament thee greatly ;
 The learned, the bards, and the clergy will lament thee ;
 And I myself will lament thee with them until I die.

Alas ! thou fleet, strong, brave horseman !
 The grief that makes my eyes to pour forth tears !
 Alas ! thou dead, without restoration now for ever,
 May thy soul enter into glory among the angels.

THE EPITAPH.

There is a mist on rough meads, and black mountains,
 And the heavens are long in fierce rage against us ;
 The song and rapture of the birds are hushed ;
 Since thou, O Diarmuid O'Leary, didst go to the grave.

210 The West is sadly making its moan,
 The bright sun is bitterly weeping, and the moon is veiled in mist,
 For the wise champion, whose fame was wonderful,
 Diarmuid, the lordly prop, who, alas ! is in the grave.

O stone, there is a noble of the race of the warriors beneath
 thee ;
 Treasure him within thy breast and remember that he is a
 renowned Phœnix
 Of the race of Ith, of Bile, and of Mac Cu the gentle,
 And that these three bound three kingdoms beneath their
 obedience.

220

An t-reap do ríomhaim b'fiosb' rín dob' éactaé ponn,
 A g-caé an Mháinighe díogairt éusg aip laoégra Muimhne,
 Arct mac Cuinn claoiðte éuir taraoceta a n-áir,
 A b-plaistear písd' taraocad na d'éig Mac Cú.

Plaist iip ppríomh díreacé dá ngeádaiib' rúd,
 Dá ngealannaiib' fír-óisílre iip dá g-caolaé uir,
 Ceap do rísol písd' euaip réim iip clú,
 Taifis a lioig faoiod' cliaib', 'r iip méala dúninn.

XXIII.

AIR BÁS UÍLLIAM DÚL.

Créad an ciaé ro a n-iachtaiib' Ériuionn,
 Créad an rímuit ro aip ónchéar Éibír,
 Créad an bhrón ro aip fhlórthaib' éanluisé,
 Créad an fearadh ro éorpaig na rpéartha.

Créad an tocht ro aip ríoltaiib' éispre,
 Créad tré g-crítheann an t-Sionainn 'r an Béile,
 Créad tré rítreachann an fhaillirge t-riéanmhar,
 Créad an nochtáod-ro aip imiollaiib' Sléibe Mír.

10

Créad éusg cliaip gan riain a ngeibíonnn,
 Iip uaire le ríalao gan raoirád,
 Bhráitíre a g-cumhangráe, nírdo iip cléiríd,
 Cupatíde, fáidé, iip báirid gan béile.

217. Lughaidh, called Mac Con, the son of Mac Niad, was of the race of Ith, brother of Bile, and son of Breogan, and hence was not a Milesian. At the Battle of Magh Mucruimhe he overthrew his uncle Art, son of Conn of the hundred fights, and reigned as chief monarch in his stead. The poet says he reigned thirty years, and in this he agrees with Keating and others. The O'Learys were

The third of these I name, wonderful was his ardour
 In the battle of Muigh he took vengeance on the warriors of
 Munster,
 He sent Art, son of Conn, vanquished to the grave,
 220 While Mac Cu reigned thirty years after him in the realm as
 a king.

A prince and a direct offshoot from their branches,
 Of their true and proper families, and of their noble breasts ;
 Head of the seed of kings who obtained sway and fame,
 A treasure, O stone, beneath thy breast,—and a sore loss to us !

XXIII.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GOULD.

What woe is this in the land of Erin ?
 What mist is this on the country of Eibhear ?
 What sorrow is this in the songs of the birds ?
 What rage is it that has disturbed the heavens ?

What fit is this on the assemblies of the bards ?
 What makes the Shannon and the Feale tremble ?
 What causes the mighty ocean to roar wildly ?
 What is this despoiling on the borders of Sliabh Mis ?

What has brought the poets to dateless durance,
 10 And nobles to dungeons long without release ?
 The friars to straits, the clergy, and the learned,
 Heroes, seers, and bards without a meal ?

descended from Ith, and hence the superiority claimed for them by the poet over the descendants of Conaire, Olioll, and Eoghan, who were from Milesius.

222. *caolaċ*, ‘the ribs,’ hence the breast : it is used here in the same way as we use *loins* in English.

Cúir a n-deobra, ríseobl ír céafra,
Uilliam ðeal Dúl do érú na raor-þlaité,
Coinnleoir dír ír lócrann laoëratá,
Ó'eaq a Nantr, ír cpeacé do Ðaoðalaib.

20 bropontdúir eaç ír bhat ír éaduiç,
bropontdúir dír do lebr gán aon ðoic,
bropontdúir ríoda ír fíonta ír gréièr,
bropontdúir aipðiò ír arpt aip laoëatá.

XXIV.

DO ÐONNCHAÐ UA H-ÍCIÖE.

Séimh-þeap rocair, foirmíta, ríor-chaom, raor,
Ðon tréib d'þdirþeap gáe oðar ó ðolañ na b-piantha ngeur;
Aon ír coimhul le Solañ a nðlighé ríoghaæt Ðé
Ðlé-þeap borb-nírt Ðonnchað Ua h-Íciöe an té.

Túir ðon b-þeap do ríleaætaib Óriain gán cám,
Uððar gréanta gárdá ciallmáp cáiò,
An túr ó Óar nár cár do liað aip láp,
Cpú na b-þlaité nár tceapc do riarað dám.

10 Aip láp ór ríor do rínpiom uile cùm báip,
A gráð mo éróidé òuit rípíobaim do h-oilte mo pado,
Ná ráruiç naoi le dlíghé do þriostal gán áipø,
Dap lám mo còim tá nis nár tuiçip le þaðail.

XXIV.—The three pieces collected under XXIV. are addressed to Donogh O'Hickey, on the occasion of his leaving Limerick, for England, to avoid “Abribasian” oaths, in October 1709, and are taken from a MS. copy of Keating’s History by Dermot O’Connor (23, G. 3), dated 1715. O’Connor is the much abused translator of “Keating.” It would seem that O’Hickey fled rather than swear away the lives of some persons who had violated the penal laws of the time; though “abribasian” may be for “abjuration.”

2. The O’Hickeys, as their name implies, were famous for their skill in medicine.

5—8. Syntax not clear. uððap and do liað aip láp seem to refer to Brian as well as túr. Brian was old at the Battle of Clontarf. nár cár = ‘who did not return *from battle*.’

The cause of their tears—harassing is the tale—
 Is that William Gould the fair, of the blood of noble chieftains,
 The golden candlestick, the torchlight of heroes,
 Died at Nantes—it is ruin to the Gaels.

- A bestower of steeds and cloaks and clothes,
 A bestower of gold in abundance, without stint,
 A bestower of silks and wines and jewels,
 20 A bestower of silver and arms upon warriors.

XXIV.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

A man, gentle, of easy manner, sedate, truly mild, and noble,
 Of the clan that relieved each diseased one from the grief of sharp
 pains,
 One like Solomon, versed in the law of the kingdom of God,
 Blithe and active, proud in his strength, Donogh O'Hickey is he.

The man had his origin from the faultless race of Brian,
 An author, beautiful, skilful, of sound judgment, modest,
 A chief, sprung from Cas, who did not come back, falling in his
 old age,
 Of the blood of chieftains who dispensed to the poets without
 stint.

- Since it is true that we shall all lie down to die,
 10 O beloved of my heart, I write learnedly for thee my maxim,
 Do not injure anyone in law for the sake of a dishonourable word.
 I pledge my heart that thou wilt obtain a thing thou know'st
 not of.

12. *lám*, gen. *lauine* = ‘surety, pledge, guarantee.’ *dap lám* forms a common part of various forms of asseveration. “One of the greatest protestations that they think they can make, and what they hold an oath very sacred amongst them, and by no means to be violated, is *dar lauve mo hardis Criste*, ‘by my gossip’s hand.’”—Dineley’s *Tour in Ireland*.

'Faðáil ríin aðað, mar éuigim, ó Ríð na ngráir,
A n-áit nár éuiguir na mionna le díple d'árd,
Beidh tainte éiocfað ó fliocéataib dá maoisdeamh do gnáit,
Dúr cráibhæac cupata éuropa do fíor a ngrábað.

'Sé Donnchað ríeim tap éeuð iþ míni áluinn,
Þorða don cléip iþ d'éigri éaoiin Cláir Cúir,
Ollañ na réx a g-céill 'r a g-caoin-cáirðiib
20 Clumáð þoirtil na b-faon iþ aon don fíor-árd-fuil.

DENEALACH UÍ ÍCIÓDE.

ÉUM DONNCAÐA UÍ ÍCIÓDE.

A éumainn ðloin do'n fúirínn míp lé a g-claoisdióe tain,
Nár b' upparamað do ðuine aip bie a b-fíor-ðníom láim,
Do b' upur dom a b-fúirum éirt iþ díriðe dán,
Seinealað do cíne-ri do rðrísibað fíor dáiib.

DON B-FEAR CEADNA.

Að teiðeað þouin mórðiib "Abribasian."

Tréið do éalam ðuðcaip,
Déin aip éoipde Lundain,
Að reacaint mórðe an aingaip
Do éip do éip fá bðón.

Cuir do ðséar éoimreac
30 A g-Criord do éiðearna dílip,
Ná taðaip aip þeacá an t-rafosdil fo
An t-riorrusíðeaðt tár að' éoimair.

14. The "Abribasian" oaths perhaps = the abjuration oaths.

This thou wilt obtain, as I understand, from the King of Graces,
 Because thou hast not sworn in public in order to injure ;
 Generations to come from living families will be constantly pro-
 claiming

That thou wert ever steadfast and charitable in need.

The gentle Donogh is meek, and lovely beyond a hundred ;
 A prop to the bards, and to the noble learned, of the plain of
 Core,

The Ollamh of kings, in wisdom, and noble friendship,

20 The strong support of the weak, and one of the true high blood.

THE GENEALOGY OF O'HICKEY.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

O pure friend, of the nimble race who were wont to subdue
 hosts,
 Who acknowledged no superior in true feats of manual skill,
 It were easy for me in exact form, and in verse of most accurate
 metre,
 To write down for thy race their genealogy.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN ESCAPING FROM "APPROBATION" OATHS.

Quit thy native land,
 Approach the London jury,
 To shun the oath of trouble
 That has brought sorrow on thy country.

Put thy deliberate hope
 In Christ, thy beloved Lord,
 Do not give for this mortal life
 The eternity that is in store for thee.

30

21-24. This stanza is followed in MS. by a pedigree of Donogh O'Hickey.

Fillfió Óia do óisibirt
 Táir éirg gáé iompróid tíre,
 Ír leacfaidh re do naimhde
 Do éuir tu aif do édir.

XXV.

AN TAN CÁINIG AN PRIONNSA SÉARLUS STÍOBART
 GO h-ALBAIN.

Ír mae do Márr an mae ro a n-Albain uairn,
 Ír feap aif feappa aif feapann tréaparadhá an t-riúai,
 Maes ír clans aif glan aif Óallairb go m-buaidh,
 Raé gáé caé don b-plaist go leanaithe go buan.

Óar aif ppar a o-tréapairb calma cnuadha,
 Do glac 'na glaic an ceapt do fíearamh gan duad ;
 A Ceap na b-feapt ír Aéairí fíarthaír fuaer,
 Ór ceapt a ceapt 'na ceapt go o-taigheáid go luat.

XXV.—This poem bears date in the MS. 1745. Still, as such title dates are often wrong, it is, I think, probable that it refers to the rebellion of 1715, in spite of the name Charles in the title, and is perhaps the work of O'Rahilly, though that inference is not clear from the MS. itself. It was replied to by the Rev. Conchubhar O'Brien. The last verse of his reply is interesting—

Má bhrácaidh na h-Albain gan d'úil 'na báir
 Capolur do Sagronaib aif cónraib an ríráit,
 Maiéidh-re ír maiéim-re an éuir rím dáiib,
 Ó glacadháin go ceanamhul aif b-priónnra a n-áit.

God will restore thee from banishment
After thou hast gone round every land,
And will entomb thy enemies
Who put thee from thy right.

XXV.

WHEN PRINCE CHARLES STEWART CAME TO
SCOTLAND.

He is a son of Mars, this son in high Alba ;
He is the man who is best in the host-overthrowing plain ;
May he win Macs, and Clans, and a complete triumph over the
foreigners ;
May enduring success attend the chieftain in each battle.

A young shoot who is ready in bold stern fights,
Who took in hand to stand for the right without hardship ;
O Prince of Miracles, and Father of heaven above,
Since his right is right unto his right may he soon come.

“Though the Scotch, without desiring his death, betrayed
Charles to the English, upon an agreement of the state,
Forgive ye, and I will forgive them this deed,
Since they have accepted lovingly our Prince in his stead.”

XXVI.

AIR ÓRAS ÓGEARAILT MÍC RIÓIRE AN ÓLEANNA.

Créad é an tlacht ro air éeannaibh Éirionn ?
 Créad do bheó-ógnaiś ronnd na gréine ?
 Déat Ríð-fhlait do phróim ná nDhéagac,
 A g-clúid 'fhan b-peapt dán pheab ná éipeac.

Seabac Mumhan, cufað laoðair,
 Seabac Óleanna, mac na féile,
 Seabac Sionann, Orlap euðtað,
 Seabac Muimneac Inre Féiblím.

10 Phœnix crioibe-ódeal, mír a óéasga,
 Phœnix mire, gaoir bað tréitseað,
 Phœnix lité aður lífe mo mæala,
 Phœnix beðða, cróða, caomhneapt.

Péapla baile na Martra méitse,
 Péapla Cluana, ruain-ópeac gnéódeal,
 Péapla Siúire iñ clú b-peap n-Éirionn,
 Péapla Luimníç iñ ruinne-ópeac Féile.

20 Ruipe diaða ciallmápar tréitseað,
 Ruipe peacétmar, fearað, féata,
 Ruipe air colðaiś góhma caola,
 Ruipe gairde na bancha tréine.

XXVI.—The first twelve quatrains of this elegy taken from a scribbling-book dated 1781, and belonging to Michael og O'Longan, were already in type when the entire poem was discovered in a MS. in the King's Inns Library. The subject of this poem appears to have died before 1700. See Burke's "Landed Gentry," sub nomine *Fitzgerald*, where no Gerald son of Thomas is mentioned, save a knight of Glin, who made a deed of settlement of his estate in 1672. The knights of Glin were great favourites of the bards. It is probable that XXVI. and XXIV.

XXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF GERALD, SON OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

What garb of grief is this over the headlands of Erin ?
 What has deformed the living features of the sun ?
 What but that the kingly prince of the stock of the Grecians,
 Is covered in the tomb without life or vigour ?

Warrior of Munster, hero in valour,
 Warrior of Glin, son of hospitality,
 Warrior of the Shannon, Osgar of wondrous feats,
 Munster's warrior of the Island of Feidhlim.

Phœnix of the bright heart, of the smooth limbs;
 10 Phœnix, playful, wise, virtuous ;
 Phœnix, prosperous and accomplished ;
 Phœnix, sprightly, valiant, and stalwart.

Pearl of the townland of the fat beeves,
 Pearl of Cloyne, of sober countenance, of bright aspect,
 Pearl of the Suir, and glory of the men of Erin,
 Pearl of Limerick, and fair trout of the Feale.

Knight, pious, wise, virtuous ;
 Knight, a lawgiver, learned and brave ;
 Knight of the slender blue swords ;
 20 Knight of valour, of the brave land of Banba.

were written about the same time (1709), as they are the only pieces in this collection on subjects connected with Limerick.

2. do beō-ðnuig from beō, and ðnum, a scar or notch ; translate ‘what has deformed the living features,’ lit. ‘what has live-deformed.’ 3. The Geraldines are said to be of Greek descent. 7. Sionann. MS. puinna.

8. There must be some corruption; Muimhan and Muimneac occur in same stanza. 11. Líte, I cannot identify this river.

Diap don éruiéneacét gan eogal gan clonað,
 Croiðe lúiríteig éinn úlro a ðaoalta,
 Éide pláta aip éacé gan raoðað,
 Dá n-díon aip ðruam, aip ńuaírt, aip ńaoðal.

Coinniol eeluir, rógr na h-Éirionn,
 Coinniol eeluir, lócrann raoð-þlaið,
 Tapúr ciara, grían an lae ȝil,
 Tapúr clúðail, crú nírt laoðair.

30 Píonúir áluinn, bláð na péinne,
 Píonúir cíne na ń-píonna-mac laoðuir,
 Píonúir octa na ȝ-Conallaët réadaët,
 Píonúir Caluinne, afgna na laoðrað.

Rógr nár ȝeirð dñur ȝeirð a n-éaðaið,
 Rógr na leððan, comet ȝréipe,
 Rógr na Ríðrað doð' aoiðe a n-Éirinn,
 Rógr na dáiðe iþ ȝðáð na cléipe.

40 Narðnia Conallaët uile gan aon loët,
 Narðnia an ȝleannan dá èapað iþ daor-ðoin,
 Narðnia an Þainigin, ní beartaim-re břéaga,
 Narðnia eornaið a ńfocair a ȝréada.

ȝearalt mac ȝomair leannán béis, buinne paðarta m̄ara na m-béimionn,
 Sáit tří Ríðaëta ag lúdge gan éifeacét,
 Do ńrir ȝatropp ȝnáit, a ðaoðail.

Mo nuar éoim mo mísle ȝeup-ðoin,
 Dáir go vian, mo ȝían an té reo,
 Aénuas břón iþ deðir a n-aonþeaët,
 ȝearalt gan ȝreab fá leacaib třaoëta.

50 Að reo planndá ȝallða ȝaoðalaët,
 Ceann dualaët nár ðruamða taodaët,
 Ceann ba èeannra, meaðair ȝum ȝeitig,
 Ceann nár aðairc neaët maipð an' ȝeuëaint.

An ear of wheat without husk or bending ;
 Heart of mail for the leader of his kinsmen,
 A coat of unbroken armour for the rest,
 To guard them from grief, from trouble and danger.

Candle of guidance, rose of Erin,
 Candle of guidance, torch of noble chieftains ;
 Wax taper, sun of the bright day ;
 Illustrious taper, blood of the strength of bravery.

Vinetree, comely, flower of warriors,

- 30 Vinetree of the race of fair sons of valour,
 Vinetree, a breast-plate of Connello of the jewels ;
 Vinetree of Callan, rib of heroes.

Rose which shrivelled not till it shrivelled in death,
 Rose of heroes, comet of the heavens,—
 Rose of the kings, the highest in Erin,—
 Rose of the poets and shelter of the bards.

Rallying chief of all Connello, without fault,—
 Rallying chief of Glin—a sore wound to his friends ;
 Rallying chief of Dingle,—I utter not lies,—
 40 Rallying chief of defence along with his flock.

Gerald, son of Thomas, beloved of women,
 Flood-tide wave of the sea of blows,
 The beloved of three kingdoms lying without vigour !
 Atropos has snapped the thread of his life !

My sorrow of heart, my thousand sharp woundings
 My intense agony, my pain is he,
 Renewal of weeping and of sorrow at once,
 Gerald, lifeless, prostrate beneath a stone !

Here is a foreign and a Gaelic scion,
 50 A head of fair locks, who was not morose or stubborn,
 A head that was gentle, a brain to make peace,
 A head that beheld none wretched in his sight.

A ruisirb ba ḍorbm map ḍorbm na rréire,
 A ṭeanṭa m̄ilir ba m̄ioċair a ḫ-téar̄ma,
 A fiacla m̄ine do b̄i d̄eanta,
 'Sa b̄raoiče peanṭa, ceapta, caola.

60

A láma aip ar̄m ba ḍeacair a ḫ-traoċað,
 Láma na n-oírþeapt, tobap le daonnaċt,
 A eom map leoðan a ḫ-coim̄għleic laoċair,
 A ċ̄roisib ba m̄óρ 'ra ḫlóp ba ḫlé-niżrt.

Tiġi għan m̄oil dā b̄ruim dul d'ēagħajb
 Ċeitħre dñile a liu peac̄t d'aondul,
 Ceaċa fola dā n-dorptas dgo faoħrað,
 Iṛ mna riyde għad cprisċe cċaṛxa.

A ḫ-Caonraiġe 'na ḫileaf caom̄-ċeapt,
 Cioċ-ċiċċi aqabba aqabba d̄eapa,
 Una Gożepp Clioðna, iż-żéi r̄i,
 'Sa Siġġ beitħbe Meitħb aqabba d'ċeap.

70

A Siġġ Cرعاċna duaptañ rréire,
 A Siġġ bamne coiř Fleapda 'r aip ġlaodaið,
 A Siġġ Tuipe coiř imill l-leme,
 A Siġġ beitħb na m̄illeaċ, aorha.

D'admiġ bean a ċeapt aip ġlaonġluu,
 Mná Cuanaċa a m-buaiðeapċai b̄eċċa,
 A ḫ-Tiġi Molaġa do r-ġnejxha b̄eċċa,
 Mná loma iż-żi coiř Daoile a n-aonħpeac̄t.

80

D'admiġ bean a ċeapt 'ra ḫaolta,
 A n-ċeċċaill 'ra Röijteaxa daopha,
 A ḫ-Trairiż l-ix-xi 'r le taoiħ l-oħra,
 Coiř Ċapräi 'ra ḫ-Cineál m-béice.

Aip ċelop tāiġi iż-żi b̄aip an Phoenix,
 Ħuġi Tonni Clioðna b̄iobda baoħgalia,
 Do b̄i l-oħra 'n-ġuip an' ġewiż peac̄t laeċċa,
 'S an ġallim għan b̄raon dā m̄i 'rī għnej-żebbu.

66. ciċċi-ċiċċi. MS. ciċċi-ċiċċi.

72. m̄illeaċ, *sie* MS.; meaning uncertain; perhaps = m̄inleaċ.

His eyes were blue as the blue of heaven,
 His sweet tongue was mild in its words,
 His fine teeth were well fashioned,
 His eye-brows slender, proper, thin.

- His hands in arms it was hard to subdue,
 Hands of generous deeds, well of humanity,
 His waist as a lion's in the strife of valour,
 60 His heart was great, his voice clear and strong.

Because he went unto death, without delay
 The four elements burst at once into tumult,
 Showers of blood were sharply spilled,
 And the fairy women of every district in torture.

At Kenry in his own fair land,
 A white-breasted maiden pressing forth tears,
 Una, Aoife, Cliodhna, and Deirdre,
 And in Sidh Beidhbh Meadhbh bitterly weeping.

- At Sidh Cruachna, a hum of sorrow in the heavens,
 70 At Sidh Bainne, beside the Flesk, and on Claodach,
 At Sidh Tuirc, beside the margin of Lein,
 At ancient Sidh Beidhbh, of the pastures (?).

A woman confessed his merit in Claonghlais,
 The women of Cuanach were tormented with sorrow,
 At Timoleague women screamed,
 The women of Imokilly and beside the Deel together.

- A woman confessed his right and his kinsfolk,
 At Youghal and in rich Roche-land,
 At Tralee and beside Lough Erne,
 80 On the marge of Casán and in Kinalmeaky.

On hearing the tidings and the death of the Phœnix,
 Tonn Cliodhna gave a start of danger,
 Lough Gur was blood for seven days,
 And the Maine without a drop for two months, though wet-faced.

73. A district in West Limerick.

74. A barony in Co. Limerick.

Ó'fáirð an líche a rruiðe raora,
 Ó'iomruis map dhuall rnuas ña gréine,
 Níor fán mear aip ðair 'ná aip éalaċ,
 Do ḋréig̊ banba a capa 'ra céile.

90 Óo ruaimheadap cuanta na gréipe,
 Óo rtríocadap ríor na réaltainn.
 Óo ḋleodðadap a g-clóð na h-éanlait,
 Óo múnċeadap ḋúile daonna.

Ní b-fuil ḫdím aip mínleaċ maol-ċnoc,
 Ní b-fuil torað aip ḫalañ aolbuis,
 Ní b-fuil ceol a m-beolais éanlait,
 Óo ḃalbaig cláirrheac ḫláit-ċeal Ériuon.

100 Óo b'é ġeapalt capa na cléipe,
 Doll mear Mórnna a ngleo nári tħraoċað,
 Cúċulainn na ḋ-clear n-iongħnað 'dēanam,
 Conall Ġulban iż-Orġar na m-béimionn.

Óo b'é an tñiṛ peo rúil pe h-Ériuon,
 Óo rħad rí ġeapc iż-zean a cléib do,
 Óo ċuð rí rħairt do iż-ġrað tap ċeċċaib,
 Óo ċuð rí a ḫdím ħá ᜑnaoi 'r a h-aonta.

ba ᜑeað map iongħnað i ħá dēanam,
 Ní raiħ píð ħ'fuił ħi ná Ċebiż,
 Ċuaið ná ᜑear aip pħað na h-Ériuon,
 Nári ḫdagað ċp̄id o rinni ᜑna mol-tħroġ.

110 Aip ċlor l-iz 'ra ċp̄isoċ ħon ħé ᜑlain,
 Óo ruð rí eitum iż-żdeinim a n-aonħżeaċ,
 Óo ᜑearbaig an ħabb, noċ o'fähr a l-eiċe,
 Óo bħátt apír għan luuġe le céile.

93. ḫdím seems = 'fortune, prosperity': cf. *infra*, 104 and V. 5, ḫdím
dħarxiħ-ħeġġa.

94. aolbuað as an adj. seems = 'delightful.'

The Lithe compressed her noble current,
 The face of the sun turned to coal-black,
 Fruit remained not on oak, or on sapling,
 Banba abandoned her love and her spouse.

- 90 The depths of the sky grew red,
 The stars sank down,
 The birds contended on boughs,
 Human elements were quenched.

There is no prosperity on the pasture of bare hills,
 There is no produce on the beautiful land,
 There is no music in the mouths of birds,
 The fair-blooming harp of Erin is silenced.

- Gerald was the beloved of the bards,
 A swift Goll, son of Morna, unsubdued in conflict,
 A Cuchulainn in performing wondrous feats,
 100 Conall Gulban and Osgar of the blows.

This chief was the hope of Erin,
 She gave him her love and her heart's affection,
 She gave him friendship, and fondness beyond hundreds,
 She gave her prosperity and her consent to his complexion.

Little wonder that she did so :
 There was not a prince of the blood of Ir or Eibhear,
 North or south throughout Erin,
 Who was not strained through him from head to bare foot.

- On the fair woman hearing Ith and his region,
 110 She bounded and started all at once,
 The maiden swore, who grew grey,
 Never again to lie with a spouse.

101. τύιρ. MS. τυαρ.

108. For ῥδαζαδ, cf. XXIX. 33. Something seems to have dropped out between 108 and 109.

Ír iomða plaié do éap an mériþpeacá,
 Þuaip a leaba 'ra þealb 'ra caomh-ðlac,
 Þuaip a þún 'ra dñil 'ra h-aonta,
 Do éuit dá copnam a n-ðoðap-þruis Þaora.

'Óg-ðul aip þeodcað do éeap me,
 A n-uaión linn a þinnreap þaorða
 Sínte a b-þeapt a g-claip fá béillie
 Taoib pe Þairðe na n-ðearpalta acaomh-ðlan.

120

An tan do baipteað 'na leanb an laoc ro,
 Þionúip ríosgaécta Cuinn na g-céad-ðaet,
 Cuig Mercurius þún a cléib do,
 O'fáilz ré mil do tuisd 'na mearpat.

Do riinn Mars 'na leanb laoc de,
 Cuig do colð glan gorm ip eide,
 Clogad caoin dá ðison a ngeibionn
 Lúipeac 'na n-aice 'gur ceannar na Þeinne

130

Þuaip re ciall ó Óia na céille,
 Inntleaéct, cuimhe, míne, ip céadfað,
 Meabhair, ip eblar, beððaéct, ip léigeanctaéct,
 Suainneap aighe, maipe, 'gur féile.

Þuaip ó Þan gaec aipðe b' fáiðip,
 Stáimpe rtiúrha éúig cùig a n-aonþeacá,
 Céip do raiðbíp éum leisdir a tréada,
 Ír ðaðair dá g-copnam aip ðoðap na b-þaolcon.

140

Þuaip ré gnaoi glan mán ó Venus,
 Cuig Vulcanus do ceárdca éraorða,
 Neptunus éuig lonð do aip raoip-muir,
 Agur Oceanus árhaec tauorða.

Monuap croríde, mo mísle céara !
 Gleann an Ridíre aq rileað na n-ðeapa !
 Þan ðruisde ceóil Þan glór bínn éanlait !
 Do éuit a paet a mait 'ra pélteann !

113. mériþpeacá is Erin here; cf. I. 7. 117. þeodcað. MS. þeodðeumint.

Many are the chieftains the vile woman loved,
 Who obtained her bed, her possession, and her fair hand,
 Who obtained her love, her desire, and her consent,
 Who fell in her defence into the dire hardship of bondage.

His early going to decay has tortured me,
 Into the narrow grave of his noble ancestors,
 Stretched in a tomb, in a pit, under a great stone,
 120 Beside the champions of the pure, noble Geraldines.

When the hero was baptized as a child,
 The vine of the kingdom of Conn of the hundred fights,
 Mercury gave him the love of his heart,
 He pressed plenteous honey into his fingers.

Mars made him a hero when a child,
 Gave him a pure, sharp sword and armour,
 A noble helmet to protect him in difficulty,
 A coat of mail also, and the headship of the warriors.

He got wisdom from the God of Wisdom,
 130 Intelligence, memory, refinement, and judgment,
 Mind and knowledge, vivacity and learning,
 Peace of soul, beauty and generosity.

He got from Pan every possible gift,
 A staff to direct five provinces together,
 Wax in plenty to heal his flock,
 And dogs to guard them from the mischief of wolves.

He got a fair, smooth complexion from Venus,
 Vulcan gave him a greedy forge,
 Neptune gave him a ship on the open sea,
 140 And Oceanus a scoop for baling.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 The Knight's glen shedding tears !
 Without a musical starling, without the sweet voice of birds,
 Its fortune, its good, its star has fallen !

128. MS. na h-aice.

132. aigéne may be nom. or gen.

Do bain a bár a gáipe d' Éirinn,
 Ó' airtíríg a daé ba gheal aip òaol-daé !
 Sillid ionn a rmúir 'ra raoir-ðearc !
 Smiop a cnám pe fána tréigseann !

Ósiodim-re do fíeabac na lann do raoabað,
 Ólóirpe fíor gán díz gán éiríin,

Óuar a g-caidreamh plaiéear na gréine,
 Óus an rmúit-reo aip nír-broig Éibír.

Óus rmairc 'na rgríortar ó Sionainn go bára,
 Óus duibh-ðaé aip ionnrað na gréine,
 Óus fiað Fáil go cráidte déarað,
 Ó Cárn teag go h-Aileac Néide.

Monuap cróidé, mo mísle céarað !
 Oílán ír tréigðeán a n-aonphéaet !
 Ódhaar bhrón a g-céigíb Éirionn,
 Cnú mullaird an éraineen bhráis ño léirrgríor.

Lile iorír gríúnaibh nír náir éræoibh-éar,
 Óir na g-cúrað, ír cúrað na laoéra,
 Ón ríogh-éuaine doib' uaiple a n-Éirinn,
 Náir gáibh rgrannrað a ngleas ná a m-baoigal.

Do bí leat Mósga do tróim að éad leir,
 Tré n-a maitéear tar maitéib flioet Éibír,
 Mar bárr na rgráit rgráirte ó céile,
 Ós rié a élú gán rmúit 'ra éréite

'Sé mac Ridíre Sionna na raoir-bárc,
 loménné gacé fír é d'fhuil na raoir-fláir,
 Cróidé naír éur ño òil gacé aonneacé,
 Bponntdir beaet ño laðairb Éirionn.

Ba éurata a ghráit a n-am buaiðeare ñaip baoigal
 Ba gheal a éróidé, 'ra élí, 'ra céadrað,
 A méisinn gán miongair, 'ra miontal dñi ríi,
 Gán tláct ná tarceuirne a g-ceanagal don méri ríi.

145. This line in MS. is

d'airplead a fíaoðal a bhrón deirionn,
 which is difficult to cure.

His death took away her laughter from Erin,
 Her bright colour has changed to chafer-black,
 Her nostrils and her noble eyes shed their humours,
 The marrow of her bones she lets waste away.

I beseech for the sword-breaking warrior
 150 Eternal glory, without loss or blemish,
 Above, in the society of the sunny heavens,
 Who brought this sorrow on a noble mansion of Eibhear.

Who dealt a blow that works ruin from Shannon to Beare,
 Who coloured black the brightness of the sun,
 Who made the lands of Fál sad and tearful,
 From Corran to Aileach of Neid.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 Woe and pain together !
 Cause of grief in the provinces of Erin,
 160 The ruin of the topmost nut of the noble tree !

Lily amongst thorns, fresh, not branch-tangled,
 Gold of champions, champion of heroes,
 Of the princely family, noblest in Erin,
 Who were not panic-stricken in fight or in danger.

Leath Mhogha was greatly envious of him,
 Because of his goodness above the chiefs of Eibhear's race,
 As the choice of the flowers—separated from one another,
 His fame ran unclouded, and his virtues.

He is the son of the Knight of Shannon of the noble ships,
 170 The envy of every man, of the blood of noble chiefs,
 A heart not hard whom all loved,
 An exact bestower on the weaklings of Erin.

Firm was his brow in time of trouble and danger,
 Bright was his heart, and his breast, and his mind,
 His mind without malice, and his spirit in like manner,
 Without raillery or contempt in connexion with these.

146. MS. a dairt geal. 167. This line is obscure. 169. 'Se. MS. te.

AN PEART-LAOIÓ.

180 A mairb-leac bhocht-árpð, rím táip fúit 'na lus ñe
Capa na m-bochtán buinneán úr ba ðrois ñe,
Neapt cupað na leannán, cnucht cárð o'úr-fuil ríos ñe,
Ðeapalt mac Tomáip oclán dúr! fád' clí.

Fád' clí atá tám-lag Ðeapalt ðréaða,c,
Ríos-þlait iñ fáid rúg bárr na b-þlata b-þaoðra,c
Saor náp cárñig cùm cám gur éai,c a ðaoisal
'S Criforð dá fáðaile ðan cárñig 'na þlaitheap naomha.

XXVII.

MARÓNA AN ATAR SEÁÐAN MAC INEIRÓ.

O'eaag an raðarþt cnearfda cráibhæa,c,
Buaðaill þan bað mairt láimhe,
Solur móþt bað ró-mairt cálle,
Raeltean eðluit þol 'na ráðtiþ.

O'þeñig an t-uðall cúnþra ðráðtarp,
O'þeñig an crann 'r an planda bláðtarp,
O'þeñig an fionnúr caoin, fionn, páirteac,
O'þeñig déag parlime ó þaptear alumn.

10 O'þeñig an teangta náp ðeapb a ráðtiþ,
O'þeñig an teaðtaipe ó þlaitheap do cárñig,
O'þeñig an buaðaill duara,c deaðha,c,
Do bñod að copnam na b-peaca,c ó Sátan.

XXVII.—Of this poem I have seen only the copy in the Royal Irish Academy. Three or four lines at the end have been omitted as they are difficult to decipher. For some account of the family of Mac Inery, see "Topographical Poems," edited by O'Donovan, *Index in voce*.

THE EPITAPH.

O death-stone, ever high, there lowly beneath thee is lying,
 The beloved of the poor, the noble, valiant branch,
 Champion of strength of favourites, modest face, of the noble
 blood of kings,
 180 Gerald, son of Thomas—oh, bitter woe!—beneath thy breast.

Beneath thy breast, Gerald the Grecian is lifeless,
 Royal chief and prince who excelled the keen chieftains,
 A noble who was faultless until he had spent his life,
 And may Christ receive him, without delay, in His holy heaven.

XXVII.

ELEGY ON FATHER JOHN MACINERY.

He is dead—the priest, mild, and pious,—
 The servant of Pan, whose surety was good,
 A great light, of truly good qualities,
 A guiding star, a Paul in his maxims.

Withered is the fragrant, lovely apple,
 Withered is the tree and the blooming plant,
 Withered is the gentle, fair, loving vine,
 Withered is the palm-bough from beauteous Paradise.

Withered is the tongue which was not bitter in speech,
 10 Withered is the messenger from heaven that came,
 Withered is the excellent, virtuous servant,
 Who was wont to defend sinners against Satan.

2. buaċaill ḡan, ‘the servant of the Most High.’ Pan is sometimes used as a name for the Deity by English writers. lām̊e: cf. XX. 12, and XXIV. 12; perhaps lām̊a is the word here.

D'fheoirig Mercurius, tár le námaid,
Úséirann pobuil gan foíal ná cáruiðe,
An gaothar luirg baò éupaò le h-árár,
'S an dám tpeabhcá gan cealz dá tóráidírtír.

20

D'fheoirig an fiaðuioe fial-éroisdeacé páiltseacé,
Do lean lorp ar beatha naomh Pádruis,
An t-Oifíar ruaghtáir uafal dána,
Do leas ríor an Óisomar láin-meap.

D'éag an Dóll dob' oll-église láidir,
Do éuir an t-Saint le faill 'r a cairde,
D'éag an palmaic, valta do Óáibír,
Náir rímum Órbúr 'r a d-Tuáin náir éarlaig.

Craoig níor feapc an feap do phádaim lib,
Do feacnaó a éorap ó olc go báir do,
D'fuaéití Úeará, níor éeanguil le páirt di,
Do ruaiç ré an leirge tap leirg le pánaid.

30

Do b' é ro an gairgíodhaé neart-éroisdeacé áluinn,
Do b'feappa 'r an g-caic pá feacét ná Ajax,
Do b'feappa é aip éloisdeamh pá éri ná an rír-éslaité Alexander, ó Mhácedon éainiúig.

Liað an anama peacait ól-láinté,
Liað do Chríofr, dá éacóiriib bána,
Liað an Aéar, don peacaic an-épáibhcáic,
Liað na n-oéar n-dorptuiséig epráidte.

40

Tiomprán bínn a laoitzib Óáibír,
Cláirpeacé halla na n-aingioll baò fhrádhtáir,
Liað léir cneagraó aip gumeaó le Sátan,
Diolla lísuire 'r a donna aip an m-bearpnuin.

Liað don ocpac cíocpac tár-nocht,
Liað na n-dall a n-am a n-gábhaoi,
Liað na lað 'r a m-bpataic rídhára,
Liað na b-peap, na m-ban, na n-gáplac.

20. Óisomar = ‘pride, contempt for others.’ The priest is represented as routing the seven deadly sins.

Withered is the Mercury, the tower against the enemy,
 The torchlight of the people, without corruption or cunning,
 The tracking hound, who was a joyous champion,
 And the plough-ox, without deceit, to his master.

Withered is the huntsman, generous-hearted, hospitable,
 Who followed the track and the life of St. Patrick,
 The Osgar, host-scattering, noble, bold,

20 Who overthrew full-lusty Pride.

Dead is the Goll who was so skilful and strong,
 Who sent Avarice with his kinsfolk adown the cliff ;
 Dead is the psalm-chanter, the disciple of David,
 Who thought not of Lust, and was not found in Envy.

The man I pourtray to you loved not Gluttony,
 He guarded his body from evil until death,
 He hated Anger, nor joined with it in love,
 He put Sloth to flight out of the way adown the slope.

A champion was he of stout heart, comely,

30 Who was in battle seven times better than Ajax,
 At the sword he was thrice better than that famous chieftain,
 Alexander, who came from Macedon.

Physician to the sinful, sickly soul,
 Christ's physician, for his white sheep,
 The Father's physician, for the impious sinner,
 Physician of the sick, wounded, and tormented.

A melodious timbrel for the songs of David,
 The harp of the hall of the angels, who was pleasing,
 Physician who cured all who were wounded by Satan,

40 Mary's servant and her gun in the breach.

Physician of the hungry, the ravenous, the naked,
 Physician of the blind in their time of need,
 Physician of the weak and their battle-standard of protection,
 Physician of men, of women, and of babes.

Máistirtear lusine ghe dian uireaghsaibh cábla,
 Téarí tóiltear bhréighe an τ-ραοδαιλ báinéite,
 Scerioirtón Acheron, capa na ὄ-τάμ-λαδ,
 Do éuir na deamhúin a δ-ceanagal aip fára.

50

Eaghsuibh rocaip map Soloman éápla,
 Bríodhámap bleacátmámap bař-đeal dálteac,
 Soéma rionnanta roisib 'na éáilib,
 Meanmnae múninte clúmhui laráim-ðpeac.

Stuamhá meagartha ðeanmnae grárae,
 Uaill ná dímeap tríos níor fárgnaimh
 Fíréan naomhá ðeapcaé ὅ'fáir ὅ'fui
 Na m-bríanae δ-calma δ-ceannarae láthair.

60

Aip τις Ḳínn Copá dian foéal do éáinig,
 O'fíor-fuile píde críde Páilbe,
 Do ríleacáib laetna Ḳair na lán-épeac,
 Óronç na n-Óanap do rígairpead tap ráile.

Aitá an pobal go dorib 'na ðeagdaió pan,
 Aitá an τ-aep 'na ðeisg go cráidte.
 Do ðoile Sol pe rrocháib ráile
 Do rídeis an Daoile map óion faoi bántaib.

50. bař-đeal: MS. bēar-đeal. 57. Ceann Copá, lit. = ‘the head of the weir’; it is situated near the town of Killaloe.

Captain of a ship that wanted not a cable,
Through the false sea of the drowned world,
The spoiler of Acheron, the beloved of the feeble,
Who tied down the demons in the wilderness.

A philosopher sedate like Solomon,
50 Strong, fruitful, white-handed, bestowing,
Quiet, peaceful, gentle of disposition,
High-spirited, accomplished, of good repute, peaceful of mien.

Demure, esteemed, pure, gracious,
Nor vanity nor pride grew with him,
A righteous man, holy, almsgiving, who sprang from the blood
Of the O'Briens, the stalwart, the ruling, the strong.

Of the house of Kincora without corruption did he come,
Of the genuine blood of the kings of the land of Fáilbhe,
Of the race of Lachtna, of Cas of the abundant spoils,
60 A race who scattered the Danes across the sea.

The congregation is doleful at his loss,
The air is troubled at his death,
Sol wept with briny streams,
The Deal overflowed as a covering along plains.

59. Lachtna was great-grandfather of Brian Borumha, and traces of his royal residence, 'Grianan Lachtna,' are still to be seen within a mile of Killaloe.

XXVIII.

TARNÐAIREAÇT ÐOINN ÐÍRINNIÑ.

An truað lìb na þaoiléoin an éiðið 'r an þeill duib
 Að ruagairt na cléipe ar dái léir-éur fá ðaoirþe ?
 Mo nuar-þa ðo tréið-lað mac Séapluir ba ríð aðsuinn,
 A n-uaigc cupræta an' aonar, 'r a þaor-ðalta aip dísþirt !

Ír truaillisgðe, claoimharp, 'r ír tréafon do'n uthoing oile,
 Cرعاõ-þionna bpréigf fá ſeuila 'r fá uthoinginn,
 'D a m-bualad pe beulaib ár g-cléipe ar ár laoiðe,
 'S nár óual do clainn Séamuir copróin þaor na d-trí
 ríðaæta.

Staðratið an tðirneac le þóirneapt na gréime,

10 Ar uthaipprið an ceo-ro do þór-þleaætaib Éibír ;
 An t-lmppe beið uthorað ar Blónðrur faoi ðaor-þmaæt,
 'S an "þricléir" ðo moðmarað a uthomra ríð Séamur.

Beið Éire ðo rúðað 'r a dúnata ðo h-aðarað,

Ar ðaoðaïlð 'ð a uthuðað 'na mýraib að éigrið ;—
 beupla na m-búp n-ðub ðo cùðail faoi neultaib,

Ar Séamur 'n a cùiðt ðil að taðaipr cunganta do ðaoð-
 laib.

XXVIII.—Donn was a celebrated Munster fairy supposed to haunt Cnoc Firinne, near Ballingarry, County Tipperary. He holds much the same rank in the fairy world as Cliodhna and Aine. He is a kinsman of the Donn, son of Milesius who is supposed to haunt the sand-banks known as Teach Doinn, and to whom Andrew Mac Curtin made complaint of his grievances. There is a copy of this poem in the British Museum, and two copies in the Royal Irish Academy, of which one is in the MS. copy of Keating's History that contains the pieces on O'Hickey (23, G. 3). It has been printed by Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. ii.

4. Here *valta*, evidently = 'son,' and not merely 'foster child.'

6. The poet refers to the Acts of Parliament passed settling the succession on William and Mary, but chiefly to the alleged supposititiousness of the son of James II.

XXVIII.

THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Are ye moved with pity because the lying wolves of black
treachery

Are scattering the clergy and bringing them to complete
servitude ?

Oh woe is me ! the son of Charles who was our king is lifeless,
Buried in a grave alone, while his noble son is banished ;

It is foul and evil, it is treason in that wicked race,
To brandish audacious perjuries, sealed, and in writing,
Before the faces of our clergy and our nobles,
That the children of James have no hereditary title to the noble
crown of the three Kingdoms.

The thunder will be silenced by the strength of the sunlight,
10 And this sorrow will depart from the true descendants of Eibhear :
The Emperor will shed tears, and Flanders will be in dire
bondage.

While the "Bricklayer" will be in pride in the halls of King
James.

Erin will be joyful, and her strongholds will be delightful ;
And the learned will cultivate Gaelic in their schools ;
The language of the black boors will be humbled and put
beneath a cloud,
And James in his bright court will lend his aid to the Gaels.

12. bpicléip. In a copy of the poem in a MS. of *Keating's History*, bearing date 1715, this word is glossed thus: .i. ppionnra Séamur mac don dapa Séamur b̄i iompráitce 'na mac taibhart̄a ag an m-bpicléip. In a poem on the 'Coming of the Pretender to Scotland,' and probably by our author, this subject is dealt with in strong language :

"Na ḡalla-b̄ruic do ðeap̄baid ðo ðiōc-é̄draic
Ḡur bārtarð tu nár r̄peaðað d'f̄uil an r̄is̄ é̄rða
Ðo b̄-faiciomna le h-āptmaib na n̄ðaoīil Eogain
Na ḡarþ-é̄oirce 'na r̄padalaib a n-ðraoīib b̄ðéair.

beirð an briosbla þin lúiteip 'r a ðub-þeaðarð éi ðeig,

'S an buriðean þo tā cionntaé ná huimluiðgeann don ȝ-cléip
éiprt,

'Ð a n-dísbirt tapr tríúcáið go Neuu-land o Éirinn;

20 An laoigeac 'r an þriónnra beirð cúnipraca 'r aonaé !

XXIX.

INÐION UÍ ÐEARAILT.

A þéapla ðan rðamal, do léip-ðuip mé a ȝ-ceatáið,

Éirð liom ðan feapð do n-innrið mo rðeol;

'S gur faoþraé do éatéip ðaeðe 'gur deapta

Trím' ȝréaðta 'na ȝ-ceatáið, do mīll mé ðan trédir;

Ðan ȝréaðnað do þaðainn don Éigipt tapr calað,

'S go h-Éirinn ní ȝappainn éoiðce dom' ðeðin;

Aipr tréan-máuip aipr talam a nȝéibinn a n-aistior

Níop léan liom ȝeit ad' aice coip lñre ðan rþrð.

Iþ crafðaé, 'rþr crafða, iþ ȝréimpeac, 'r iþ ȝlaðaé,

10 Iþ néamþraé, 'rþr leaðair, a ȝlaoiðte map ȝr;

Iþ pðéaplaé a deapca, map þaeltean na matne,

Iþ caol ceapt a mala map rðrísib pínn a ȝ-cléð;

Sȝéim-ȝrué a leakan aolda map ȝneacéta

Ðo h-aoraé að crafmaipr tré lñonrað an ȝróip;

Þuð Phoebur 'na peatáið tapr ȝeitáið ad' aðar

'S a éaðan aipr lapað le ȝioðþair don' ȝlæð.

XXIX.—There is a copy of this poem in the 69th volume of the Renehan MSS. Maynooth College. The piece has already appeared in print in “Poets and Poetry of Munster.” We have followed O’Daly’s text, making some corrections from the Renehan copy. The subject of the poem was celebrated in countless poetical effusions during the early part of the eighteenth century. Her name was Lucy Fitzgerald. She lived at Ballykennelly in the County of Cork.

Luther's Bible and his false dark teaching,
 And this guilty tribe that yields not to the true clergy,
 Shall be transported across countries to New Land from Erin,
 20 And Louis and the Prince shall hold court and assembly.

XXIX.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

O pearl without darkness, who hast driven me into contests,
 Listen to me without anger, whilst I tell my story ;
 Seeing that thou hast keenly shot shafts and darts
 Through my wounds in showers, which have ruined me,
 without strength ;
 In sooth I would go to Egypt across the sea,
 And to Erin I would never willingly return ;
 On the strong sea, on land, in bonds, and in joy,
 I would not grieve at being near thee by a river's side without
 wandering.

Branching, plaited, in long wisps, in short clusters,
 10 Brightly shining, and limber, are her locks like gold ;
 Pearls her eyes, as the star of the morning ;
 Right slender her eyebrow as a pen-line in print ;
 The beauteous appearance of her cheek, lime-white as the snow,
 Struggling gaily through the brightness of the rose,
 Which caused Phœbus to rush to behold thee above all maidens,
 While his forehead was aflame through love for thy beauty.

12. *r̄briob pínn.* O'Daly aspirates b, which is wrong: cf. a *paránp-*
poirb̄ cláona 'r̄ a mala ðear̄ m̄aor̄ða *Map̄ éappainðpeað caoll-peann*
a ð-cléð òráid.—*O'Sullivan's Vision.*

16. R: 'S at-éadan aip̄ larað le d̄ioðpur̄ d̄á cléð. O'Daly: 'S t-éadan
 aip̄ larað le d̄ioðpur̄ d̄od cléð. Neither of these lines gives good sense.

Ir glégeal a mama mar gheirib coir calaiò ;
 A h-aol-éoirpín rneaccta iñ paoileanná rnodò ;
 Ní féidir a maiçearf do léip-cúp a b-ppatainn
 20 Caoimhile cneacra iñ min-rgoe na n-éig ;
 Ir epiðearf a balram, a déid gheal gan aitír,
 Do paoirfaod ón ngealap na mílte òom jórta ;
 Saor-guè a teangan léigionta do gtaorpéaib
 ñeir tréan-þuic tarb beannaib pe milpeacat a glór.

Phœnix d'þuile Ðearailt Ðréagaird an cailín,
 Séimh-juiúr do clanna Míleab na pléig,
 Laoëraod gan tairfe traoctea le Ðallair,
 Ðan tréine gan talam gan ríodh-þroig gan rctóir ;
 Ðan bpreacnaod surr gðaðaod Raorait ña bærraïd
 30 Ir tréan-éoin ðun Raite tríod-þa paoi ðd ;
 Ni'l paoir-þlait ná dragan do þréimh clomne Ðairil
 Ðan gaoil riñ an ainnri mionla gan rmol.

Ní leir ðam a raiñuil a n-Éirinn ná a Saðran,
 A n-éirpeacat a b-peappain a n-intleacat 'ra ð-cléod ;
 An béis èlipde iñ fearra tréise 'sur tearfad
 Ná Helen léir cailleab na mílte 'ran ngleas ;
 Ni'l aon þeap 'na beacat aodh-þeucaod ait maiðin
 'Na h-éadan gan maipd ná gðaoilpeaod a bðón ;
 Mo ðeibionn ! mo ðeacaip ! ní ðéadair a peacain
 40 Trém' neulair, am' aitlinig, arðoiodc, iñ do ló.

18. The subject of this poem has been called “ Paoileann maoirða bðaðað þanaðuile,” by Domhnall na Tuille. 20. R is followed here; balram seems = lips,’ on account of their fragrance, cf. :

Ir binne guè ðearra-ðuile balram-ðuig mánla an leinb.

Domhnall na Tuille on the same.

- White her breasts, as swans beside the sea-shore ;
 Her lime-bright, snow-white body of beauty like the sea-gull ;
 Her goodness cannot be all put on parchment ;
 20 The fair mild lily and gentle flower of virgins.
 Bright red are her lips, her white teeth without a blemish,
 Which would save from disease thousands such as I ;
 The noble speech of her tongue learned in histories,
 Brought stout bucks over mountains by the sweetness of her
 voice.
- A Phoenix of the Grecian Geraldine blood is the maiden,
 'The mild cousin of the children of Milesius of the hosts ;
 Heroes crushed without mercy by the English,
 Without strength, without land, without princely mansion,
 without wealth.
 In sooth the blood of the Powers and the Barrys,
 30 And the strong hounds of Bunratty has been twice strained
 through thee ;
 There is no noble chieftain or warrior of the stock of the children
 of Cashel,
 Who is not akin to the mild faultless maiden.
 I know not her peer in Erin or in England,
 In wisdom, in personal charms, in mind, in form ;
 The accomplished maiden surpassing in virtue and fame
 Helen, through whom thousands perished in the fight ;
 There is no man living, who would look at morning
 On her face without sorrow, whose grief she would not dispel ;
 O my bondage ! O my hardship ! I cannot avoid her
 40 In my slumbers, in my dreams, by night, or by day.

37. *aip maiðim* = 'just now, at any time henceforth.' 38. *ná rðaoilpeað,*
sic R ; O'Daly *ná rðéiðpeað.*

40. O'Daly *oíöce*, *ná ló.*

XXX.

epitalamium do ḥiðearna cinn ñara.

Aitáin éirig aip na rrúillíb agh léimrið go lúcháin,
 Tá'n τ-éclíppr ðan fíántap agh imcheacáit;
 Tá Ðoebur agh múnrailt, 'r an τ-éarða go ciuin-ðlan,
 Agr éanlaié na cúnige go róisíom.
 Táid ḫðaoe bœac agh tñírling aip ḫéaðaið iñ npr-ðlar,
 Tá fíéap aghur ḫrúéit aip na monðaið
 O'p céile don m-þrúnaé i, Réaltan na Muñan
 'S ðaol ðeárrp don Óiuic o Chill Choimhíð.

Tá bñioððað ann ðaé tñá-m-lað iñ ḫroisíe-énoic go láidir,
 10 'S an ngeimírið tñí bláé aip ðaé bile;
 Cill Čair o ḫárlaíð a g-cuibréac agh ḫrásðíðar
 le Ríð Čille h-Áirne ár ḫ-Cuprað;
 Ní'l éaðcónið dá luad 'gúinn, tá þaoðað agh tñuaðaðið,
 Ón ḫðéal nuad po luaiðteap le ḫronðaið,
 Aip þéapla ñð mná uaiple (a Óé óil taðaip buað ói)
 An éraoð éuðra ip uaiple a ḫ-Cill Choimhíð.

Tá'n Ríð-þlaié 'na ḫárdaið aip íplið 'r aip árðaið,
 'S na mílte dá þáiltiùðað le muipinn;
 Tá'n taoide go h-aðbapaé, 'r coill ḫlað agh fáp ann,
 20 'S gnaoi teaéit aip bñantaið ðan milleað;
 Táid cuanta, ba ḫnáðaé þaoi bñuan-þtoipm ḫrásnu,
 Ðo ruaiðneacé o ḫárlaíð an ruaiðmeac,
 Tá cnuaptap aip tñáid 'gúinn ná luarðann an τ-þáile,
 Ruacain ip bñipnið iñ duileap.

XXX.—This poem is printed in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster." There is a copy of it in the Royal Irish Academy, which gives the title as follows:—
 Epitalamium do ḥiðearna bñunaé Činn Mapa aip n-a þórað le h-inðion Coipnal butléip Cille Caip.

The poem was composed to celebrate the nuptials of Valentine Brown, third Viscount Kenmare, and Honora daughter of Thomas Butler of Kilcash. The

XXX.

EPITHALAMIUM FOR LORD KENMARE.

The fish in the streamlets leap up with activity,
 The eclipse is departing without a struggle,
 Phœbus is waking, and the moon is calmly bright,
 And the birds of the province are joyous ;
 Bees in swarms cluster on boughs fresh and green,
 Grass and dew are on the meads,
 Since Brown has espoused the Star of Munster
 The near in blood to the Duke from Kilkenny.

The languid are becoming vigorous, and the great hills are strong,
 10 And in winter every tree puts forth blossoms,
 Since Kilcash has been united lovingly in bonds
 With the Prince of Killarney our champion ;
 We are giving vent to no grievance, the wretched have a respite
 Since this news which is spreading among the crowd,
 Concerning the fair young pearl of ladies, (O faithful God grant
 her success !)
 The fragrant branch, the most noble in Kilkenny.

The princely chieftain is a protection for the high and the lowly,
 And thousands are welcoming him with love,
 The tide is favourable, and a green wood is growing therein,
 20 And fields are growing bright without destruction ;
 Heavens, wont to be disturbed by ugly long-lasting storms,
 Are calm since this alliance took place ;
 There is gathered on the shore, undisturbed by the sea,
 Cockles and limpets, and dillisk.

marriage took place in 1720, when Sir Nicholas Brown, Valentine's father had died, and the son was at last in possession of his property. The distinguished lady celebrated in this poem, died in 1730, of smallpox. Her father Thomas Butler was grandson of Richard Butler, only brother of James, the first duke of Ormond.

2. *piúntap* = 'struggle'; cf. *múcaó ná milleao a b-piontap map ta*.—*Aodh Mac Curtin.* 17. 'na gárdaitb, one would expect 'na gárdha.

Táid uairle Cill Áirne go ruanre aíg ól pláinte
 'S buan-biocht na lánaṁan a g-cumann ;
 Táid ruan-fóirt iŋ dánta dá m-bualaō ap cláirriú,
 Ógach ruan-fóirt aip áilleacht 'r aip binnéacht ;
 Tá claochóid aip éruidh-éirft, 'r an t-aon édir aíg buaō' éann,
 30 Tá gné nuaō aip òruaibh-éirft, 'r an t-aon édir aíg buaō' éann,
 Tá'n fpréir mór aip fuaiment, 'r an tae fórt go ruanmheac,
 Ógach caoic-éed gan duartan, gan daillé.

XXXI.

TREISE LE CROMUELL.

Treipre leat, a Cromuell,
 A níg érhoíntaig dhaé fholóig,
 Ar lead' linn ruanamap ruanmheac
 Mil, uaétar, iŋ ondip.

Iarramaoið gan Caománač,
 Nuallánač, ná Cinnriolač,
 Búrcač, Ríreač, ná Róifteac,
 D'fhaigáil fóid do éuid a fíneap.

10

Iarramaoið Cromuell ńeit a n-uaétar,
 Ríđ uafal Ćloinne Lóbuir,
 ńus a óbítein d'fíeap na rúipte,
 Ar d'fíád feap na ńúíteée gan "nothing."

Iarramaoið a b-fuile pan teač ro,
 Aip maič aghur aip maoin,
 ńeit ní ńur feapar bliaðain ó anuð,
 Ar dhaé neač ńur maič linn.

29. buaō'éann, so O'Daly. buaðaétaint and buaðaétainn are used in spoken language.

The nobles of Killarney are merrily drinking health
And long life to the wedded pair in love ;
Lulling melodies and songs are being struck on the harp,
Each lulling melody the loveliest and the sweetest ;
Each hard trouble is overcome, and justice alone triumphs
amongst us ;

30 There is a fresh colour on the cheeks of all men,
There is a sound of joy in the great heavens, the moon also is
peaceful,
Without blinding mist, without sorrow, without eclipse.

XXXI.

MORE POWER TO CROMWELL.

More power to thee, O Cromwell,
O king who hast established each rustic,
It is with thy coming we obtained peace,
Honey, cream, and honour.

We ask that nor Kavanagh,
Nor Nolan, nor Kinsella,
Nor Burke, nor Rice, nor Roche,
Ever get a sod of their ancestors' portion.

10 We ask that Cromwell be supreme,
The noble king of Clan Lobus,
Who gave plenty to the man with the flail,
And left the heir of the land without "nothing."

We ask that all in this house,
In goodness and in wealth,
Be better a year from to-day,
And everyone whom we like.

XXXII.

ACÉTANNA DO RINNEAO ḠA B-PÁRLIMENT CLOINNE THOMÁIS.

An feaō ḃiař Éire púinn pém
 Ní ḃeiōmīd a b-péin do Ṅnáč,
 Cuiprimīd ríor an ceapt,
 An feaō ḃiař an rmaēt aip ár láim.

Do ḡuigéamap a b-párliment,
 O Ceann τ-Sáile go binn Éadaip,
 Ar ḡuigamap a n-inneónin Ḣádruis,
 Ṅeit 'nář Ṅ-cáiphe agh a céile.

10 ḡuigamaiođ onóir don ḡbolóniđ
 Ar mō feařg 'rař feárr maoiñ,
 Iř deirpeaođ ḡuigte don Ṅ-ংleaprač,
 Čaiřgior go b-tí an τ-eaprač an τ-ím.

Acétamaođ ár ɔ-tuaparðal
 Lá puap aghur teič,
 Acétamaođ ár n-éadač
 Do péip céille aghur cípt.

20 Acétamaođ ár n-éadač cuipr
 Map atá anoiř do Ṅnáč,
 Geapra-hata mén duib
 Iř bpríte orðuilte bláč.

XXXII.—This piece, as well as the preceding one, is taken from the satire, “Parliment Chloinne Thomáis,” and contains the enactments and resolutions come to after mature deliberation by the rustic race of Clan Thomas. In this satire the author ridicules chiefly the Cromwellian settlers of low origin and coarse vulgar manners, but the Irish who helped them to oppress their own countrymen are by no means spared. They hail Cromwell as their special patron. The metre of XXXI. and XXXII. is free and easy. These pieces vary considerably in different MSS. The text follows a copy of the satire made by Denis O’Connell in 1785. XXXII. is a piece of considerable interest, as the poet makes the Parliamentary lights of Clan

XXXII.

THE ACTS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CLAN THOMAS.

While Erin shall be ours alone,
 We shall not be in constant pain ;
 We will ordain what is right
 While authority is in our hands.

We have sat in Parliament
 From Kinsale to Beann Eadar ;
 And we have resolved, in spite of Patrick,
 To be friends one to another.

10 We give honour to the rustic
 Who has longest beard and most wealth ;
 And to sit in the last place to the churl
 Who stores butter until the spring.

We enact that we get our wages
 The cold day and the warm,
 We enact that our clothes be regulated
 According to sense and right.

20 We enact that our body-clothes be
 As they are usually now :
 A low, smooth, black hat,
 And breeches spliced and beautiful.

Thomas speak, in the rustic language of his time, about farming and other occupations suited to their state of servitude.

The following variants are taken from a Trinity College, Dublin, copy (T), and from one made from a MS. of 1705, by Mr. P. Stanton (P).

3. ceapt, T peacét. 4. P neacó 'náp láim. 6. P Cionn t-Sáile.

8. 'náp δ-cáipðe, T δpáðmáp.

20. orðuitle bláit, T rðaoitle abúp ip tall; the reference is obviously to breeches cut and buttoned at the knee so common in the last century.

Ríog-bhodaé an gáé aon baile
Le caile gorm mar céile;
Ar feapann fada faírrín
Do bheist aigé gan aon rúd.

Aéntamaoíd gan uig éim ná feoiril
Do iúeaó aéct 'fán oisíche
Meair-madra ar maírtín
Do bheist a n-dorúr gáé tígé agusib.

Aéntamaoíd gan an dara leaba
Do bheist aig aon do Čloinn Tomáir,
O'eagla bhráitíre ná raigairt
Bheist aig tarrainn éum bup m-bochtáin.

Aéntamaoíd d'feap an bhrí
Toraé móna iñ bhranair,
A g-comáir do d-tuibhráid congnam
Don tí iñ túrtha do gnír ghráfaid.

Dá b-faighdáid ríb earfbaid ná tráchtáil
Ná bup rtóir aig dul a nglórraist,
Aip éor ná díolfaid ríb báir b-fiaéa
Cuiribh báir d-cuid aip láinn bup d-cloinne.

Aéntamaoíd an uile aéirann
Dá m-beaó eadruinn ná cnuadháil
A réidteacáid do ró-éara
Le diair do Čloinn Tomáir.

Aéntamaoíd gan mac deaigh-aéirann
Duine uafal ná díomhaoin,
Do bheist 'na comhuisíde amearg bodaé
Aimriú bhranair na ghráfaid.

Aéntamaoíd róraid d'úbalta
Do réir d'úcháid iñ peacéta,
Do m-ac-ra aigam inéin-re,
Iñ m'inghion-ra aigad m-ac-ra.

47-48. P do bheist 'na comhuisíde amearg clanna pleargáid ná neamhchéiruinn.

That a chief-bodach be in every village
 With a blue hag for his wife,
 And that a farm long and wide
 Be his for nothing.

We enact that nor eggs, nor butter, nor meat
 Be eaten save at night ;
 That a cur dog and a little mastiff
 Be at the doors of all your houses.

We enact that no spare lodgings
 Belong to any of Clan Thomas,
 Lest friars or priests
 Should frequent your cottage.

We enact that the man who has gold
 Should have the first of turf and fallow,
 So that he may give assistance
 To him who first grubs his land.

If you fall into want or difficulty,
 Or your means become reduced,
 In order that you may not pay your debts
 Put your property in your children's hands.

We enact that every dispute
 That may happen between us, and every wrangle,
 Be very speedily settled
 By two of Clan Thomas.

We enact that no son of a respectable father,
 No nobleman, no idler,
 Abide amidst *bodachs*
 In the time of fallow or grubbing.

We enact double marriages
 According to hereditary custom and law
 Thy son to marry my daughter
 And my daughter to marry thy son.

52. P 'r c'mhion-*ra* að mo mac-*ra*, which has more point.

Aéntamaoīd an uile fíleapðaċ
Noċ őeanfar malairt nō marðáil,
Díap do ńeit̄ do láčaip
O'fíor-ńlioċt̄ Čloinne Čomáil.

60 A Ṅ-cár dā m-beaō a n-aistreacáar,
Ṅo n-deapħbaō a n-éiċeaċ,
Cum̄ a ċoħa v'fagħáil taři n-aip
Le “by this Book ap bpeaġġ r-im.”

Aéntamaoīd an uile fíleapðaċ,
Aip a m-bí cíupam boċċiżże,
Cpoiccion caopacá na Féile Miċiil,
Do ńeit̄ aijde cum̄ dopnixx.

Aéntamaoīd a n-am buana,
Ím cárre ażżejj pprella,
Cúiż ḥinġiunne ǵan aṁraji,
A n-am bħanajr iż-żonja.

70 Aéntamaoīd dā ḥinġiun
O Šam̄uun go Féil ńgrídgħe,
Tpiċi rintiġunne fuu earracá,
An peoħ tħalliex an ricolċej.

Aéntamaoīd le cérile
O ńinn Ċadaip go Ceann t-Sáile,
Mári Saġġaraċ mári Ċipionnaċ
Ńeit̄ leip an tē ńur lávpre.

80 Aéntamaoīd teanġmáil le cérile
Lá Féile Miċiil ap Mália Čárgħa,
Ṅo Ṅ-cuiprifim iż-rior beapta
Na h-aicme-re ńisor dār Ṅ-cáblaō.

Aéntamaoīd pħoġraō na Féile Miċiil
Ṅo Ṅ-aħxaip a Ṅ-cionn ǵaċ-ċaile,
O'foniż go m-biaħħamoir a muuiniġin
Ṅo Ṅ-faġħamoir an peapann.

66. pprella, T feoñi. 67–68. T aéntamaoīd a n-am néala (?) pnutxha
caola na m-bb.

We enact that when any churl
 Makes exchanges or bargains,
 There be two present
 Of the true race of Clan Thomas.

60

So that if he be sorry
 He might swear falsely
 To get his goods back again
 Saying "By this book that is a lie."

We enact that every churl
 Who has charge of a tent—
 A sheepskin of Michaelmas
 He should have for a mitten.

We enact, in the time of reaping,
 Butter, cheese, and a piece of meat ;
 Five pence without doubt
 In the time of fallow and turf.

70

We enact two pence
 From November to Bridget's Feast ;
 Three pence in the spring
 While seed-sowing lasts.

We enact all together
 From Beann Eadair to Kinsale :
 Be he English, be he Irish,
 To be on the side of the strongest.

80

We enact that we meet together
 At Michaelmas and Easter Tuesday,
 That we may put down the deeds
 Of this set who have been oppressing us.

We enact that the Michaelmas warning
 Be given at the head of every village,
 So that we may be in hopes
 That we may get the land.

71-72. Ταρί πινδίννε δαν αιήραρ α ν-αμ βραναιρ ιρ αοίσις. There are, besides the above, several other variants, and some stanzas wholly different.

A n-am gráfaidh do báir d-tiðearnaoi
 Íur n-iarntaide beit brírté,
 Íur n-úgáim ar báir g-céaċta
 Iñ báir flaðratiode 'na n-giotaiš.

90

Aimriř tarfusigħe nō buana
 Nioð báir g-eora go lebintę,
 Polac aip báir fúile,
 Nō báir láma ceanġu ilte le cόrva.

Aċċamaoið an uile níð
 Do réir għiocaip ip-epiċonnaċt,
 Ar d-tiðearnaoi beit ceanġailte,
 Ar riun p-żeiñ do beit f-ḍaoilte.

In the time of grubbing for your lords,
Let your implements be broken,
Your tackling and your plough
And your traces in bits.

90

In the time of harvest or reaping
Let your feet be sprained,
Your eyes blindfolded,
Or your hands tied by a string.

We enact every thing
According to prudence and wisdom,
That our lords be tied down
And we let loose.

XXXIII.

MARÓNA MIC CARCA NA PAILÍSE.

Aitá rímuit 'fan rréipr i ffaaoe i ffearpd nímhneacá,
I f dñéchar Néill go léir fá bprataib caointe,
An Mhuimain le céile traoecta marb claoiote,
Tré pribonuura Daoibh i Raeltean Clanna Míliod.

Míleab nár claoiote a n-am éarptairt an gcleab,
Sínpeap na píodh-mac a d-taca 'ra fceoir,
Pribom-fhlocht na flominte ar teapmuin plóid.
I f píor-épeacé gan fuigleacé na banba i f bprón.

- 10 Bprónait bfoibhail píodh-ban Inip Éilge,
Coip bdninn, coip bprisid, coip laoi, coip lufe, i f Éirne,
Coip Léid coip Daoil coip Done i f Sionna a n-éimpeacá,
A ngleab i f a g-coimhearpdar caointe a g-coinne a céile.

Le céile atá Éire aca a n-obláid-éuirre bprónin,
Ó Leisinn go bpréipne i f go cúmaif Óruinne mdir,
Coip Péile, coip Sléibe Mír, tá riad a n-uail gcleab,
I f ó bhéara gan traoeada, go cúnig Ulaib an t-rlónid.

XXXIII.—The Mac Carthys built four castles on the edge of Lough Lein, and the river Laune “to stop all the passages of Desmond,” as Carew put it. “The tract of country lying along the banks of the ‘Laune,’ ” says Windele, “and at the mountain’s foot to some considerable distance is still called MacCarthy Mor’s country, as containing the ancient residence of the chief of that name. The Castle of Palice, or otherwise Caislean Va Cartha, stood a naked ruin on an eminence a little to the north of the lake and in view of the Laune Bridge. A few scattered trees point out its site. The green field in front is still called Park an Croah, the gallows field, that being the place where MacCarthy executed his justice on delinquents.” Of this poem there are two copies in the British Museum and two at Maynooth. The British Museum copies have not been used in preparing the text.

1. R. rréipr ffaaoe nímh i ffearpd deimneacá; test as in M.

2. píodh-ban, more usually píodh-mná. *Ib.* Inip for lufe, for assonance.

XXXIII.

ELEGY ON MACCARTHY OF PALICE.

In the heavens there is mist and storm and furious wrath,
 And all the land of Niall is in robes of mourning ;
 The whole of Munster is prostrate, lifeless, subdued,
 Because of the Prince of the Gael and the Star of the Sons of
 Milesius.

A champion, unscathed in the time of the conflict of battle,
 First heir of the sons of kings, their stay, their glory ;
 Foremost descendant of the great families, the defence of hosts ;
 The very ruin of Banba, nought left behind, and her grief !

The fairy maidens of Inis Eilge grieve and start,
 10 Beside the Boyne, and the Bride, and the Lee, and the Liffey
 and the Erne ;
 Beside the Logh, the Deal, the Aoine, and the Shannon, all
 together
 Are they in conflict and in contest of lamentation one against
 another.

They have put all Erin in an intense agony of grief
 From Leinster to Brefny and to the verge of the great Drung ;
 Beside the Feale, beside Sliab Mish, they are in a conflict of
 mourning ;
 And from Beare without pause to Ulster of the host.

11. *U6ð*, a river that flows into the Laune.

“ Fast by the Laune’s and Lo’s fair currents meet
 Circle the plain and murmur at his (Dunloe’s) feet.”

Poem on Killarney, A.D. 1776.

12. a δ̄-coim̄eap̄δ̄ap̄, MS. caom̄rδ̄p̄iɔr̄.

14. Drung, a high hill in the barony of Iveragh, county Kerry, above 2000 feet above the sea-level; perhaps for *Leiḡinn* we should read *Uéit̄gleann*.

Sin Ultais map Connachtasig do dúnbae deórae,
 O Muiríre do Dolban do dúnbae bhrónaé,
 Map Cúéulainn éum cumair nírt a ndlúch -éomhraic,
 20 Ír cúir tuairpe ñuil do h-iomarcaé na g-cúig cónighe.

Stóir cúigé na muirne map círde don tréad,
 Leoimh lúirpeacé na g-cupraithe a n-árd-ðairghe iñ éacé,
 D'árd cílle baod ró-éurainn tám aip láir leara faon,
 Dóibh uile iñ gile 'r tubairt do éárg mapb faon.

Faon ó éárla láir óear mic riúd agusinn,
 Aip leagfaod don blád neamhdha neamh-éuinreacé,
 Ír ceapna do daimh baod gnácha ealaóanda,
 Ag taifidol gacé lá go clár na Pailíre.

'S an b-Pailír do teanagniúigheoir complaéct cnuinn,
 30 Ír gan taéaihe aca aip éearnuigheil róimh dromos ná buiðean,
 Ag farrtaoim aip hallaitiñ iñ gan eapnam aip biaod,
 Ír ag mapcuiúigheacé aip eaérlaitiñ map bheod a n-Teamhair
 na ríosd.

Rídg mac Capéa a leac átaih map éairge faod' óion,
 Lán-épeacé na blapnan iñ Cáiril na ríosd,
 Cpeacé táinte cpeacé fáidhe cpeacé plaéa 'ran cill,
 Ír cás tráéctaim, ó iñ cárthair í banba ag caoi.

'S eaod caoi an rídg coighe ró érroda ór dearbheá a g-cré
 An rídg cónigheoir taorpeacé d'fíordla ar d'fíearannaiñ Úréin,
 Ír rídg ó m-biait aip éorónn éearpt gan taca at d'éig
 40 'Sír tíinn d'fíordaiñ na d-tréón tu gan gairim do tréit.

18. *Mushra*, a mountain near Macroom, county Cork. *Gulban*, in Sligo.

22. Metre defective. 27. MS. alluiðeanda.

36. The word *cárthair* has been inserted for the metre.

37. Beginning of this line seems corrupt, perhaps *Caoi cónighe an rídg érroda*, etc.

40. *do tréit*: MS. fá rmáid, the opening words of the poem.

Both Ulstermen and Connaughtmen are doleful and in tears ;
 From Mushra to Gulban in mourning and sorrow ;
 Like Cuchulainn was he in force of strength, in the thick of the
 fight ;

20 He is the cause of excessive, woful weeping to the five provinces.

A province's store of affection, like a treasure to the people,
 Hero, armour of champions in high valour and renowned deeds,
 Heavy is the blow to the Church's orders, that thou liest in the
 middle of a mound lifeless ;
 To them all it is strife and misfortune to hear that thou art dead
 and prostrate.

Since the right hand of the descendant of kings is prostrate,
 As the celestial flower without guile is fallen,
 It is distress to the poets, ever skilled in their art,
 Who repaired daily to the plain of Palice.

At Palice a numerous band were wont to assemble,
 30 Who were not accustomed to fear tribe or host,
 Merry-making in halls, without want of food,
 And riding on horses, as at Tara of the kings.

O happy grave-stone, thou hidest as a treasure the king
 MacCarthy,
 The full ruin of Blarney, and of Cashel of the kings,
 The ruin of peoples, of bards, of chieftains, lies in the church-
 yard ;
 And what need be further said since Banba is dolefully bewailing
 him ?

It is the bewailing of the king of a province, of great valour,
 who is indeed laid in a bed of clay,
 The king who was the true chieftain of Fodla and of the plains
 of Brian ;
 The chief who has left the true crown without support,
 40 And it is sickness to the ranks of the brave that he is voiceless
 and prostrate.

XXXIV.

AIR DÍBIRT NA Ó-PLAIT.

Do éuala rígéal do céap aip ló me,
 Iar éusd 'r an oisíche a n-ðaoiurre ńrón me,
 Ó'fáid mo épeart gan neart mná reolta,
 Gan bhríd gan meabhair gan ghréann gan fóidnam.

Aóbair maoisce rígaileas an rídeoil rinn,
 Cár gan leigear iar aobnaos tóirre,
 Aénuasáil luit iar uile iar eoléair,
 Ghlórúghaos teadma iar tréigde móire.

Díochusdaos buiöne críche Póbla,
 Laiguðaos grínn iar gnaoi na cónighe,
 Mar do díochas ár n-ðaoine mórta,
 Ar a ó-peapannai bairte iar cónra.

Mór an rígéal, ní féidir fólanas
 Ár n-díche do ríom lem' ló-ra,
 Buaip an féile leun na óeainig rinn,
 Iar tá an daonnaict saic lae dá leónaos.

Ní ó-fuil cliaip a n-iachais Póbla,
 Ní ó-fuil aifriann aguinn ná órda,
 Ní ó-fuil baigrde aip ár leanaitois ógsa,
 Gan feap reaprait ná tagapcha a g-cónra.

Créad do óeanafraos ár n-aor ógsa,
 Iar ná fuil neac pe maiet dá ó-fórtaint,
 Atáid gan tríach aét Óia na ghlórige,
 Ar a b-ppróim-ál dá ngríoráil tar bóna.

XXXIV.—This poem is given anonymously in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College Dublin; and in more than one MS. at Maynooth and elsewhere, it is ascribed to “Cíappraitheac cráiochté aíriúigthe éigín,” “a certain tormented Kerryman.” From internal evidence, it seemed to belong to O’Rahilly, several lines of it reappearing in his poems: hence its place here. It has been found, however, that one or two MSS. ascribe it to the ill-fated Pierse Ferriter. If it be Ferriter’s

XXXIV.

ON THE BANISHMENT OF THE NOBLES.

I have heard a tale which torments me by day,
 And puts me by night in the bondage of sorrow ;
 That has left my body without the strength of a woman after
 labour,
 Without vigour, without mind, without wit, or activity.

A cause of weakness is the spreading of that tale,
 A misfortune without cure, and a kindling of grief,
 A renewal of injury, and evil, and mourning,
 A stirring up of disease and great agony.

The ruin of the people of the land of Fodla,
 10 The weakening of the joy and pleasure of the provinces :
 That our nobles were drained out
 From the lands which by law and justice were theirs.

Heavy is the tidings ; nor can the sufferings
 Of our ruin be described in my time ;
 After this affliction came upon generosity,
 And humanity is being daily put out of joint.

There are no clergy in the lands of Fodla ;
 We have neither Masses nor Orders ;
 Our young children receive no baptism ;
 20 Nor is there a man to stand for them, or plead their cause.

What shall our young folk do,
 Since there is none to relieve them with good ?
 They are without a lord save the God of glory
 While their chief brood are forced across the main.

work, it must have been composed at the beginning of the Cromwellian transplantations.

12. M capte cónaō. 16. M omits δ aē lae, and is inaccurate throughout. 19. leanaíōib, M leinb. The statements made in lines 17–20 are scarcely exaggerated. 23. Cf. XIII. 22.

Ðeapán m'aitne ðeapb na rðeol rín,
 Ðabáil ðapb na n-eacetrann bírnne,
 Maic fíor agam an τ-aðbap fá'p órðaig,
 D'aiclé árp b-peaca an τ-Aicléip do ðeonaið.

30

Dá m-beaoð Tuaçal fuadraé beoð aðuinn,
 Nó Þériðlum do érreiðiðpeaoð tðra,
 Nó Conn, peap na ð-caet do rð-éur,
 Ní biað teann na nðall dár b-froðraaoð.

Cáip ðaiþ Apt do éap an érðoaet,
 Nó Mac Con bað ðoet a ð-comlann,
 Léap rðannhraaoð clann Oilioll Olum,
 Íp réan do Ðallaiþ ná maipið na tpeónin rín.

40

Íp léan do ðanba mapbaaoð Eoðuin,
 Tréimþeap fá céile don beoðeaet,
 Ní biað neapt tar cearpt aip fóndaiþ,
 Að na béapaiþ bpréana móra.

Do biað neapt íp ceapt íp erðoaet,
 Do biað rmaet íp peatet fá rð-éion
 Do biað ratet aip aip 'tan b-froðmáar
 Dá m-beaoð Dia le tpirb bað éaca pe comlann.

D'ioméig brian na ð-cliaip ón m-bdírihe,
 Do bí tréimþre að Éirinn rðra,
 Ní b-fuil Murchaaoð cumarae erðoa,
 A ð-Cluain Taipb bað éaca pe comlann.

50

'S an tpirat fá láidip na tpeónin rín,
 Clann Cárpca 'r an Tál-fuil tpeðrae,
 Níor rðaoileadap ðaoiðil dár b-froðraaoð
 Tar tuinn nô gac láicair teðrann.

27-28. R is followed. M is very corrupt.

32. Dár b-froðraaoð, sending us abroad: cf. Fóðraim uaim é = 'I dismiss him.'

34. Poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are constantly going

The truth of this tidings is the sighing of my soul,
 The rough beating the foreigners have given us ;
 Well do I know the reason why He ordained it,
 Because of our sins the Father has consented to it.

- 30 Were Tuathal, the nimble, alive amongst us,
 Or Feidhlim who would disable pursuers,
 Or Conn, a man who could well fight battles,
 The strong ones of the English would not banish us.

Whither has Art gone who loved valour ?
 Or Mac Cu, who pressed close in conflict,
 By whom the children of Oilioll Olum were routed,
 It is well for the English that these strong men are not alive.

- A misfortune to Banba is the death of Eoghan,
 A brave man who espoused valour ;
 Else might without right would not give our lands
 40 To the foul gross bears.

We should have strength, and justice, and valour ;
 Authority, and law, would be in high esteem ;
 Corn fields in the harvest would be prosperous ;
 Were God with the leaders of Fodla.

Brian of the hosts has gone from Borumha,
 Who for a season was espoused to Erin ;
 Murchadh the powerful, the valiant, is no more,
 Who was a stay in the conflict at Clontarf.

- At the time when these brave men were strong,
 50 The Clan Cartha, and the vigorous stock of Tál,
 They did not permit the Gaels to be banished
 Across the seas, or over every border beside them.

back to heroes like Art, Conn, Conaire, while they scarce mention more modern warriors.

39-40. That is if Eoghan lived.

49. τράστ, MS. τριασ, which seems a mistake.

Astáid na Ðanair a leabaið na leógan,
 Ðo reargair, rám, go ráðail, reómpað,
 bpríosðar, biaððar, briaðrað, bðrððar,
 Coimhcheað, cainteað, rannenteað.

1r é rún iñ fonn na fñirne,
 Ðá mæad ríz do ȝnñd pe ap b-þróir-ne—
 An ðrong ȝíor að ríðoeað reð aðuinn—
 60 Súðra cluicíðe an éuitín érða.

Iñ truað lem' éroiðe 'rarf tinn dár n-ðrólann,
 Nuaðar Æuinn, Æríoððain iñ Eogain,
 Suar ðað oïðé e að lusige pe ðeðraidið,
 'S Þan lúað aip a cloinn do ȝí aici þróða.

Tearc Tuacéuil monuap, do tñirnead,
 Iñ erð Æuinn Þan cuiñne aip nðraidið,
 Fonn Þérðlime do tréið-lað tñirreac,
 lað lusuiñe do bprúisðte bprónað.

70 Aðað Airt þá ñeap Þan rððéap,
 Crioð Æbððaið þá oðaim að ríðiðtib,
 Cláp Æormaic þáð foirtill na Þ-eðmþocal,
 Þán onéom lán d'þoðróm ðeðrað.

Mo leun ní h-é tréine na ríðð ríin,
 Ná buirbe na fuirne ó Óður,
 Ná neapt naimðe do éaill ár n-ððéap,
 Aðet ðioðaltað Þé tár aip Éirinn þrð-ðlarf.

80 Peacað an t-rínríp, claoine an t-þróirip,
 Aitne Æríoð Þan rium 'na cómall,
 Æigion bpruinnðiol, bpríreac þróða,
 Craor iñ goið iñ iomad mñide.

53. a leabaið is of constant use in Connaught = 'instead of.'

57-60. These lines are by no means clear, but A (two copies) and M agree as to text. R, for 59, has

an ðruinnð do ȝíor að riððpeað reð aðuinn.

The meaning seems to be that peace with the foreigners is like a mouse making peace with a cat. Cf. XLVIII. 7-8.

The foreigners are in the place of the heroes,
 In comfort, in quiet, in prosperity, and with many apartments,
 In affluence, well-fed, swearing, meal-consuming,
 With foreign airs, loquacious, greedy, nasal.

It is the resolution and desire of the gang,
 However much the peace they make with our race—
 As many of them as make terms with us—

- 60 To play the game of the brave little cat.

It is pitiful to my heart, it pains my entrails,
 That the spouse of Conn, of Crimhthan, and of Eoghan,
 Watches nightly and lies down amid strangers,
 While there is no tidings of her children whom she had in
 marriage.

The mansion of Tuathal, alas! has been pulled down,
 The abode of Conn is without a remembrance of its fashions,
 The land of Feidhlim is in helpless distress and in woe,
 And the country of Iughoine crushed and in sorrow.

The plain of Art lies in grief without comfort,
 70 The land of Cobhthach is put under yoke by armies,
 The plain of Cormac, the strong seer of synonyms,
 Given over to the wolf, full of tearful noise.

My grief! it is not the strength of these hosts,
 Or the pride of the band from Dover,
 Or the power of the enemy, that destroyed our hopes,
 But the vengeance of God upon green-sodded Erin.

The sin of the elder, the corruption of the younger,
 The commandments of Christ—no heed given to their fulfilment;
 The rape of virgins; the violation of marriage;
 80 Intemperance; robbery; and unrestrained swearing.

63. MS. ὅερπαιβ.

72. M onnēat̄. R ονγčιč.

74. Dover is here put for England, as in XXI. 8; so also Bristol, II. 33.

Neamh-éion ḡnáit iŋ tár aip órðaib,
Raobað ceall iŋ feall iŋ fórra,
Éigíom na b-fann ḡan cabair ḡan comhírom,
Að raoð-luēt rainnte iŋ caillte aip éomárram.

Tréigíon Dé le rréip a reðdaib,
Gléap le a réantap ñaol iŋ comhír,
Déill do neapt 'tan lað do leðnað,
Cloan að breað 't an ceapt fá éeð éur.

Ciò tár an eanð ro teann að tórmac,
90 ñaoi láim leaðair na nðall ro nuad aguinn,
Áilim Con-llíac tréan na h-biðe,
Ðo d-tígið an ceapt 'tan alt 'nap édir do.

Iŋ bíoðgað báir liom bár mo éomárram,
Na raoiðe rámá rárda reðlta,
A d-típ bað ḡnáðac lan do éðbaðt,
Ite, vade, dá þáð leð rín.

Iŋ ñan aét cárde o lá ðo ló aca,
Dá d-cup uile a d-tuilleað dñéuip,
Ðo m-biaið fáðar dá fáðaíl dñið rín,
100 ïr ñan ann aét Till further orders.

Ðalap ñan téarndar iŋ maorðeap móð liom,
Ðreamanna ñaor-báir cé taim glórað,
Sðaipe aip an b-féinn dár ðéill Clár Þóðla,
Iŋ eaðlair Dé dá claoðlað aip órðaib.

Tá rðeim na gréine ðo neóna
Þé éclipp o éirðe ló ði,
Táid na gréarða a ngné dá fóðrað,
Ná fuil téarnta áip raoðaíl þó-fada.

Fuaip an cárdeap rráip a ðníðin,
110 Le luéit rðead ní ðéap an rðeol rín,
Ní léip ñam aoinneac aip m' eðlap,
Noð do bérfað raoð éum bérð ñam.

96. Observe that *ite* is pl., and *vade* sing.104. Taking *aip* = aður, and *órðaib* = órða.

A constant scorn and contempt for the clergy ;
 Plunder of churches ; treachery ; and violence ;
 The cry of the weak, without help, or justice,
 Beneath the false and greedy who forsake their neighbour.

The abandonment of God through love of riches ;
 The manner in which kinsfolk and relatives are denied ;
 The respect for might ; the injury of the weak ;
 Corrupt judgments ; and the obscuring of right.

Although the land be bursting with produce,
 90 Under the nimble hand of these newly-come English ;
 I beseech the Only, the Mighty Son of the Virgin,
 That the right may come into the place in which it is due.

The death of my neighbours is to me a death-start,
 The nobles who were peaceful, contented, nimble,
 In a land which was wont to be full of riches,
Ite, Vade is said to them.

While no respite is allowed them save from day to day,
 To put them all in further hope
 That favour will be shown to them ;
 100 But there is nought in it save '*Till further orders.*'

It is to me a disease without recovery, and great languor ;
 Pains of dire death, voiceful though I be ;
 The scattering of the warriors whom the land of Fodla obeyed,
 And the Church of God and the clergy brought to nought.

The sun's beauty, even to the evening
 From the dawn of the day, is under eclipse ;
 The heavens by their aspect are proclaiming to us
 That the term of our life is not very long.

Friendship has had a long enough turn ;
 110 Nor is this bitter tidings for the wealthy,
 I do not know any one of my acquaintance,
 Who would give me sixpence for shoes.

112. paol = 'sixpence' from the Spanish *rial*; the word is unknown in Connaught.

Þáðbaim rím aip éur an Cómáctaig,
Aon Ílmac Þuipe gile mórpe,
Aip a b-þuyl ár n-uile-ðóður,
Þo b-þuigðeað rimb-re ip mire comtrum.

120

Ip aitcim Íora Ríð na glóipe,
Map ip þíor gur tríd rím d'fioðnar,
Soillre laoi aður oibéa d'ðrðaig,
Þo d-tiðlað an níð map ríslim dónib rím.

AN CEANDAL.

Þríoñðað cnead, laðvúðað aip neart, ríorúðað aip céar
bhrónað,
Þróñðað ár b-peap do ðeimhlíndhað a nglar, foillriúðað
a n-aéct ðirnne,
Críocenúðað ár b-plaið do ðíorúðað amac aip ðruim tonn
tar bðéna,
Þo mion-þrúig lað mo éroisðe ðúr leafð, ne maoðuðað
áip n-deapc n-deórað.

118. *tríd* rím, MSS. gen. *tréaðanar*, 'abstinence,' hence piety in general (?). R *tré* na þíor þonnur. M *tríonar* þóðnar, and so one

I leave this to the disposal of the Almighty,
 To the Only Son of the great and bright Virgin,
 In whom we have all our trust,
 That both you and I may obtain justice.

And I beseech Jesus, King of glory—
 As it is true that it is through Him I have profited—
 Who ordered lights for the day and the night,
 120 That this may come to pass for them as I conceive it.

THE BINDING.

The stirring up of sighs, the lessening of strength, the continuation
 of grievous dole,
 The confirmation of the binding of our men under locks, the
 publication of their (the foreigners') acts against us,
 The completion of the sending forth of our chieftains upon the
 face of the waves over the sea
 Have crushed and weakened my withered, languid heart, and
 moistened my tearful eyes.

MS., R.I.A.; another gives τρέαδαναρ ἁοδναρ; the line seems parenthetical.
 124. εποιήε ούρ: cf. VIII. 1.

XXXV.

DON TAOISEACHT EOÐAN MAC CORMAIC RIABHACH INNIS
CARDA.

Cnead a ñeasur doéar do ghortaithe mo céadraibh,
Iñ d'fáid me a m-bhrón lem' ló go n-éusgrád,
Do bhrír mo ériúde iñ mé a ñ caoi gan traocheadh,
Do chuir mo raðarpc gan feidhm iñ m'éirteacét,

bað dem' tig do éuit faoi néulaið,
Laoð meap ceannra, ceann na faor-pílaic,
Comlað dín dom' cloinn an té rìn,
Uón áp m-bisð, áp m-bhríð 'r áp n-éirfeacét.

10 A g-cloðad cruaidh a d-tuað 'r a n-éide,
A rðiað eornaim poim olþairt na b-faolcon,
A g-crann baðair cum reafain a b-pléid tú,
A g-cruað faoi rðeimholl ve ríor gan bém tú.

XXXV.—The subject of this, the finest of all the poet's longer compositions, is the downfall of Eoghan, son of Cormac MacCarthy Riabhach, who held the Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliogach estate from Lord Kenmare. Lisnagaun is now called Headford, and is in the neighbourhood of Killarney and Glenflesk. The family of MacCarthy, at present residing at Lisnagaun, are not the direct descendants of Cormac Riabhach. In the satire on Cronin, the poet speaks of Cormac Riabhach, as being defrauded by his "receiver ciosa."

In the "Blennerhasset Pedigree," written about the year 1736, we have the following reference to Cormac Riabhach and his descendants:—"Anne Reeves, third daughter of James Reeves, and Alice Spring, married Turlogh O'Connor the proprietor of Ballingowan, before 1641, and had issue one daughter Alice O'Connor, a good-natured, well-bred gentlewoman, who by her husband, Captain Eoghan MacCarthy of Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliggagh in the County Kerry, left issue one son called Daniel and a daughter Anne MacCarthy. Daniel, only son of Captain Daniel (*recte* Owen) MacCarthy and Alice O'Connor, married Winifred Mac Elligott and left issue, with others, a son by name Justin well entitled to the estate of Lisnagaun, if he do qualify himself by becoming a Protestant, by which means, and no other, he will recover his right, and defeat the secret management of Garret Barry of Dunasloon, father-in-law of Florence MacCarthy, the said Justin's uncle. This youth will be lost in his pretensions to the estate if he do not become a Protestant or be supported by Lord Kenmare, whose ancestor Sir Nicholas Brown (by the name of Nicholas Brown, gent.) did by a small

XXXV.

TO THE CHIEFTAIN EOGHAN SON OF CORMAC
RIABHACH MAC CARTHY.

A sigh and a mishap that have wounded my mind,
And left me in sorrow during my days, till I die,
And broken my heart, while I mourn without ceasing,
And made my sight useless and my hearing.

It was from my house that there fell under a cloud,
A nimble, mild hero, the head of noble-chieftains ;
A door of protection for my children was he ;
The store of our food, our vigour, and our power ;

Their (my children's) helmet of steel, their axe, and their
armour ;

10 Their shield of defence against the growl of the wolves ;
Their threatening staff with which to stand in the contest ;
Their rick with a heap for ever without blemish ;

deed of Enfeoffment in Latin grant the said estate to Captain MacCarthy's ancestor named Cormac Reagh, at two shillings per annum and suit and service. This Latin Deed of enfeoffment I delivered, anno 1717, to Mr. Francis Enraught, attorney, to serve upon a hearing of Captain MacCarthy's cause, and defence in the Exchequer, where the titles of MacCarthy (*quae vide*) are set forth. On the death of Alice O'Connor, Captain Owen MacCarthy, married secondly Margaret Lacy of Ballylaghlan, and left a son Florence of Lisnagaun above-mentioned."—*Old Kerry Records*, 1st series, pp. 84-85. Eoghan's kinsmen at Lisnagaun, to quote Miss Hickson, "won and retained the good-will and esteem of men of all creeds and parties."—*Ib.*, vol. ii., p. 127, note. Indeed the reputation of this family in our own day for large-hearted generosity makes us enter into the poet's feelings in speaking of Eoghan's benevolence towards his children. I know of but one copy of this poem which is contained in Egerton 94, British Museum.

5. In this and following lines the poet refers to the downfall of Eoghan MacCarthy Riabhach.

6. ceann. MS. cion, but metre requires ceann.

9-16. A in these lines refers to cloinn in 7. In these two stanzas Eoghan is described in various military terms as the defence of the poet's children.

12. cnuac̄ faoi r̦seimholl, a rick with its heap like a pent-house ; the r̦seimholl is the portion jutting out.

A n-gleacairde éupa a n-uét an baoisail,
 A g-Cuélainn do'dh' gúirpm éum réidtig,
 A g-comaire a m-bearnain náimad go tréun tú,
 Dé suír éuitig le Muirír an éidig.

20 A m-bapc 'r a m-bád 'r a n-ártac réin tú,
 A leoðan 'r a peabac a g-ceann 'ra b-féinniō,
 A lonnrað polair a n-boirpēoct pléiþe,
 'S a d-triatc ceapt 'r a meap tar Éirinn.

A g-caet-míleað neapt-buiðeanmáar, raořða,
 Calma, cárdeamhuił, ránðeañail, raořrač,
 Cupata, cróða, mórða, maorða,
 Ríðeamuil, peacétmar, rætmar, réimeač.

Fíor-öliȝðeac, rorařða, foirtil ðan aon luét,
 Soéma, róilbír, rocaip 'n a éréigðiþ
 Cliaðamhuił, ríontamhuił, raoiðeamhuił, beurpač,
 Duimeata, diaða, ciallmáar, ríom-ðlic.

30 Daðamhuił, ořgarða, cumarač, tréunmar,
 Ó'fáig na b-peap ruair ceannar Éirionn;
 De ríleacetaib Eðgaiñ tódir, iř Éibír,
 Iř Caiř mīc Čoipc, a ngoil nár traočað.

Círeamón na peacét, iř Aonðuir,
 A bpráðair Moða, iř Conn na d-tréun-čat,
 A mac-ran Aþt ruair ceannar Éilge
 Caipbre, iř Cap, an flaič, iř Néill Duð.

40 A bpráðair Feapður calma créacetač,
 Iř luðoine móř an lóicne léanmáar,
 Ceallačán Čaiřil do čapadap tréimíre,
 Iř bprian léap tréapðrað Clanna Túrðériup.

16. It was Maurice got Eoghan's lands, but who he was is uncertain.

22-29. Some of the adjectives in this list may seem to contradict one another, but there is no real contradiction between ríontamhuił and raoiðeamhuił, &c. It is not to be expected that such lists are grouped in regular order according to meaning. Assonance and alliteration have more to do with their position than the sense.

Their warrior wert thou in the breast of danger ;
 Their Cuchulainn whom they may call on to restore peace ;
 Their protection in the gap of the enemy with might ;
 Though thou hast fallen by means of Maurice the liar.

- Their bark, their boat, their prosperous vessel art thou ;
 Their hero, their warrior, their leader, and their champion ;
 Their blaze of light in the darkness of the mountain ;
 20 And their true lord, and their esteem beyond Erin ;

Their noble warrior of strong companies,
 Gallant, friendly, ingenious, keen,
 Valiant, brave, proud, stately,
 Princely, commanding, fortunate, powerful ;

Of just laws, grave, strong, faultless,
 Quiet, cheerful, steady in his virtues,
 Stout-hearted, fond of carouse, philosophic, polite,
 Manly, pious, sensible, of calm wisdom ;

- Handsome, Osgar-like, able, mighty,
 30 Of the stock of the men who obtained the headship of Erin ;
 Of the progeny of Eoghan Mor, and of Eibhear,
 And of Cas, son of Core, who was not subdued in valour.

Eireamhon of the laws and Aongus,
 His kinsmen, Mogha, and Conn of the strong battles,
 Art, his son, who obtained the sovereignty of Eilge,
 Cairbre, and Cas the chieftain, and Niall Dubh.

- Fergus was his kinsman, strong, wounding,
 And Iughoine Mor, the afflicting breeze,
 Ceallachan of Cashel, whom they turned back for a time,
 40 And Brian, by whom the children of Turgesius were laid low.

31-40. The kings here mentioned belong to the highways of Irish history.

39. The subject of éaradap is Clanna Túrgériup, that is, the Danes. For an account of Ceallachan's wars with the Danes, see O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, vol. iii., pp. 213 *et seq.* For a discussion on the name Turgesius, see Todd's *War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, Introd. liii.

Bráthair daoil do phróimh Uí Laoðair,
 S eaðán an díomair fíocómaip euðtais,
 Cloða míc Óinn nár claoisdeas a n-aon dul,
 Do rusp a bhiðean tarp toinn a n-aonþeas.

Iñ píop le n-amairc a n-annalaic Éirionn,
 Dúr tu an ceap de fíleacótaib déig- ionais,
 Trías na Mainse an Carrainn 'fan t-Sléibhe,
 Ón dá Cíoc do fíoraois Sléibhe Mír.

50 A bráthair mír na m-búrcaic euðtaic,
 Uí Concuðair puaip clú le daonnaic,
 Uí Ómnaill nár leonaic aip aon cōr,
 Iñ Uí Ruairc élumhail na lúipeac ngléideal.

Bráthair dair do Mac Uí Neill tu,
 Bráthair daipid Uí Ceallaigh 'ra céile,
 Bráthair glúin don Phriónra Séamus,
 Do péir tarp cantar a Saltair na raoip-fílaic.

60 Bráthair Ómnaill érðin ó Úeara,
 Bráthair Cloinn t-Suíbne do b'na laoðaib,
 Ómnaill Cáim nár fíll ó aon-éas,
 Iñ Ómnaill ðroisde, ceann dípeac Éirionn.

Bráthair d'árho-þlioët Uí Réagáin,
 Bráthair fír Ceanntoirc na g-caolta,
 Bráthair Óuið do þlioët na ngsaorða,
 Iñ Míc Þinn ðob' fíop-laoë 'n aonar.

41. *pfróm* for *pfréam*, as often.

56. The Psalter of Cashel is meant; cf. XIV. 71.

57-60. This stanza refers mainly to the O'Sullivans: the principal branches were—O'Sullivan Mor of Dunkerron, the O'Sullivans of Beare, of Capanaeoise, of Ardea, and of Tomies. The MacGillicuddys were also a branch of the O'Sullivans. Aodh Dubh was common ancestor to the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys. Domhnall

A kinsman in blood to the stock of O'Leary ;
 Of Seaghan an Díomas, the fierce, the mighty ;
 Of Aodh son of Conn, who was not overcome in any struggle ;
 Who took his troops together with him over the sea.

It is plain to be seen in the annals of Erin,
 That you are the head of the noble generous families ;
 The lord of the Maine, of Corran, of the Sliabh,
 From the Two Paps to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

- Noble kinsman of the mighty Burkes ;
 50 Of O'Connor, who got fame through humanity ;
 Of O'Donnell who was not ever wounded ;
 And of O'Rourke, the famous, of the bright armour.

A near kinsman to O'Neill art thou ;
 A near kinsman^{to} O'Kelly and to his wife ;
 A kinsman in blood to Prince James ;
 As is sung in the Psalter of the noble chieftains.

- Kinsman of Domhnall the swarthy from Béara ;
 Kinsman of Clan Sweeney who were warriors ;
 Of Domhnall Cam who never retreated from battle ;
 60 And of Domhnall the great, the direct sovereign of Erin.

Kinsman of the high family of O'Regan ;
 Kinsman of the nobleman of Kanturk of the marshy plains ;
 Kinsman of Dubh of the family of the Valley ;
 And of Mac Finneen who was a unique true warrior.

Cam bravely defended his castle of Carrignass against Carew in the reign of Elizabeth. The Domhnall groidhe here mentioned seems to be Domhnall Mor, father of Giolla Mochuda Caoch.

61. For an account of the O'Regans, see O'Donovan's edition of *Topographical Poems*, note (411).

63. It is not certain what Dubh is meant.

Brátheair fíal do Niall na g-caol-eáé,
Iñ na naoi n-gíall do riap air Éirinn,
Brátheair dian na m-brianaé aorba,
Mile Phiafair iñ Tídearna na n-Déireac.

70 Brátheair fine Mile Muirip ón m-béillic,
Iñ an Ríóipe ó éoif Sionna na g-caol-báre,
Mile Mhaol buair na ruas baò érpeuníar,
Iñ Uí Óonnéaða an Roif fuair tuitim taoibh riut.

Brátheair móir doin Róirteac réim tñ,
Brátheair dñairid an ñarraið 'r a ñaolta,
Brátheair ðeapairt de maitið na n-ðíreudáé,
Brátheair reabhaic ñunraite na nglé-ða.

80 Brátheair fionn Uí Óaoim ñan aon loct,
Do ruð buaidh ón Ruacataé gléideal,
Uí Ceallaéam uafail Óluana an réigðið,
Iñ Clanna Þuairé ñuairig ñéapcaid.

Brátheair Ónprí ñinnchil laoëda,
Iñ Mile Amhaoim na leabhair-þrionb euëtaé,
Ótaiðg ñan cám do báðað 'r an tréan t-þriuit,
Iñ Ótaiðg Mile Capra o Ólárap Luirc Ínbir.

Taðg Ó Ceallaig o Óaëðruim euëtaé,
Iñ Taðg an Ñullaið fuairi upraim o éigðið.
Ótac Taðg bñ taidbheac baò ñaol duit,
A brátheair oïðre Ótaiðg mile Séapra.

90 Brátheair Óúrraið lúbaid euëtaid,
Iñ taidearna Ñúrrþraidhe an cùil bñidé ñéaplaid,
Taidearna an Ñlinne, an Óuirp fuairi réimear,
Iñ taidearna an Óappainn iñ Óairþrið taoibh leat.

69. The Fitzmaurices of Lixnaw.

70. The Knight of Glin.

71. Dermot MacMorogh, of Norman Invasion celebrity, is sometimes spoken of as Mac Mhaol na m-bó, because of his ancestor.

72. Uí Óonnéaða: MS. Mile Óonnéaða, which is perhaps a mistake; tuitim = 'nursing, fosterage.'

78. Reference is, perhaps, to the Battle of Callan, between the Geraldines and the MacCarthys.

Generous kinsman of Niall of the slender steeds ;
 And of the nine hostages, who ruled Erin ;
 The vehement kinsman of the ancient O'Briens ;
 Of Mac Ferris, and of the Lord of the Decies.

Kinsman of the race of Fitzmaurice from the Great Stone ;
 70 And of the Knight from beside the Shannon of the slender ships ;
 Of the son of Maol na m-bo of the routs, who was valiant ;
 And of O'Donoghue of Ross who was in fosterage with thee ;

Great kinsman of the mild Roche art thou ;
 The near kinsman of Barry and his relatives ;
 Kinsman of Gerald of the Grecian princes ;
 Kinsman of the warrior of Bunratty, of bright spears ;

The fair kinsman of O'Keeffe without a fault ;
 Who came victorious from the bright Roughty ;
 Of noble O'Callaghan of Cluain of the peace-making,
 80 And of the descendants of Guaire the generous and charitable.

Kinsman of Cúrí the fair, the heroic,
 And of MacAuliffe of the limber stretches, the able ;
 Of Tadhg the faultless who was drowned in the strong current,
 And of Tadhg MacCarthy from Clar Luirc of Eibhear.

Tadhg O'Kelly from Aughrim, the mighty,
 And Tadhg of the Mullach who was esteemed by learned men,
 Every Tadhg who was of much account was thy kinsman,
 Thou kinsman of the heir of Tadhg son of Geoffrey.

Kinsman of De Courcey the supple, the mighty,
 90 And of the lord of Muskery of the yellow plaited locks,
 Of the lord of Glin, of the lord of Curm who obtained sway ;
 Of the lords of Corran and Carbery beside thee.

80. Guaire Aidhne, surnamed the hospitable, was King of Connaught in the seventh century.

82. Mac Auliffe of Duhallow.

83-84. It is not easy to identify the Tadhgs mentioned here. There are several of that name in the pedigree of the Clancarty family.

88. O'Donoghue of Glenflesk.

197. *Ir truaidh do éalaím a ñ clanna na g-cáoraí,*
O roimis eacorrpa a n-airde gan éipic,
Steiridh fá n'úilinn de a ñ Muirír an bpríde,
Steiridh na tubairte ó Muirír de a ñ Éamonn.

198. *Táin mo rámh i ñ dánbaid 'far déaraí,*
Tráinig i ñ cénig tréapar éionnriðnaír eud ríp;
Tré bprípeas ñaoiseach na raoisé b-fiochtáir ñ-tréigtheach,
Cuirfidh na cinni rín línn i ñ baoghal do.

199. *Do ghníos Seoirse mór-éapeas aonair,*
Mar Mac Cumhaill a ñ-táin na Féinne,
Do ghníos Muirír le dliagteib a ñaoraí,
Ir ghlór binn dá g-cuileapeas a ñ Éamonn.

200. *An méid nár fionnaid le h-imírt na méipleaí,*
Do éapeas Mac Craithe ap máir de'n tréada,
Le h-óir an diaibail dá riap gan daonnaíte,
'S apír go dubalta dá éilimh.

201. *An té bí aca a n-uairai ñ a g-ceannar na tréine,*
Atá a m-bliaðna a ñ iarrhai ñeirce,
Do fúigear dír dá m-buiðin gan aon phreab,
Puil a g-croíde 'ra g-clí dá taorða.

202. *Cailleamhún Séadán, nár ptáin ó bpreuðaitib,*
Do éuir Eoghan go deob raoi neulaitib,
Na díobharðaig fíor-laga traoícta,
'S a ñ-tiðte 'na rmúda bpríigte air aon ball.

93-96. Having excited sympathy for Eoghan by recounting his virtues, and tracing his high lineage, the poet turns with bitter scorn to the adventurers—men who dealt in sheep and frieze, who had come in for his lands—and draws a ludicrous picture of Maurice and Eamoun, portioning his estate amongst them as if they were cutting a sheep into chops.

93. *éalaím:* MS. óala, the sense and metre point to éalaím as the true reading.

97-100. In this stanza, which is obscure, cuirfidh línn perhaps = cuirfidh ophainn, ‘will injure us.’

101. *Seoirse;* transcript of MS. has raoípre. Who George was does not

It is pitiful that thy lands should be possessed by the tribe of the sheep,

Who came among them without payment, without an eiric;

A steak of them under his elbow held by Maurice of the frieze;

An unfortunate steak of them from Maurice held by Eamonn;

The origin of my story is sad and tearful,

The reason and cause why you began to be jealous of him;

On account of the breaking of the proud accomplished nobles,

100 These leaders will injure us it is to be feared.

George used to carry out unique plunder

As the son of Cumhall in the front of the warriors;

Maurice condemned them by laws,

And sweet the voice of Eamonn as he put them in chains.

As many as were not destroyed by the contrivance of the vagabonds,

M'Grath robbed all who survived of the flock,

By means of the devil's gold which he dispensed without humanity,

While he demanded it again doubly.

He whom they had last year in the authority of power

110 Is this year begging for alms;

Two of their company were left without any stir of life;

The blood of their hearts and breasts pouring out.

It was the death of John who was not perverse through lying,

That put Eoghan for ever beneath a cloud;

And made the banished very week and subdued;

And their houses crushed together into soot.

appear; there was a George Eagar constable of Killarney early in the last century.

108. *apír*: transcript, a *píp*; in any case the metre of line is defective. The allusion in 107-8 seems to be to usurers, or else to soupers.

113. Who John was is uncertain; he may have been brother to Eoghan. *Ib.* *ptán* = *ptaon*, 'who was not perverse from lying' (?), which does not seem a high compliment.

120

Bað tóinig 'na dúntais uððaip aorða,
 Óraoiðe íf dáið íf báiprð íf éigre,
 Þilisðe íf clíap dá riap le ðaonnaéit,
 Íf Eaglair Óriopt do ríop dá n-éiliom.

A Óia tár aip neim̄ do éluit na rðeulta,
 A Ríð na b-þeapt íf a Aðaip naomhá,
 Créad fá'ri þuilegir a ionad að beuparib,
 A éiop aca, aif é rindil an' eugmair.

Do caoið Sol go doët an t-éipleac,
 Luna do ȝuile rroða déara,
 Boreap cruaid a ð-tuaið að réidead,
 An fad tár Muirír a g-cumad 'pan taobh ro.

130

Aip ósbipt Eoðain go brefnidte tréit-lað,
 Do ȝuileadap oët rroðanna raora,
 An línáig 'r an Leathainn þann gan þaorat,
 An Cárðac an t-Sláine 'r an Ólaoda.

Aðbainn Óill Críad bað éian a caol-rþreav,
 Að fíor-ðul 'r að caomead a céile,
 Bruað na líce aip buile 'r an Þéile,
 Aður an Daoil að aorl-ðol 'na h-aonar.

140

An Ðaoi go dúbað 'pan t-Siúir að g-eimnið,
 Aður Siðainn Cloinne Loipc na g-caol-eac,
 An línáig gan pláinte þá na rðeulaið,
 Coip Laoi 'r an Órídeac go leunimáip.

Þionna-rþruie 'r an Þleapð aip earfbaid céille,
 Aðbainn Taphlan þaoi rðamall íf Éirne,
 Aðbainn Óaluaid 'r an Óuanaé traoéta,
 'S an Þeapba go þad-cumac að' ðeis-þe.

121. neim̄, old dat. of neamh, is required for metre.

123. a before ionad is lost in pronouncing the line, and is not given in MS.

129-132. The rivers in this stanza have been all mentioned in XXII.

Often were aged authors in his castles,
 Druids and seers, and bards, and learned men,
 Poets and bands of rhymers dispensed to, with humanity ;
 120 And the clergy of Christ ever visiting them.

O God, who art in heaven, who hearest the tidings
 O King of miracles, and Holy Father,
 Why hast thou suffered his place to be held by bears,
 That they should have his rent while he is straightened for want
 of it.

Sol wept bitterly for the ruin,
 Luna wept streams of tears,
 The severe Boreas is blowing from the north,
 As long as Maurice holds sway in this region.

On the banishment of Eoghan, afflicted, and enfeebled,
 130 Eight noble streams wept,
 The Mague, and the Laune, weak without respite
 The Carthach, the Slaney, and the Claodach.

The river of Cilleriadh, long was her slender moan,
 Bitterly weeping and lamenting her lord ;
 The margin stream of Lixnaw, was raging, and the Feale,
 And the Deal sorely crying alone.

The Gaoi was sad, and the Suir screamed,
 And the Shannon of the descendants of Lorc of the slender steeds,
 The Mague without health, because of the tidings
 140 The margin of the Lee and the Bride afflicted.

The Fionn Sruith and the Flesh deprived of their senses ;
 The stream of Targlan under clouds, and the Earne ;
 The river Daluadh and the Cuanach are oppressed ;
 And the Barrow in long mourning for thee.

133. Abhainn Ćill Cpiāō seems to be the river flowing beside Headford, the scene of the bog disaster.

135. bpuaē na lice refers to the River Brick, flowing near Lixnaw.

136. aol-đol for oll-đoll. 143. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.

Níor fáid an Chroinseach d'eoир gán pprneacád,
 Baor árthair bóéna bónáir déara,
 An Ruactaé go buartha i n-ád gémhinnis.
 Abainn Dá Cíe 'ra daoinne tréit-lag.

150 Ní baib Sídg-bean díobh a m-béillic,
 Ó Dún Caoim go h-iocatar Éipne,
 Ó Inis bó go teóra Éipionn,
 Nár léig deóra mórta aip aon ball.

Aip éeaéit linniúirí éusd uile 'na céirid éirt,
 Baib éloir d'air aig mnáib aip éaoib Tuirce,
 Iar d'á éaoib Maingé d'á fheagairt go h-eudhíar,
 Iar baib éloir uailí aip uaétar Sléibe Mír.

160 bean ríde an Ruir aig ríleabhd' déara,
 Iar bean ríde bán na blárrnan taobh riota
 bean ríde an Gleanná iona labhrat eunlait
 Iar feaéit mná ríde aip an g-Cíe gán traoéad.

Do ghuil Chloóna tríd na gseulairib,
 Do ghuil Una a n-Dúplar Éile,
 Do ghuil Aoife a ríod-þrois Féiðlim,
 Iar do ghuil Aoibhíll rídg-bean Léit-ériaið.

Do ghuil go truaidh an Ruactaé caoille,
 Do ghuil Áine a n-áruig Þréime,
 Do ghuileadh oírt n-oíctair aip aon loé,
 Do ghuileadh aímpre an Carramhn 'r an t-Sléibe.

170 bean ríde Dún na n-ðall aig seup-ðul,
 bean ríde a n-Teamhair agur í ceupða,
 bean ríde a n-Þoðaill fór gán faoraini,
 Iar bean ríde a g-Ceapa Óiinn na n-Óeiread.

145-8. The Croinseach is mentioned also in XXII. The Abainn da Chich seems to be the river flowing westward to Headford, north of the Paps. The other rivers mentioned are well known.

149 *et seq.* After the rivers have been made to lament the ruin of Eoghan, the *mna sighe* or *mna sidhe* take up the doleful cry; see Introd., sect. IV.

150. Dún Caoim is to the west of Dingle.

The Croinseach did not leave a drop but it scattered
 Throughout the kine-frequented headlands of the sea of Beara ;
 The Roughty is troubled, and moans ;
 The river of the Two Paps and her people are weakened.

There was none of the banshees in the huge rocks
 150 From Dun Caoin, to the lower end of the Earne ;
 From Inisbofin, to the boundaries of Erin ;
 Who did not shed great tears in one place.

On the coming of Maurice who brought everything under his own
 proper trade (?)

A scream was heard from women on the side of Tore ;
 While the two sides of the Maine replied enviously ;
 And wailing was heard on the top of Sliabh Mis.

The banshee of Ross was shedding tears,
 The white banshee of Blarney which is beside you,
 The banshee of the Glen in which birds are vocal,
 160 And the seven banshees on the Paps without pause.

Cliodhna wept because of the tidings ;
 Una wept in Thurles of Eily ;
 Aoife wept in the fairy mansion of Feidhlim ;
 And Aoibhill, the banshee of Carriglea.

The slender Roughty wept piteously
 Aine wept in the dwelling of Grian ;
 Eight eights wept together on the same lake ;
 The fairy maidens of Corran and of the Sliabh wept.

The banshee of Donegal was bitterly weeping ;
 170 A banshee at Tara, who is in torture ;
 A banshee at Youghal also without respite ;
 And a banshee at Cappoquin of the Deecies.

153. *éug uile 'na céipdó círt* is a difficult phrase.

157 *et seq.* bean *píðe* : MS. bean *t-píðe* throughout. Blarney is said to be beside Eoghan, as it is near the lands that belonged to his ancestors.

162. Eily O'Carroll included some baronies in Co. Tipperary.

165. *caoille*, *sic* MS., and also Hardiman, who gives this stanza. *caoille*, = 'land,' is given in O'R.'s and O'Brien's dictionaries. The line is obscure.

bean píðe fóir do deóraé eudomáar
 A m-baile Uí Carrbhre, ainnír deo' fiaor-fhlaocht ;
 baileacán a g-créaethaib báir fád' rdeulaitb
 'S an τ-Eun Pionn a ḡ-teannaitaib euða.

180

Do ḡlac fannaitaip dream an ñeupla,
 Do fiaoleadap do b-pillfeadaip ír éuðainn Séamus,
 An tan do rdeead an leac fád' rdeulaitb,
 An lía Fáil 'na láp að g-eimnið.

O'éir gur éaoiðeadaip coillte ip caolta,
 Do loipd mo époide do mill 'r do éeur mē,
 An bhratðo-ðeal ó Þaiðrið na fiaor-fhlaitb,
 Do beit að dol gan ror 'na h-aonar,

Að gpeadað a bair 'r að rtaethað a céilbe,
 'Na g-caor n-dearpð a deapca gan traoðað,
 A cpoiceann ðeal aip fád 'na éréaethaib,
 Ip folað píoda a clí-ðoipr fiaobha.

190

O'éir gur éoipdeadaip rroðanna að g-eimnið,
 Coillte copp-rénois ðorma ip faolðom,
 Ríogain Pionngrðoð að ríop-ðul 'na h-aonar,
 Do éuir m' intleacét trí na céile.

Faethaim eár ip fáð a deara,
 Den τ-poillfeac ó Þaiðtreab na fiaor-fhlaitb,
 Cread an báir, an τáir, nō an τ-éigion,
 Tpé 'n ap mill a baill 'ra h-eudað ?

200

O'fheagair Pionngrðoð dñinn do h-eudomáar,
 Le glór doilb do fóllur a n-éipeact,
 Tá a fáidhiof agat-ra deapb mo rdeulta,
 Ip do ḡ-tig níl 'na rruið óm éréaethaib,

174. It is here suggested that a family tie exists between the banshee of a great family and the members of that family.

175. baileacán is the name of a townland in the barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry; it is marked on Carew's map of Iveragh Barony in the Lambeth Library.

176. an τ-Eun Pionn, also called an τ-Eun Ceannan, XXII., the home of Mac Finneen.

A banshee, besides, tearful and envious
 In the dwelling of Cairbre, a maiden of thy noble race ;
 Baisleacan in the tremors of death at tidings of thee ;
 And the Eun Fionn in the grip of death.

The tribe of the English speech fell into a fainting fit ;
 They thought that James would return to us again,
 When the Stone screamed at the tidings of thee—

180 The Lia Fail moaning in its centre.

After the lament of woods and marshy plains,
 It scalded my heart, it ruined and tormented me,
 That the Fair-necked from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 Was weeping without ceasing alone,

Wringing her hands, and tearing her hair,
 Her eyes as red fire, without respite,
 Her bright skin all full of wounds,
 And the silken covering of her bosom rent.

After the streams had ceased to moan
 190 Woods, stately green hills, and wolves,
 The queenly Fionnsgoth, weeping continually alone,
 Has put my mind into confusion.

I ask what misfortune has happened, and the cause of her tears
 Of the brilliant one from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 What was the death, the insult, the violence,
 For which she mangled her limbs, and her garments ?

Fionnsgoth replied to me enviously,
 With a mournful voice, as was evident, effectively :
 Thou knowest full well the truth of my tidings,
 200 Seeing that venom comes in streams from my wounds,

194. *Paíðtpeab* is no doubt the same as *Paíðrib*, of 183 *supra*, it is, perhaps, the modern Firies, in West Kerry; the *poillpeac* mentioned here is the same as the *bpaíðo-ðeal*, 183; both refer to Fionnsgoth, a mountain in West Kerry mentioned in XXII.

'Sa liacht rluaithe de mhaithíb Néill Ónib,
Fiaiguithe i� fáid i� ráp-fílaist beurraé,
Mná uaire le nár ghruaamhá, i� daomhne aoráda,
Do éuaidh do díz an bhsd 'r an eudair,

Dúr dísbearead an rídh ceapt go claoimharp,
Earfbois, ragairt, abaid, i� cléiríos,
Bhráithe tiaosa, i� clíap na déirce,
Aður uaire na tuaithe pe céile.

O' innrior go fíor dí bprídh mo rdeulta:
210 Dó rai'b Eoghan mór fóir gan baogal;
A chalan má b's 'na díz go m-b'féríodh
A fagáil do apír le línn an pex círt.

Táid créactha Séadán go h-árd ag éigeanadh aip;
Að lónnraimh fionntar aður ag fméide,
Að rdeareadað fóir aip Eoghan go h-éigneadh,
Að iarrhaidh folá dòrtas a n'éiric.

Orfinn fóir éus léonach léin aip,
Ruðraoi i� Seon mic Ómair Éigír,
Seadán i� Óíarainn rian bád bhréagáe,
220 Muirír 'r an dír rín éus rðaoile léin aip.

I� bhrónaé anoir le cup a n-ðaoðailse,
An éuра éuit 'na éiot aip ðaoðalaib,
I� aip gaé aicme de élanndaiib Milefíur,
An méri díob d'iompairið pe Luther a n-éide.

Map d'iomáis tap ppúill anonn áp ð-cléir mhaist,
Map do cuirpead aip dísbirte éoitche Séamur,
Do cuirpead fá rmaet ap mair den tréudha,
I� do cuirpead Eoghan fá bhrón, mo ðeup-ðoim.

213-216. This beautiful stanza reminds one a little of the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. 214. Fionntar, 'struggle, contest': cf. XXX. 2.

217-220. For an interesting account of the Orpen and Eagar families who settled in Kerry, see *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, pp. 140-212. The Eagars gained great military distinction in the British army, and were not the last to make common cause with the Catholic Celts of Kerry. Francis Eagar, the fifth son of Alexander Eagar, the first settler of his name in Kerry, married a daughter

Seeing the great multitude of the nobles of Niall Dubh,
 Huntsmen, seers, and true, courteous chieftains,
 Noble ladies, who were not cheerless, and aged persons,
 Who have suffered want in food and raiment,

That the rightful king was wickedly banished,
 Bishops, priests, abbots, and men of letters,
 Pious friars, and the mendicant band,
 And the nobles of the country together.

I told her truly the substance of my tidings ;

210 That the great Eoghan was still free from harm ;
 If his land was lost to him, that he could
 Obtain it again at the coming of the rightful king.

John's wounds are loudly crying out to him ;
 They are flashing forth battle, and beckoning,
 And also screaming to Eoghan violently,
 Entreating him to spill blood as an eiric.

Orpen also inflicted on him a sad wounding,
 Rughraoi and Seon son of Amos Eagar,

John and Diarmuid who were ever liars,

220 Maurice and these two brought doleful destruction on him.

Sad now is it to record in Gaelic,
 The torture that fell on the Gaels in a shower,
 And on every band of the descendants of Milesius,
 As many of them as became turncoats with Luther ;

When our good clergy went over across the waves,
 When James was sent for ever into banishment,
 All that survived of the company were put beneath the yoke,
 And Eoghan was afflicted with sorrow—my sharp wounding !

of O'Donoghue Dubh, of Glenflesk, and so identified himself with the resistance to the penal laws made by his brothers-in-law that he is called in more than one despatch “a pretended Protestant.” One of the Orpens, Robert, was the hero of Killowen in 1688. But the Eagars referred to in this stanza I am unable to identify.

218. The name Amos is not unknown in Kerry.

221–228. In these two stanzas, the general evils of which Eoghan's expulsion only formed a small part, are dwelt on.

230

A dhéanamh dom Israíl éirteacáit,
 An ceathair aip Eoighan do phóil a thraoibh,
 Círiof a bheatha do chathairt do aip aon ball,
 Ó Suighe Finn do fíoraonibh Sléibe Mír.

Uifre na Mainistreach, Leathún, Laois, i n-Cluadach,
 Snaidhmír pe ghrácaibh rísear le linn Léim Tuirce,
 Fionna Sruíche, Plearg, i n-áirítear an Maor d'fheirm,
 Roinn Maorír do cheact arteacáit pe Clann Éigir.

240

Tuitim na b-plaice meapa b-fíor-laocháin,
 Re nuaithír na naimhíad neaprtímar ngráim-euéctaé,
 Ollighe na b-peap léap leaðaibh Rígh Séamur,
 Cuig Muirír arteacáit gan ceapt le Clann Éigir.

Ionad mo ríean le real a n-Uisib Laoighaire,
 I n-tuitim na b-peap 'fan tpeap le Rígh Séamur,
 Muirír do cheact arteacáit le Clann Éigir
 Tíre a g-cumhailim bap dom naimhíad fír-euéctaé.

AN CEANÓL.

Mairéad cùipear gáe dochair le rochair do riocair 'na dteaghlach,
 Fionnaibh gáe toraithe an olann an duille 'fan bláth,
 Ní duine ná oícthar aictear coisibh na ríogha de ghnáth,
 Cuig muileann an Dhoireáid do Maorír 'fan eochair 'na láimh.

232. A great many mountains in Ireland are called Suighe Finn. Above, the poet puts the limit as:

Ón dá Chláibh go fíoraonibh Sléibe Mír.

233-236. In this stanza the rivers more closely connected with the estate of Eoghan are introduced as a final chorus of grief for the incoming of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

234. Linn Léim Tuirce, the lake of Tore Waterfall.

236. Caire an Maor. The River Maor or Maire forms part of the boundary between Cork and Kerry, and is referred to by Spenser:—

“There also was the wide embayed Maire.”

Fairy Queen, Canto II., Bk. iv.

I implore of Jesus Christ to hear me ;
 230 To remove this sorrow which is on Eoghan for a while ;
 To make restitution to him of his property at once
 From Suighe Finn to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

The waters of the Maine, the Laune, the Lee, and Claodach,
 Unite with the streams that depart from the lake of Tore Water-
 fall ;

The Fionn Sruth, the Flesh, and the current of Maor moan
 At the coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

The fall of the active, truly heroic chieftains,
 By a number of the enemy who were strong and powerful in deed,
 The laws of the men by whom King James was overthrown,
 240 Brought in Maurice without right with Clan Eagar.

My ancestors' abode for a time in Ivelleary,
 And the fall of the men in battle with King James,
 The coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar,
 Is the reason why I stroke with my hand the truly powerful foe.

THE BINDING.

Woe to him who sows every evil for the profit that flows from it ;
 The proof of every crop is the wool, the leaf, the blossom ;
 It was not one man nor eight, but the war of the kings, that for
 ever
 Gave the Mill of the Bridge to Maurice and the key in his hand.

The Fionn Sruth, or Finn Sruth, is perhaps the Finn Abhainn that flows through Drishane into the Blackwater, or it may be the Finniky, which flows into the Roughty at Kenmare.

241. This line is of biographical interest : le real seems to imply that his parents were *then* living in Ivelleary.

244. cuimilim bap = 'I stroke with the hand,' said ironically of satire. The enemy seems to be Maurice.

245. Transcript of poem reads map níð cuitíor, which spoils the metre ; lines 245–246 seem to be semi-proverbial sayings, but they are obscure.

248. What bridge is meant is uncertain, but probably the reference is to Lisnagaun, near Headford, where there is a place still called Old Bridge, which had formerly a tucking mill.

XXXVI.

DO MÁC ÞINNÐÍN DUIL ÚÍ SÚILLEADÓÁIN.

Pada érit teirt an oinid,
Dá m-bead gán é d'iaffraistíod,
D'iuil pean, iñ deirnín an dál,
Peap an oinid ap iomprád.

Cuid do bhuaidh þír an oinid
Beis gáe n-aon ap iafrasíod,
Teacáit arteaé go bfaistír aip
D'feap an oinid ní heagal.

O'feap an oinid ní huamain—
Cuid eile dá iolbhuaðaib—
Gibé a n-deinteap 'na ðoðar
Ní feidir é d'fólinnóeád.

Do ðruim oinid iñ anma
A n-oigréaet a acharða
Deirnín arteaé go ðtioerfa
Peap oinid iñ oirþeapta.

barr roðair é von oineac
Ðnáet aip fud críoc comraigearc,
Le luað a ðeað-anma að vuł,
Sean-laðra ruad iñ peancað.

20

XXXVI.—The metre of this poem as well as of XXXVII. is *deibhidhe*, each line of the quatrain consisting of seven syllables, the second and fourth ending with a word exceeding in the number of its syllables the words respectively ending the first and third; the first and second lines rhyme together as do the third and fourth; there is frequent alliteration, and a word in the middle of one line generally rhymes with a word in the beginning or middle of the next line. Mac Finneen Dubh was a branch of the O'Sullivan family.

XXXVI.

TO MAC FINNEEN DUBH O'SULLIVAN.

Far extends the fame of generosity,
 Even if it were not inquired about,
 In the knowledge of elders—it is a certainty
 That the generous man is spoken of.

One part of the generous man's excellence,
 Everyone is seeking him ;
 That you will take advantage of him,
 The generous man is not afraid.

To the generous man it is no cause of fear—
 Another of his many privileges—
 What trespass is done to him,
 He cannot be emptied out.

Through generosity and fame
 Into the inheritance of his patrimony
 Certainly will come
 The man of generosity and good deeds.

It is the highest advantage for generosity
 That ever throughout foreign regions
 In celebration of its good name, are going
 The ancient sayings of learned men and historians.

3. Perhaps we should read *ð'íul na pean deimín an dál*. MS. *dál* and *tomraib*.

6. *beit*. M. *bionn*; perhaps *ðaé uair* for *ðaé n-aon*.

7. *teacáit apteacá air*, seems to mean ‘an advantage over him.’

10. This line is parenthetical.

11. This line seems corrupt.

20. *pean-laibha*. MS. *nolaibhaib*.

Sean-nóir aca riatháin poimé
 'San éríe-tre fónio lusgoine,
 'Sé ar fead gáe oíriú tarran,
 Feap an oimig ar iarratáid.

Com-luaat éinigé—céim 'na rath,—
 An file, an fáid, an ceapbaé,
 Gáe taobh ag tríall ar oineacé
 Mar aon 'ran éliap éomhúiseacé.

30 Tíg an Laiğneacé leat air leat
 Tíg an Mhídeacé 'ran Muiníneacé,
 A n-dáil ní dainna turpse
 Fa Íair anma an Eoðaim-re.

Comluat ó céann gáe críche,
 Luéit ríaoilte ríéal coiscriíche,
 Dá bhríos a méad do meadair,
 Ais ríom a gáeas gainealaig?

40 Níor éloig aoinfheap aca-ran
 Ais bpreis oírþere ar Eoðan,
 Ní claoi don céad-rat do éap,
 Don dá éagnaid ní þaðéar.

Ní éuala Óaoisdeal ná Óall—
 Maiet iomérap an éinig éomhírom—
 Þór do buain bémé air a blað,
 buaið a þéile ní hiongnað.

Míre fém mar gáe feap díob,
 Ní cuaird iona cdiri dímþríos,
 Mo éol go hiomlán ní þui
 Do dol fá iomráð Eoðam.

24. After line 24 the following stanza is given in A. :—

Ní þui mo ériall tarpir-rin,
 Mac Fhinnghin Óuib, dreaid roilbip,
 bor tréan tar a n-doirið dul,
 Þréam an oimig ar aðnað.

It has been an ancient custom with them up to this time
 Throughout this region of the land of Iughone,
 And it is so all over every district,
 The generous man is sought out.

Equally swift come to him—a high degree in his good fortune—

The poet, the seer, the gambler,
 All approach the generous man
 Together with the foreign train.

The Leinsterman comes, side by side
 30 The Meathman and the Munsterman come,
 Their concourse is no cause of sadness
 At the shout of the name of this Eoghan.

Equally swift from the limits of every district
 Foreign story-tellers flock ;
 What means the greatness of their enjoyment
 As they enumerate his genealogical branches ?

No man of them did I hear
 Speaking in reproach of Eoghan.
 It is not a desire for riches he loved ;
 40 No one is found reproaching him.

I have not heard Gael or foreigner—
 Well does he bear the even balance—
 Who ever yet tarnished his fame,
 The renown of his hospitality is not strange.

I too like each one of these—
 It is not a journey which is to be disparaged—
 My wish is not entirely satisfied
 Till I go into social intercourse with Eoghan.

29. The second leat̄ is omitted in MS., which leaves a syllable wanting.

39. This line is obscure ; does céab-pat̄ mean ‘riches’?

47. Alliteration requires n̄ p̄uil ; MS. n̄ b-p̄uil.

50

Saoilim naé fuil ñiomháé de
Cléit náma nó feap feirbse;
Dníúr faoilis dhan cál a g-crois,
báis dhaé aomháip le hEoðan.

Do céannuaidh fóir, beapt dá rath,
Cinn raoip naé féidir d'ionnlaé,
Díol clú deidh-peacé iñ anáip
Cru ño rein-fhlocht Súilleabáin.

60

Ní théid cartheam 'na élú riam,
An fhlocht airmheac fó Eoðan,
A g-caoi buaó na d-toirþeapt d-triom
Fuair a n-oidhreacé a h-altrom.

A n-dimberídh ní dual a óul,
An teirte oirbhéarca-fa ar Eoðan,
An fíle iñ rein-peacé a fíean,
Deidh-fhlocht na fréimhe ó b-fuil-pean.

'Sé iñir uairbhlis fáinn Þaoiséal
Do gní an t-aithm-pe d'iomrðaoileasó,
Reacé fíre na fréimhe ó bfuil,
Séimhe a n-dine dá n-dúchais.

70

Oineac dñáit, iñ dñisom náipe,
Ceannraict, umla, iñ aónáipe,
Dhuiò pe hoirþeapt iñ ciall cinn
Tuð oirbhreacé don fíal fóirtill.

Iomhá céim 'na d-tig apteaé,
Máir fíor d'fhiugháis na bfhileasó,
Feap an oirbhéartha of ciomh éáis
A gciomh oirbhreacéta d'fhaðáil.

55-56. Metre corrupt, and translation doubtful. rein-peacé : MS. deidh-peacé.

50

I think that no one is ill-disposed towards him
 Save an enemy or a man of choler ;
 A joyous face without desire of wealth,
 Everyone's good will is possessed by Eoghan.

He purchased besides—a piece of his good fortune—
 A noble name that cannot be assailed,
 Reward of the fame of good laws and honour,
 The blood of the old race of Suilleabhair.

60

Its fame does not wear out,
 That of the renowned race of Eoghan
 In the path of victories of the stern struggles
 Their inheritance got its nurture.

It is not its wont to diminish in strength
 This renowned fame of Eoghan—
 Hospitality and the old state of his ancestors,
 The goodly progeny of the stock whence he sprang.

It is this amongst the nobles of the land of the Gaels
 That spreads this name abroad,
 The real power of the stock whence he sprung,
 The gentleness of the race towards their country.

70

Constant generosity, with good deeds,
 Friendship, humility, and modesty,
 An approach to noble actions and wisdom of head
 Gave inheritance to the strong hospitable man.

Many are the steps by which enters—
 If the words of the poet be true—
 The man of noble deeds above all
 For the obtaining of his inheritance.

86

Δαέ βαρρ μνήμε δά ӯ-βυαιρ ραι,
 Μαιč ἵρ βιú α ḥiall 'ra ՚éadβaið,
 Ní náρ ταρ ḥaiṭeař a ḥroð,
 A maiṭeař τář δan ṭórað.

Ní le třéan τáiniç a neapt,
 ՚grár ՚dé le dul a n-oiḡpeac̄t
 βuair a ḥoił do ՚brium dočra
 Ní cuim̄g raim nač ro-ṁol̄ta.

Nač beanuioň na raiinn-ře riþ
 Ní ṭeaprait, a ՚llic ՚pinn̄d̄in,
 Réim δan βoipneapt, δan folaið,
 Ar t'oirb̄eapt féin βuapabaiř.

90

Mac ՚pinn̄d̄in ՚duiř dá ráð riþ
 Atá, ní himn̄mē a n-aip̄sið ;
 Aip̄ do ՚geall ní ՚daiřm eile,
 ἵr feapp̄ ainn̄ ná aip̄iðe.

βařr aip̄ ՚feapraiř p̄eile βuair
 Eochaið ՚cáč an ՚éad-uaiř ;
 Coim̄liontap an ՚dlú do ՚euip̄
 Le cpr̄ oirb̄eapt̄a Eochaið.

100

Ón lá ſin ՚d̄ur an lá aonuiođ
 ՚gibé iona ՚ceann do ՚euip̄fead̄,
 Ní ՚deac̄aið céim aip̄ ՚g-cúlaiř
 O ՚p̄réim̄ Eochaið aon-՚fúlaiđ.

82. ՚grár : MS. ՚grára, giving an extra syllable.

84. nač : both A and M read δan ՚beit̄, giving an extra syllable, and spoiling alliteration.

80

Whatever distinction in honour he has obtained
 His wisdom and judgment have well deserved ;
 It is not dishonourable how he spends his wealth,
 Great is his goodness without pride.

Not with human might came his strength
 Which is God's grace to go into his inheritance ;
 He obtained his desire through adversity,
 That is not a yoke which is not praiseworthy.

That these verses pertain not to thee,
 I do not judge, O Mac Finneen,
 Sway without violence or enmity
 By thy own noble deeds thou hast won.

90

The name Mac Finneen Dubh is applied to thee—
 It is not an empty title—
 For thy pledge no other name ; (?)
 A name is better than chieftainship.

Supremacy over hospitable men
 Eochaiddh obtained at first from all,
 The fame is perpetuated
 Which the noble deed of Eochaiddh gave his race.

100

From that day to this day
 Whosoever should add to it,
 It did not retreat one step
 From the race of Eochaiddh the one-eyed.

91. ní ȝairm. A an ȝairm. giving only six syllables.

93. ȝeapaib, both MSS. have ȝip,

100. The legend the poet alludes to is well known.

XXXVII.

DO ÐORMAC MAC CARTA GUIRT NA Ð-CLOC.

Aille, acfumh naé faiem,
Craoðaet aibig anaiell,
Stuað glan oirþreacð gan oll d'þar.
Tearfðar Ðormaic Mic Capa.

Ðríoð vo þoilceann a ffeile,
Naðair ðan dñil ðroíeméine,
Rún aðbaorlpe eré glan éair,
'Sé iþ aðbaorl ðápr n-eaðrám.

10 Doinleánb na þanba buaine,
Conclan Con na Craobhruaide,
Ðríoð veagð-énuir iþ teó a ð-treap,
Að-ðuaripe gleð na n-apd- cleap.

Aiðgín vo mac Éibír Þinn,
Urra rluairg uppmatðe Þériðlím,
Laoð ioncúir le h-Orgar oll,
Þorða ionmáir na n-anþrann.

20 Að an n-ðairðe aip ðéað leamhna
Ní b-fuile aoiðneap oileamhna,
Rúair eóil an ruið céarða rím
Að veðl cíð céarða an éoðaið.

XXXVII.—The Castle of Gortnaglough, which belonged to the Mac Carthys of Carbery, stood near where the town of Skibbereen is now situated. This short poem is one of several in the same metre composed to honour the bravery of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough. In the “Blennerhasset Pedigree” we find the following:—“O’Brien, third daughter of Julian O’Ryan and Mac O’Brien of Duharra (*i.e.* Arra), married Brian MacSweeny of Ðinisky in the county Corke, and was ancestor of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough.”

XXXVII.

ON CORMAC MAC CARTHY OF GORTNAGLOUGH.

Beauty, power such as I see not,
 Ripe restless valour,
 Pure noble chief that grew without hindrance,
 Is the character of Cormac Mac Carthy.

A griffin that conceals his generosity,
 A serpent without desire for evil,
 The beloved of wisdom, pure chaste clay,
 It is he who is wisdom for our defence.

Unique child of lasting Banba,
 10 Peer of the Hound of the Red Branch,
 Griffin of good desire, the warmest in conflict,
 Noble of battle of the high feats.

Such another as the son of Eibhear Fionn,
 Prop of the honoured host of Feidhlim,
 Hero to be compared to great Osgar,
 Sustaining pillar of the bards.

To the hero with an elm branch
 There is not nurturing pastime,
 That tortured champion got wisdom
 20 By sucking the troubled pap of war.

6. MS. *an naċap ḡan dūil a n-ħpoliċ-méine*, which gives two extra syllables. 7-8. These lines are obscure: *eaðpáin* = 'intercession, defence.'

13. *aīċōn* = 'such another as'; M *aīċōn*; A *aītne*, both omit *do*.

15. *ioñeuip*: M *ioñċap*; A *umċap*.

16. *andpānn*: M and A *andpom*; the word may be from *andpa* = a poet next in rank to an *ollamh*, hence in gen. 'a poet.' 19. *ebl*: MS. *6l*. *an puio*: M *a puio*; A *aġpuio*; *aġpuio*, or *puio* = 'a hero,' but the line is obscure.

21

Ua óg na g-Cormac n-árraið,
Slat éumra an éúil ñír-eapnaið,
Þeall na v-träéad aigde aip áille,
Óeag iñ fainde fionntáille.

coim.-cceanðal.

Óigde iñ gné mar ðréin 'na ðríoñ-ðruaïð ðlum,
Crodhaët, tréine, aip éaët Con Óuibe ñuaïð Mír,
Mroðaët céille, péile, iñ fíor-uairle,
A ð-coimair a céile að laoc ón laoi, iñ tuiarifid.

XXXVIII.

að freaðrað air ðoimnall mac ðonncaid alias
na tuile.

beárrfæd riørgaïé, geárrfæd iøionna an énáraïð rmuñ-
caipre ðréiøearþaïð,
ðáðuïð, mullaðruïð, ñearrhëa, ñuimþruïð, ðáñþtïð riør-
ðaiprið, réanarðaïð,
Ó áro a mullaïð 'nar gnáðaë mucallaë, þáite, tulcaïðé,
a m-bréan-éapna,
ðo tráët a bonnair, báleðaïð, ñuinnæaëaïð, árraïð, ðlu-
ðaiprið, éréimrið;

21. óg comes just before n-árraið in MS.

22. an éúil. In an elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, his father, is called Ðonncaid an éúil, and in XXXV. 90, we have tigðearna ñiørefraïðe an éúil ñuibe ñéaplaïð.

Ib. ñír-eapnaið: M oirpearnðlainn, which = 'bright, illustrious.'

26. Cú Óub = Cuchulainn: cf. XXII. 196.

XXXVIII.—This is a reply to a bitter satire on O'Rahilly by Domhnall na Tuille Mac Carthy whose patron was Tadgh an Duna. That chieftain died in 1696, and Mac Carthy wrote an elegy on the occasion. Some time after the sad event O'Rahilly visited the locality, and wrote his poem in praise of Warner (X.) It is

21

Young offspring of the aged Cormacs,
 Fragrant rod of the ‘cul’ of precious melody,
 He has the pledge of the flock for beauty,
 A branch of long, fair progeny.

THE BINDING.

Youth and beauty like the sun’s in his pure ruddy cheek,
 Valour, strength wondrous like the Black Dog’s who gained Mis,
 Greatness of wisdom, of hospitality, and of true nobility,
 Are all together possessed by the hero from the Lee, it is well
 known.

XXXVIII.

IN REPLY TO DOMHNALL, SON OF DONOGH, *ALIAS* “OF THE FLOOD.”

I will crop closely, I will cut the temples of the knobby, nosy
 vagabond,
 Who is chinky, full of protuberances, clipped, querulous, mali-
 cious, blinking,
 From the top of his cliff-head, in which droves of vermin are wont
 to be, covered over, gathered into heaps, in foul lumps,
 To the soles of his feet of large make, full of corns, old, of empty
 noise, scarred.

perhaps on this occasion that he incurred the wrath of Domhnall na Tuille. After the death of his patron, Domhnall, it is said, betook himself to a place called Coolnasnaghty on the east side of the Bandon river, opposite to the Tocher, and there, from a rocky eminence, never tired of feasting his eyes on that beloved vale.

When he lay on his death-bed, the priest who attended him told him he should never more behold the Tocher. When the priest had left, determined to falsify the prophecy, Domhnall rose from his bed, and, weak as he was, crawled to his favourite rock, whence he could behold it once more, and having taken one last look at the deserted vale expired. On the spot where he died, there is a heap of stones still pointed out called “Leacht Dhomhnaill na Tuille.” Every visitor increases it by a stone. This poem suffers severely from any attempt at translation.

Stolfað an rðrata, ločartha, dealb, eorða, na þanna ðo
léir-ðonta;
Follaíre ðartha, eorða, clearfæ, ðroða, meata,
réir ðlusgair;
Soraiре rðrata, rðrata, eorða, tana, an
þræasgair,
Sloðaíre rðrata, geaffraicea, geanna, rðligræaf na
h-ailpe a g-eorð-ðoile.

Creibfead tróidé an élaidíre éime, íf laðara, bryrte
creibetwisté.

10. Íf aip a óá érúað-þáil aip a m-bív fuaðtám, polla aður
cuarfáin ðriofða;
Inðne fiafra rinnedon don iapann, colm aður elis ðá
mérpannai;
Fé na dá lopðan lóninte, bryrti; rðolta, rðriortai;
mónir-þinnté.

Daoi ðan eðlur, rðraoille an érða, crion-ðar dónigte ó
ðaoð Úarrra;

Fualán fóðala, fuaða, cluaf-árd cam, íf léir-
aimid;

Briocaire an éoreái, bryuindre an þoðái, rðuibile
rortán ðeupr-amur;

Carracán geaffba, ceirteacán rðrata, amlán aitípeac,
rlaod ðalaip.

A rðrana, rðaoileaf tóirre ðaoit, bryeððar na milt
n-ðaoð-þeappu;

A conabla, ðoiricea, óðí, bryortanu, óryeððar a éoðanra
eoraor-ðar;

Ai é rúð Óonmáll, fuað na g-eomarran fuað ðan trefdir
aip aon aip;

20. Clé-mac Óoncaða rlaoðða, mōgalla, éadmar óoiðéillid
éreit-ðara.

I will tear the ragged wretch, who is planed, poor, vicious, all wounded into bits.

The starving miser, the hangman trickster, the powerless cripple, the serpent of empty noise;

A stammerer with running eyes, a fugitive vagabond, a gaunt freebooter, is the liar,

A greasy swallower, a greedy glutton, who swallows the lumps into his greedy maw.

I will gnaw the feet of the villain caitiff, branching, broken, wounded,

10 And on his two hard heels on which chilblains are wont to be, are holes and scorched cavities.

Crooked nails made of iron, the hard covering and stem of his fingers,

Beneath his two shanks, sprained, bruised, scalped, bared, far asunder.

An ignorant clown, a stroller deserving of the gallows, an old burned stalk, from Barry's country.

A plundering wretch, an ill-shaped booby crooked, of tall ears, and a very fool.

A pincher of the pot, a fiddler about the cabin, a fragment, a crab-fish of keen onset.

A scabby wretch, a ragged yoke-bearer, a shameful simpleton, a heap of diseases.

His throat emits a storm of wind which sickens thousands into dire pain,

His fretful carcass, through defect of chewing, rots his coarse, voracious tooth-jaws;

Domhnall is he, the hated by the neighbours, a remnant without vigour in a single poem,

20 Sinister son of Donogh, large-skulled, husky, jealous, churlish, nerveless.

Craoingea an rídhroisín, crafanda, caipr-érisón, eam na
g-coinniol gréigheallair,
Monsgaé, míllteacé, cleagraé, níomhneacé, taodaé, bhrusigheacé,
baot-ámeata,
Aip dealb an monsgaoi aip eitil nuairi iméig, d'eirig nó do
rié tairí éaoibh balla;
Nó le francais a rié aip élaupertra i f'airí 'na deabhaíd að
tréan-éataib.

'Bílise na Muimhne cuimhniú-lí cuntraéte aip an g-cruna
buioide-époicinn;
Beoltán báileadh óiortas feoi éarpuis, i f'ollur gur
báinise g-ríosib oíruinn;
Ní cuiibe d'éigre éorúce an éirteacé laoi ó béal nár fínim
comhchróm,
I f' náirpeac d'uairleib ál-ðuirt uaiþrið a ðán na a ðuam do
g-ríosib-molað.

COINNÉEANÐAL.

Follaire dealb, bocht, anaerfaé, g-eagán críon,—

- 30 Crobairfe gártacé na praithe 'na þeul naé cruiinn,
Griogairfe peadar a éapaid aip bléin duib buioide,
Tusg riorga dá éeandain a gán fióig aip Caoðagán Þínn.

XXXIX.

AN BÁS.

(Aðallam iðir Aodhaíón Ua Rathaille aður Saðar.)

AODHAÍON.

Éaðfaið Seoirri mór-ro árð-rið aðsuinn,
I f' éaðfaið Seoirri ó bñroð na Máiðe míne,
Éaðfaið Mór 'ræf bñron dá ráiþvöðe fín,
Éaðfaið Seon bñinn i f' Cait Stíbin.

The head of the lean creature, is withered, twisted with age,
 crooked, with candles of greasy sweat (?),
 Hairy, destructive, tricky, venomous, contentious, fond of fighting,
 spent in folly,
 In the shape of a monkey, when he took to flight he rose, or ran
 through the side of a wall,
 Or like a rat running towards an enclosure (?), pursued by strong
 cats.

Ye poets of Munster, ban ye this decrepid wretch, of yellow
 skin,
 A noisy little bard, who spills his rubbish on papers (?), it is plain
 that it is madness that he has written against me,
 It is not proper for the learned ever to listen to a poem from a
 mouth that never spun an even lay,
 It is a shame for nobles of the fair proud land to write praise of
 his poems or his verse.

THE BINDING.

A poor, empty, awkward miser, a withered branchlet,
 30 Starved hangman of porridge in a mouth unwise,
 An ill-shaped wretch, who would sell his kinsfolk for a black
 yellow hag,
 It was he who made unawares an attack with his tongue on Egan
 the Fair.

XXXIX.

DEATH.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN EGAN O'RAHILLY AND A PRIEST.)

EGAN.

Great George, our high king, will die ;
 And George, from the banks of the gentle Mague, will die ;
 Mór will die, and her children will rue it ;
 John Bowen and Kate Stephen will die.

AN SAÐART.

Þóil a þile, aip mire ná bñ-re tñrát,
 lñ ná taðair bñreið gñiørraiþe aip þuiþunn ip fñop-
 mair cál,
 Má tñ Þo Þfuilis Þreal inneall na raoiðe aip lár,
 Ní cónir a éuigfint iad uile Þeið claoiðte a n-árp.

AOÐHAÐÁN.

10 Éaðfaið an t-eac cé þaða leaðair a þiuðal,
 Éaðfaið an éealig an laða an peabac 'r an colúp,
 Éaðfaið an þeap an þean an clann 'r a Þ-clú,
 lñ éaðfaið an rædarþ reaðgairið panntað úð.

AN SAÐART.

A Aoðhaðáin óðir do innir rðeosl þá Þrið ðñiunn,
 Ó éaðfaið an t-ðs aip nór na mná críona,
 Cá ngeaðbærap leð? nô 'Þfuil glóriþe ón árð-rið aca?
 Nô a bþéin Þo deo Þeið Seon ip Cáit Stíbin?

AOÐHAÐÁN.

20 Luðt ruinr ip beðrað d'ðl ip rðárd fñonta,
 'S do Þní craoið gáð lð Þo raoðað páir aoinne,
 Má 'rí an glóriþe Þeoðbað mar Þárr dñolta ann,
 Ní'l baoðal Þo deð aip Þeon ná aip Cáit Stíbin.

AN SAÐART.

Þóil a ðuine ná h-umðið an t-þliðe éomðgair,
 'S Þo Þfuil Jones ip Gibbons 'na Þ-tiðið Þo ríðeoilte,
 Þ'ðlað tuille aður ionad don þion érðða,
 Þur rtiall a Þ-cróiðe le mire na caoin-þeðrað.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O poet, nor be mad for a season ;
 Nor judge without consideration persons of truly good repute ;
 Though the strongholds of the nobles be for the time pulled
 down,
 It is not just to infer that they are all worsted in the conflict.

EGAN.

The horse will die, though long and free his stride ;
 10 The hen, the duck, the hawk, the dove will die ;
 The man, the woman, the children, and their fame will die ;
 And that comfortable, covetous priest will die.

THE PRIEST.

O honest Egan, who has told us a meaning tale,
 Since the young child will die, no less than the aged woman,
 Whither do they go ? Are they in glory with the High King ?
 Or will John Bowen and Kate Stephen be in never-ending
 torments ?

EGAN.

Those who drink punch, and *beoir*, and wines, even to vomiting,
 And daily yield to intemperance, and to the breaking of Friday's
 fast,
 If these obtain glory, as a reward for these things,
 20 Then John Bowen and Kate Stephen need never fear.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O man, go not the near way ;
 See Jones and Gibbons in peace and happiness in their dwellings,
 Who would drink more than too much of the strong wine,
 So that their hearts were excited by the fury of the pleasant
 beoir.

XL.

AN T-ANTRAD.

(BLÚIRE.)

Dob éagnaíte imirte na tuisle pe ñaoir-ruatáar,
 Méad na toinne pe fuiipseað na gaocht gualainnein,
 Taobh na loinge 'ra fuiipseonn aip tréan-luafragáð,
 Að éisdeas að tuisitim do grianntiol gán dail fuafragait.

XLI.

D' ÞEAR ÐAR ÚAINM SIONÁNAÓ.

Uirge ar bainne má glacair ón Sionnánaó,
 Ír lem' ðoile-ri aip maidin do n-deacáid do ríosccáonta,—
 Óar Muire na b-plaistear le n-deacáar-ra caomh-þáirteas,
 Le glosaire an ðlagair ní pacáid mo ðioðbáil-ri.

XLII.

AIR COILEACÓ DO GOIÐEADÓ Ó SAGART MÍAIT.

Whereas Conðar, þáitélírt,
 Sagart eráiþeacó, eríortaiðeacó,
 Do éáinig aniusð am láisír-ri,
 Le gearfán cárif ír fírinne :

Þur éeannuig coileacó áirð-þleacstaó,
 Óa éeapcaib rráide ír tíoð-þaile,
 Bað bheádha gðreaoð ír bláetíair,
 Ír baic le rðaíl gac léon-dæta;

XL.

THE STORM.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Pitiful the playing of the flood with dire destruction !
Great the bulk of the waves, through the fury of the whirlwinds !
The ship's side and her crew were rocked mightily,
Screaming as they sank to the bottom without obtaining relief !

XLI.

ON A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SYNAN.

Water and milk if I have got milk from Synan,
And that it agreed peacefully with my stomach in the morning,
By Mary of Heaven, with whom I am on terms of fair love,
The babbler of prattle shall not do me harm.

XLII.

ON A COCK WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM A GOOD PRIEST.

Whereas Aongus, the philosophic,
A pious religious priest,
Came to-day into our presence,
Making his complaint, and avouching :

That he bought a cock of high pedigree
For his town and manor hens ;
Whose crow and whose bloom of beauty were of the rarest,
And whose neck was bright with every full colour ;

10

Τuδ ge caoigdadh mím-γdillinn
 Arp an éan dob aoiúinn cúnibhpice,
 Dúr γtisub γtioibhpas dρaoisdeacēta é
 O aonaé cínn na dñéaiðe ro.

Bað ḡábað dá ḡamhuiil d'áipriðe
 Coileacē γtpeaduiðe, ip dñírtiðe
 Do ḃeið dá ḡairpeacō aip ḡám-ċoðlað
 A n-am Ṅað earrpuiðe nřpuiðe.

20

M'óρduðað öðib, an τ-áðbaþi γin,
 A ḃálliðe γtáit mo énírti-γe,
 Dénimð cuarðuðað áipd-γliðteacē,
 Ar γin le dñioðraip dñéraéta;

Ná ḡáðbuð liop na γioð-énocán,
 Ina Ṅ-cluimþiðrið glóp ná γlioðurhnáil,
 Ðan dul a n-ðiaið an τ-γioð-énocán,
 Do γinn' an gníom le plundapáil.

Wheresoever cuainpeacéan
 Iona ḃfaðað rið an τorpaéan,
 Tuðuðið éuðam-γa é aip ruainnpeacéan,
 Ðo Ṅ-eþoðað é map vreðillioðan.

30

For your so doing, d'oirbliðáid,
 Að ro uaim díb ḃup n-ugðapáir,
 Map γtgríðap mo láð le cleitioðan,
 An lá ro d'aor an uaétaðan.

10

He gave fifty fair shillings
For this bird of comeliest comb :
But a sprite, of druidical power,
Stole it from the fair of the county town.

One like him, indeed, much requires
A cock that crows and wakens,
To watch and keep him from soft slumber
In the time of vesper devotions.

For this reason I command you,
Ye state bailiffs of my court,
Search ye the highways,
And do it with zeal and earnestness :

Do not leave a *lios* or a fairy hillock,
In which you hear noise or cackling,
Without searching for the fairy urchin,
Who did the deed through plunder.

Wheresoever, in whatever hiding-place,
Ye find the little crab,
Bring him to me by a slender hair,
That I may hang him as a silly oaf.

20

For your so doing, as is due,
We hereby give you authority ;
Given under or hand with a quillet
This day of our era.

XLIII.

sean-éuiúine aodhaigáin uí Rathaille.

Ór bile bpreád̄ buaðaé ðlair-ðeáðaé að fáir ó na ciantail, láim le cill noé a creacáð le Crómueall cláon, of cionn tobaip̄ tuilte le fuar-puirþe fionn, ap̄ feapann fíord-ðlar noé paob̄ roraipe minirþir ó ðúime uafal do élannaib̄ Þaoðal, noé a ruaiðeað tap na faiþrðiðe fiaðana amaé trí feill aður ní le fiaðbar claiðimé. Buð mait̄ leir an m-broinn-mor, m-bolð-rtocað minirþir malluigðe þeo ðeusð ðlar leaðair de'n érann do ðeaprað éum tríofcánit tigðe do ðeanaam̄ de. Ní þainfearð aon de na raopaiib̄ erann, nō do luðt oib̄re ríp an ðeusð áluinn, níp buð rðiamáe a rðáe 'ða þefolaé an tan do bívír að caoimeað do eráiðte ðeupr fá na nðairðiðib̄ glé-ðeala noé a bí rínta fá an þefð. "Ðeárrþfad-þa é," ap̄ eróðair cam-éorað lom-loirðneac̄ mic do bí að an minirþir méit̄ þeo, "Aður fiaðaið tuað óam do láðair."

Do éuaitó an rípalraipe rílaod-éiallaé ríuaif aip an g-céann mar éat að ríseinn, að teitheað ó éonaitpt gáðar, gur éárla óá gáðeagán að fáir tóparna a céile aip. Do éusg ré iappraétt a g-eupr ó céile le neapt a éuifleanaiþ, gur þreabadaþ aip a lámaib le

XLIII.—In a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy (23 G., 21), the title of the stanzas about the tree is given as follows:—

Aip faidhíl Sagartanaí éisint cnuicthe ar éanann a g-coil cíll a bháinne.

"On finding some Protestant (or Englishman) hanging from a tree in the wood of Killarney."

The last word is misspelled, but no doubt it is Killarney that is meant. If we accept the description given of the place as accurate, it is probable that the tree in question is none other than the venerable yew tree which grows in the middle of the cloister of Muckross Abbey, or, as our poet elsewhere calls it, "Mainistir Locha Léin." There is no doubt that the Mainistir has ever been regarded with peculiar veneration by the natives, so many generations of

XLIII.

A REMINISCENCE OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

A beautiful, precious, green-boughed tree had been growing for ages beside a church which the wicked Cromwell had despoiled, above a well overflowing with cold bright water on a green-swarded plain, which a rapacious minister had torn from a nobleman of the Gaels, who was sent over the wild raging sea through treachery and not at the edge of the sword. This lubberly, stocking-stomached, wicked minister was desirous to cut down a green, limber limb of this tree to make house furniture of it. But none of the carpenters or other workmen would meddle with the beautiful bough, since it lent them a lovely shade to hide them while they mourned in heart-broken sorrow over their fair champions who lay beneath the sod. "I will cut it down," exclaimed a gawky, bandy-legged, thin-thighed son of this sleek minister's, "and get a hatchet for me at once."

The thick-witted churl climbed up the tree, as a cat steals up when fleeing from a cry of hounds, and reached a point where two small branches crossed one another. He tried to separate them by the strength of his arms; but, in the twinkling of an eye, they

whom are buried beside it; and the yew tree that overshadows their graves is itself looked upon as almost sacred. There seems no doubt that the yew tree is as old as the abbey itself, and many are the legends concerning it that are widely circulated. It was long regarded as impious to touch a leaf or branch of this tree; and if we believe the legends, all such desecrations have been visited with signal vengeance. See one of these legends in "Ireland: its Scenery and Antiquities," pp. 23 *et seq.* In view of this mass of popular tradition, the story here recorded is quite intelligible, but still there is a heartlessness about some of the details that makes one suspect that many of them have been invented. The story as given here is taken from O'Kearney's MS. in the Royal Irish Academy. I have not seen any other version of it in this form. There is no well in the neighbourhood of this tree; but the well and other details are probably invented by the writer.

ppab na rúl tarra a céile aipír, a ñ bpeit aip a pís aður aða époéað go h-árdh iðir aodhar aip iþriomh. Annrin a bñi an riaraé Saffranait að eratxað a éor le raintee an ðaith, aður é 'na jrearram aip "nothing." Aður a ðub-liað teamðan amac þad bata að maðað þaoi na aðaip.

Do rðreao aip do bñic an minifðip map inuic a mala nô map ðéað a nðreið þaoi ðeata (ní nár b' iongnað) þad a bñi an loët oibre að faðaíl dréimipriðe ðum é ðeappað anuaf. Do bñ Aoðaðán Ua Raðaille ó Shliab Luacra na laoðrað ann að peiðiom aip époéaipre na cnáibe, aður do éan an laoið reo:—

"Íf maið do éorað a érainn,
Rað do éorað aip gac aon éraoisb,
Mo épeac! Þan cprainn Inni Þáil
Lán doð' éorað gac aon la."

"What is the poor wild Irish devil saying?" aip an minifðip.

"He is lamenting your darling son," aip gatge bñi laim leir.

"Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco," aip an méiðþroc minifðope.

"Thank'ee, a minifðip an lílic Mallaëtam" (*i.e.* an diabal), aip Aoðaðán, aip do éan an laoið:—

"Hupú, a minifðip a éus do ðá þinginn ðam
A d-taoð do leinb a éaoinead!
Orde an leinb jún aip an ð-cuid eile aca
Siap go heapball tíméioll."

slipped from his grasp, and closing on his neck held him suspended high between heaven and hell. Then was the confounded Sassenach dangling his feet in the dance of the bough, while he stood on “nothing,” and his black-bladed tongue protruded a stick’s length, as if in mockery of his father.

The minister screamed and bawled like a pig in a bag or as a goose gripped beneath a gate (and no wonder) while the workmen were getting ladders to take him down. Egan O’Rahilly from Sliabh Luachra of the heroes was present, attending on the villain of the hemp, and he chanted this song :—

“ Good is thy fruit, O tree,
May every branch bear such good fruit.
Alas ! that the trees of Innisfail
Are not full of thy fruit each day.”

“ What is the poor wild Irish devil saying ? ” said the minister.

“ He is lamenting your darling son,” replied a wag who stood beside him.

“ Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco,” said the sleek badger of a minister.

“ Thank ’ee, Minister of the Son of Malediction ” (*i. e.* the devil), replied Egan ; and he chanted this ode :—

“ Huroo ! O minister, who didst give me thy two pence
For chanting a lament for thy child ;
May the fate of this child attend the rest of them
Back to the tail and all round.”

XLIV.

CLANN TOMÁIS.

(Tóráda ar “Eacátra Clóinne Tomáis.”)

Air í rith trád a gúr a内幕ír éainig Ráðrais do h-Éirinn a g
ríoléup crábhaíod a gúr creidimh. . . . Ro éionóil Ráðrais naomh
a gúr gaoráe Éirionn éum aon baill, a gúr ar í comairle do
rónraibh, na heacatar-címéil a gúr na hil-éinéil diaibhluiodh uile do
níos déagur ar Éirinn aet Tomáis. Níor b'fhéidir an creidimh
do éanagal le Tomáis—amail i f dearbhá a g a phliocáit gúr an diu,
dír ní féidir teagart Cribordhaíde ná móid faoifhneacá ná aitne
racraimeinte do mánas òrúib— a gúr dír nár b'fhéidir, ar iad ro
fáidbála a gúr deara do fáidbála Ráðrais a g Tomáis a gúr a g a
phliocat .i. buaod liorðaécta lusdarthaécta a gúr lán-mhíochara; buaod
béisíodh, bhusiúne, bpréighe, buailte, a gúr batapála. A gúr do
m-baod é buo biaod òrúib féiteacá cinn a gúr eora na m-beataidh
n-éigseallaiodh, fuil a gúr follraict a gúr ionatáar na n-aithníodh
eile a gúr fhor do m-baod é buri aipán a gúr annlann òrúib .i. aipán
an aitbhriofraé ebrna, a gúr rráiteacá rríomhrambla rrácasáir, a gúr
bun-bainne a gúr bpréim-im con-puibeacá cuairt-ðorom gáibar a gúr
caoracá; a gúr do mbaod é buri ceol a gúr oirfide òrúib .i. fgréacá
a gúr sol-ðárréa cailleacá, ðárrlaacá, a gúr con-mhadraibh, a gúr
ðraifinne cearc, muc, a gúr mionnán; . . . gan gráod a g neacá
aca dá éeile; a gúr a m-briúd a gúr a m-beata do éaitéacán le
raochar a gúr le tpeabhairpeacá a gúr le torraín, do éoéusdáod an
aora uarpail fá ioltuataibh na ð-créis; a gúr an éuid aip feárr
dá ð-euid lón do éairdeacá a gúr do éoimead fá édnáir éái; a gúr
fhor, an té do óéanraod maté a gúr mór-éorpaibh òrúib, do
m-baod é buo luða oppa, a gúr an té do buailfeacá a gúr do

XLIV.

CLAN THOMAS.

(TAKEN FROM " EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THIS was the time and season in which Patrick came to Erin, to sow the seed of piety and faith. . . . Patrick assembled the saints and wise men of Erin to one place ; and the resolution they came to was, to banish all the foreign races and the diabolical races out of Erin except Thomas alone. It was impossible to give the faith to Thomas—as is evident in his progeny to this day—since it is impossible to teach them the catechism, or the manner of confession, or the knowledge of the sacraments; and since that was impossible, these are the bequests and restrictions that Patrick left to Thomas and his descendants: superiority in sloth, in slovenliness, in awkwardness ; superiority in screaming, in fighting, in lying, in beating, and in club-fighting ; and their food was to be the sinews, the heads, and the legs of the brute beasts ; the blood and gore and entrails of the other animals, and also their bread and sauce were to be strange bread of barley and primitive porridge of oatmeal, skim-milk, and rancid butter of goats and sheep, interspersed with hairs of hounds, and with blue interstices ; and their music and melody were to be the screaming and the crying of old women, children, and dog-hounds, and the noise of hens, of pigs, and of kids ; while none of them should love the other ; and they were to spend their vigour and their lives in labour and ploughing, and in attendance, to support the nobles in the various districts of the lands ; and they were to save and keep the best of their food for others ; and also whoever should do good to them and defend them greatly, him they should dislike the most ; and whoever should strike them and

satire " Eachtra Chloinne Thomais." They are given here as specimens of his prose style and of his satirical genius.

é aitcheadair a ñasur do éarphao iad go m-baod é buri annra leó amail aiveir an file—

Rustica gens est optima flens et pessima gaudens,
Ungentem pungit, pungentem rusticus ungit.

Do é aitcheadair an Chláinn fan Tomáir a ñasur a fhiocet dá n-eir a n-aithriúr do rúdach ro-beachtaché a-mail d'órðaig Þáðraig dñib, bñir níor é cleachtadair biaða raora ro-é aitche, ná deocea milpe meirgeamhla, ná éadair ñe slana daðamhla, acht léinteaða earfðcaointeaða earfcarða, a ñasur rílat-éntaða ríme rnáit-pearðra do bþréan-éluñm þocán a ñasur aitnáit-éte eile, a ñasur bþrðga bþréana úið-leaðair a ñasur bþréid fiafra fad-éluaraða ñan éuma ñan éearþuða, a ñasur úiðcionna maola meirgeamhca mýrgiamhca; a ñasur iad, mar d'órðaig Þáðraig dñib, að faripe a ñasur að fad-éluaraða, að tpeabhairpeaðt a ñasur að bþriðaða ñe do ñatætiñ na ð-erfioð le rítmioð ñaða ñe h-aimriùr mihéian að oípeamhun don peacét ríðða a-mail bað óleacét dñib.

XLV.

AN CLEAINNÉAS.

(Téadha ar “Eacétra Chloinne Tomáir.”)

Do bñi taorpeað do óeárrgnaið do na cimeaðaiñ ríin do þjolchais d'Tomáir .i. Murcæð Maoléluarað Ua Mhileuaigairt, a ñasur ar é baile iona n-aítpeabhað an Murcæð ríin a ð-Cluain mhc Nónir, a ñasur pe línn Þéiðlime a ñabhairt a éuapra timéioll na h-Ériptionn, d'þárf raiðbþreað aðbhal-miðr ríip an Murcæð ríin, a ñasur do éuipr an feapar ríin teaðta þá cœiðre h-ollcónigibl Ériptionn do ñionol ñað a raið do luðt eðlair a ñasur usðvarárit ar Chláinn Tomáir do Cluain mhc Nónir. Tánðaðað do h-áit aon baile a ñasur do feaprað fáilte ó Mhurcæð neompa a ñasur ar é aðubhairt: “A bþráit-ére ionmhuine,” ar rí, “ar uime do éuipr fein fior oppraibl éum comairple do ñabhairt ñam cia an bðan diongsmhla do bþéarþainn, bñir ír miði ñam-þa bean do ñabhairt iar n-éag

beat them violently, him they should love the most, as the poet says :—

The rustic race is best when weeping, and worst when rejoicing ;
The rustic stabs him who anoints him, and anoints him who stabs
him.

Clan Thomas, and their progeny after them, passed their time merrily, and with good cheer, as Patrick ordained for them, for they did not use luxurious savoury food, or sweet, intoxicating beverages, or clean, beautiful clothes, but rough shirts of tow, and thin thick-threaded rod-coats of the putrid hair of the he-goats and other animals, and putrid boots of fresh leather, and crooked long-eared caps without form or shape, and pointless, unsightly, rusty clogs, while, as Patrick ordered them, they waited on, and served and ploughed and harrowed for the nobles of the country during the reign of every king from time immemorial, obeying the kingly laws as was their duty.

XLV.

THE MATCH.

(TAKEN FROM “EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.”)

THERE was a chieftain who was distinguished among those races that sprang from Thomas, namely Murchadh Maolchluasach O Multuasgairt, and the town in which this Murchadh lived was Clonmacnoise. And when Feidhlim was making the round of Erin, exceeding great riches grew to this Murchadh ; and this man sent messengers to the four great provinces of Erin to assemble all that were learned, or had authority, of Clan Thomas to Clonmacnois. They came to one place, and Murchadh bade them welcome, and spoke thus :—“ My dear kinsmen,” he said, “ the reason why I sent for you is that you may advise me what worthy woman I may take to wife, for it is time for me to take a wife after the death of my spouse. There is a noble

mo bain-céile, agus ar atá taoireacá a内幕 a 3-cúigé áluinn Connacht .i. Maighnur Ua Madaigáin, agus ní beag linn a phaoi atámaoibh gian air b'fhuil d'uairpliciúchád, agus rinn pár Óaoirphe a gorfóidamh do chéad gur anois. Agus ar atá in éigseann áluinn a dhíobh Maighnur rinn, agus euirfeadh-ra, lé buí g-cormaiple, teacata d'á h-iarratadh fhor a h-aithair." Cionn bhradair cead uile gur ólach agus gur céilleadh an rmuineanach rinn ar a 3-táinig, agus gur édir rinn do 3éanamh, agus ar iad ro 3peam do euirpeadh ann .i. ceatadh a filiúchán pallaramanta píosp-óláic 3ró-3poislama do Cloinn Tomáir, mar atá Maighdhamhún Mór, bearnanach bpoimh-peamharp, Conchú-3bar Croim-3eannaí agus Niall O Neanntanáin. Do ghábhádair ar a 3-ceann, agus ar aonbhairt Niall an laoibh go h-eala3danta annro:—

Σλάν αρδα α ίλιμπέασ ίλιόη,
Α είμην έωνταιρε αν ριλυ δ ριλ,
Αρ ιονδα αδ' θύν πόναιρε, οιρηνείρ,
Ριιλ, τοιρτείρ ιη διιοδηρατ διιδ.

Slán d'fhiúirinn na g-coigráin nódéar,
D' iúeað bhrúct le buaindéir,
Ná b'soð dian dúr d'fhanntánaí,
D'fhuamhá gáraibh-íálaíte ná g'éar.

Slán do bhrían ó bhríolláim fuaime,
Béar écrónáin a ḡ-cluaíp a míc,
Slán do lúrrapain ar do lmeirib,
Nánp epríte a rainnt ar nánp i t min.

Mo ḡlán duit a bea芬náidh buirib,
'S a loclainn ḡuirib, nár ḡreim enáin
An ḡroinig δlic nár ḡaithréireac
Sluaδ aimléireac na δ-epoip lán.

Do mhol Muiréas Ó agus Ó uile ari cheana an dán riu, agus Ó
éigseadh ari tuinteap agus Ó maiše a cheaglaíodh mionna agus Ó tóir-
bhríáchtar na cdearbhaois riuin roinnt riu a éomh-maiše riu ó éigse
ná ó ealaðan 'fan domhan, ari milleatac ari binniop ná ari fuaire-
cioip. Agus Ó táinig feap fíreolaíoch foighlamha Cíolinne Tomáis
do láthair .i. brian O blunðaide, agus Ó bað mór trá fiúr, foigh-
lum, agus fír-eblar an fír riu, agus Ó aonúbairt gurab é ppriomh-

chieftain in the beautiful province of Connaught, that is Maghnus O Madagáin ; and we deem that we have been too long without ennobling our blood, being in slavery, serving others unto this day ; and this Maghnus has a beautiful daughter, and I will send messengers with your advice to ask her of her father.” All said that it was a clever and sensible idea that he had hit upon ; and that it was proper to carry it out. And these are the persons that were sent, namely four philosophic, truly clever, very learned poets of Clan Thomas : that is, Mahon Mór, Bearnard Stout-stomach ; Conchubhar Stoopinglead, and Niall O Neanntanáin. They went on their way, and Niall spoke this lay learnedly as follows :—

Farewell to thee, O great Murchadh,
 Thou counselling head of the plub o plib,
 Much tackling and beans in thy stronghold,
 Blood, grandeur, and rattle of bells (?).

Farewell to the band of the sharp reaping-hooks,
 Who would eat refuse through ear-reaping,(?)
 That was not severe, stubborn, grumbling,
 Gloomy, rough-heeled, or bitter.

Farewell to Brian O’Briolláin the joyous,
 A man who sings *erónan* in the ear of his son,
 Farewell to Morrian and to Meadhbh,
 Who were not found avaricious, and who ate not meal.

My farewell to thee, O proud Bernard,
 And thee, too, blue Lochlann, who didst not gnaw bones,
 The wise band, not incoherent in words,
 The clumsy host of the full girdles.

Murchadh, and all besides, praised this poem ; and the people and nobles of his house vowed and swore that there never before was composed in the world a poem or composition so good as that, in sweetness, in harmony, and in humour. And a truly knowing, learned man, of Clan Thomais, came before them ; that is, Brian O’Blungaide ; and great, indeed, was the knowledge, learning, and true wisdom of this man ; and he said that it was the chief *ollamh* of

ollaím árðoríð Éirionn do ééad-éum an aifde rín, aður íf mór do molað map do h-iaðað an dán rín, aður aré ainnn éus brian uirte .i. Ceatáraína na cónra.

Óluairidh an dron ñan peomra a n-díreacád gáeá conaire aður gáeá caomh-eolair, nó go ránghadap láimh pe Ceapaig an Chrám, aður do Óealaighe na bláistíde nó na m-baistairíde, aður do Óeargnain Ólaoríde na Meacán, aður do Ráid na Þrairde, aður do buailtín an Íónaire, aður do Óúil na Mhine, aður do Lior na nDárbán, aður do Óaoimh-áit an Óráinnis, aður ránghadap peomra bað éuaíð do leisimiol Ílaéair Óonnaët nó go ránghadap tis Ílaéair Uí Ílaodagáim, aður ap m-beit ðórið að rárðaíl go raithar-þróðaé ap fíatéé an dúna, éainis Ílaéair iona g-coimhðaíl, aður fiafriaisiðið vísib cia h-iað féin aður créad tuð iad no cán a d-táinaghadap. Óinnpeadap na teaéttairíde cia h-iað féin aður créad tuð iad. Aduðairt Ílaéair “Ir aitne óúinne þur g-ciméal aður fóðr íf aitnid óúinn sur duine fariðbýr þur d-tídgearna.” Óo éuip Ílaéair iomorroo teaéta ap a ðraoisíeib aður ap a fílaéair. Táinaghadap an luéit fíeara rín do láéair aður do labair Ílaéair ríú, aður ap eað aduðairt:—“Ir uime do éuipior féin fíor ořuib .i. iotgion éruðaé écaomh-áluinn tá agamra, aður éainis iarrhaið uirre Ó Ílurháð Ílaoléluafraé Ua Multuargairt, aður ap taorpeac trómetoiceac an fíeara rín.” “Ar fíearaé rinn-ne,” ap na ðraoisíeib, “gúraib don éine éodroma an t-ðglacé rín, aður ní dleagðéar do neacé d-fíolaiib uairle meargfað ap fíolaiib níp-írle, óir dá m'éad maénaír aður deagð-þogðlum do gseibid an t-aor anuafal, ná ondir ná uððaráir ap céana, ní bí mód ’na m-béarfaib ná mearfaraétt ionnta, máp fíor d'eolcaib; aður ap amlaið aðbeapt an feall-ramuin fíp-ðlic—

Rustica progenies nescit habere modum.

Aður dá péip rín ní cónip duit-ri do deó ná do deirpeac an domhain t'fuij féin do fíalcað le fuij bodaig ná laðramm, óir ní mianaé maié iad; aður fóðr ní b-fuij cruð dá aoirde iona paéatír, ná ondir dá m'éad do gseibid, ná oifis ná uððaráir, naé é þur mian leó na fíola uairle d'írlisugfað aður do maphluðað dá d-tídgearað leó a ðéanamh.”

Tíðeað do bí bean uaiðpeac iomarcaé lán-þannntaé að

the high king of Erin, that first composed this poem ; and the manner in which the poem was wound up was greatly praised ; and the name Brian called it was “ Ceathramha na córa,” the regular quatrain.

This band went on in the straightness of every way, and every fair guidance, until they came near to the Tillage-plot of the Bread, and to the Roads of the Buttermilk or of the Beet-roots, and to the Gap of the Fence of the Parsnips, and to the Rath of the Porridge, and to the Little Field of the Beans, and to the Corner of the Meal, and to the Lios of the Bran, and to the Beautiful Place of the Grain, and they proceeded northwards to the verge of the Plain of Connaught, until they arrived at the house of Maghnus O’Madigain ; and as they were tramping with their thick boots on the lawn of the stronghold, Maghnus came to meet them, and asked them who they were, and what was their business, and whence they came. The messengers told him who they were, and what was their business. Maghnus said, “ I know your race ; and, moreover, I know that your lord is a rich man.” Then Maghnus sent for his druids and his chief men. These wise men came before him, and Maghnus spoke to them, and this is what he said :—“ This is the reason why I sent for you : I have a comely, very beautiful daughter, and Murchadh Maolcluasach O Multuasgairt has sent to ask her hand, and that man is an exceeding rich nobleman.” “ We know,” said the druids, “ that that young man is of the rustic race, and it is not permitted for any of noble blood to unite with blood of a low degree ; for, however great prosperity and good education the low-born obtain, however, great honour and authority, there is no polish in their manners, they observe no moderation, if the learned say true ; and thus spake the very clever philosopher—

The rustic race know not how to observe moderation.

And for that reason it is not right for thee for ever, nor till the end of the world, to soil thy own blood with the blood of churl or robber, seeing that they are not a good breed ; and, moreover, there is no position, however high, they would attain to ; there is no honour, however great, or office, or authority, they would obtain, that would prevent them from desiring to humiliate the noble families, and to insult them if they could do so.”

However, Maghnus had a proud, arrogant, most avaricious wife,

Maighnir, aghair ar eað aðusbairta gur b'feárr leí réin raiðbreaar aghair roéraítear að a h-inðin an feað do beað beð, ná fuil ná foðlum dá feaður aghair beit að díte raiðbrið. Óo ériðeanaid an bean lán-fanntað rín Maighnir an cleamhnað d'aithneónin na n-draois.

XLVI.

AN CHOMHAIRLE ÓLIC.

(Tóðra ar “Eaétpa Cloinne Tomáir.”)

Óo báðar Clann Tomáir mar rín fá éuinig, nár leigearað vnið a g-cinn do éndbáil, aðt beit fá ósorirre do réir an t-peanpeaðta do h-aithriðir Táidh mic Muirchead mic Carráea ír Tóirðealbhait mic Óíarptata mic Tóirðealbhait mic Táidh mic Úriain báriþime do beit a g-comhflaichear; aghair do bí feapndlað fíor-móðr don Cloinn rín Tomáir ar Maéaire Carríl að áitreað, aghair do bí inðion éruðað éaomh-áluinn að an d-taorpeað rín, aghair Carríbре Cróm Ua Céirín ainn an óglais rín, aghair Seilgeán ainn na h-inðine, aghair do éuaid teirft na h-inðine rín ar fíorðað að aghair ar áilleacð ar feað na críche do comh-éoitceann, aghair do bí mórápn do maitið Cloinne Tomáir d'íarratnað na h-inðine rín ar gáe aon édíse a n-Éirinn. Óo bí Maéaire Carríl uile fá éruíneacð að Fionn ðin mac Aoða Óuið aghair að a báriðrið .i. Þáilbe aghair Flann, aghair ní raið a fíor aca ciomhur do fáibálþaðir an leap eruitneacðta rín, aghair ar i comhairle ar a ntáinðaðar, fíor do éur ar Carríbре Cróm Ua Céirín, dír do bí teirft raiðbrið aghair glicair aip an g-Carríbре rín tap Cloinn Tomáir uile. Táplatoðar dá mac Aoða Óuið do .i. Fionn ðin aghair Þáilbe, aghair ar eað aðusþradaðar rír:—“Créad an glicair do déanþamaoir le a mbainfimír a bfuil do éruíneacð aip Maéaire Carríl?” “Atá inðion áluinn agam-ra,” ar Carríbре, “do ðeárrgnaid aip áilleacð ar inðionaið Cloinne Tomáir uile ar feað an domam, aghair do éuaid a teirft aghair a tuarafarðbáil fá éiðre h-ólléndisíl Éirionn, aghair ar móðr do maitið Cloinne Tomáir éáinig dá toémaire aghair dá

and what she said was, that she would prefer her daughter to have riches and prosperity while she lived, than either blood or learning, however good, without riches. This most avaricious wife of Maghnus concluded the match in spite of the druids.

XLVI.

THE WISE COUNSEL.

(TAKEN FROM “EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.”)

The Clan Thomas were thus under the yoke, so that it was not permitted them to lift their heads, but they were kept in servitude to the time that Tadhg, son of Murchadh Mac Cartha and Toirdhealbach, son of Diarmuid, son of Toirdhealbach, son of Tadhg, son of Brian Boru, were rulers of equal authority. Now, there was a young man truly great of Clan Thomas, dwelling in the Plain of Cashel, and that chieftain had a well-shaped, very beautiful daughter; and Cairbre Crom O Céirín was this young man’s name, and Seilgean was the daughter’s name; and the fame of this daughter for beauty and loveliness spread throughout the entire country; and there were many of Clan Thomas who sought the hand of this daughter from every province of Erin. The whole Plain of Cashel was growing wheat for Finneen, son of Aodh Dubh, and for his brothers, that is, Fáilbhe and Flann; and they knew not how to save that large sea of wheat; and the plan they adopted was to send for Cairbre Crom O’Ceirín, since this Cairbre had a reputation for riches and wisdom beyond all the Clan Thomas. The two sons of Aodh Dubh met him, that is Finneen and Failbhe, and this is what they said to him: “What plan are we to adopt, so that we may get all the wheat on the Plain of Cashel cut?” “I have a beautiful daughter,” said Cairbre, “who has surpassed in beauty all the daughters of Clan Thomas throughout the world, and her fame and reputation have spread through the four great provinces of Erin, and many are the chief men of Clan Thomas who have come to the house ere this to woo her, and to ask her hand; and none of them got from her anything save refusal to this day. She is now at

h-iarratáid don tisdean, agus ní bhfuair neacáid dísob uaité a chéile eiteacáid gur andiu, agus atá rí anoir aip buri d-cuir-ri, agus cuimhniú-ri teacáta faoi Éirinn uile dá foillriúasadh do Chloinn Tomáir, dacad neacáid dísob le n-ap mian teacáit do chomhaire Seilgeáin in éigine Chaireibre, beirte a d-ceann trí reacáitíuine d'fhorbairt aip Maéaire Chaireil do buam na cnuisceacáta rinn, agus gilbé dísob buanaithe aip feárr, do b-fusigíodh an inéigion rinn aip feir lánúne agus leapcha." Agus aonúbhradár Clann Aoibhíní gur maité agus gur glaic an éomhaire ple rinn aip a d-táinig ré, i� do rinnmeas ainnláis aca, i� do éionónladar Clann Tomáir lán do bhruié i� do borthraíodh aip dacad áitié a phabádar, an méad do b's calma ne feidhm agus ne fórrán d'imirt, do d-táinigadar uile go Maéaire Chaireil. . . .

An tain éainiúd am na buana éuca, éan gádair éum aonbáill, aghair a n-airim áit aghair iorðoile leó .i. a rúirtíde colp-páinra crainn-riúghe, aghair a d-corráin faobhair-éára fíraif-fíacacláea aghair a n-uirléionna rnap-éarba taoibh-pmeapéa páil-leaethna, aghair meanaithe bioraéa bláitcheapta air fírrainn gacé fír díob. Do fuiðearaod a iomaire píon a láinn gacé aom díob, aghair do cuipeaod Seilgeán na fuiðe air dhruaid iomaire ór a d-céimair. Iar annraín do éromadair do cíocraé ciarrána, aghair tuigadair na fír éalma rín riúde fannataé fárluaimneacé fán tuisint tairis mion-éruíneacéta rín do bsi fúcha. Adélop do h-iméian uaché riormarnta aghair reordán na lán-dornán peáenónim na muingé mion-rgoscaid do gacé leat. Baod pollur tara do luéit a bfeiteamh do h-eindiréian uaché cairpriort aghair coimhleas a b-fíacal b-fírairpeamharp b-fadhróna le fíuscaod aghair le fíraocé fírrainn ag buain fíearainn aghair fíor-éoraiad dá céile. Baod ñoréa tara an t-aodair do h-eindiréian uaché ó òniúineala aghair ó bhrúéitaiad duailbheacá aghair ó bolas anála na b-peap-églacé gan, aghair leagdaod aghair aghair lán-turnta do lán-dornán do gacé leat. Do bñodar uile a d-comórbaod do clírde calma a d-coimhleas do h-aimript dínnéir dñiib, aghair ar é baod rtíobhar do gacé baod ñeagdronnair oppa .i. Cairebhe píon, aghair aduinairt leó uile fuiðe éum bñod aghair do fuiðeadair do h-ollain, aghair do éuir fíubán ñír imiol-éam aith-fúinte droséfhuaitte pracsáir aghair gíorfa bunata bun-páinair bláitcheadair aghair páinair-bainne a b-fíacáinair gacéa dñeire dñob. aghair miar do meacánai b-ceann-éacáea

your disposal, and do ye send messengers throughout all Erin to announce to Clan Thomas, that all of them who were desirous to woo Seilgean, daughter of Cairbre, should be, at the end of three weeks of autumn, on the Plain of Cashel to reap that wheat, and that whichever is the best reaper of them will get that daughter in marriage." And the sons of Aodh Dubh said that was a good and wise counsel on which he had hit, and they acted accordingly. And Clan Thomas assembled full of vigour and pride from every place in which they were, as many of them as were bold in displaying action and force, until they all came to the Plain of Cashel. . . .

When the time for reaping arrived, they came to one place, having with them their weapons of battle and strife ; that is, their thick-wattled flails of tough wood and their keen-edged, fine-toothed reaping-hooks, and their rough-grained, side-smeared, wide-heeled clogs, and pointed awls of true beauty at the girdle of each man of them. His own ridge was appointed for each of them. Seilgean was made to sit on the verge of a ridge in front of them ; and then they began eagerly and with buzzing : and these stout men made a greedy, very vigorous attack on the beautiful plain of fine wheat on which they stood. Far from them was heard the hissing and the rustling of the full handfuls throughout the fair-flowered plain on every side. Manifest, in sooth, to the onlookers at a distance from them was the struggle of their long-beaked, thick, and frequent teeth, through their boiling-up and rage of fury to gain ground and the foremost place of one another. In sooth, the air was dark for a long distance from them, on account of the black clouds of horrid belching and the breath of the young men, as they brought down and overthrew the full handfuls on every side. They were all contending cleverly and stoutly in the contest until dinner time. And their steward and organizer was Cairbre himself ; and he told them all to sit down to food, and they sat down willingly ; and he placed a fresh, crooked-centred, ill-baked, ill-kneaded cake of oatmeal, and a can of heavy sediment of butter-milk and thick milk before every pair of them, and a dish of parsnips, exotic-headed, half-boiled, and a kitchen of grey lumps, with blue cavities and crooked hairs, of the putrid butter of goats and sheep. They proceeded to gulph down and cut in fragments that food, with relish and with fierce biting ; and like to a drove of biting, snorting, starved pigs, grunting at a refuse

leāt-þruiðte aður annlann do ȝlair-millínib cuar-ðorða cam-puibeacá, do þreim-ím ȝaðar aður caorað. Do ȝaðadap að ȝloðað aður að ȝlím-ðearrpað na beacá ȝan do blaðda þorþ-ðreamannað, aður bað ȝatáil le ȝðaoð do ȝmcaib ȝreamtámla ȝearánaða ðorða, að ȝearán um ȝríðar pþaipðe aður anþruðt an ȝliðræfnað aður an blaðræfnað do ȝnýðir dýr ȝéacain cia aca bað ȝúrga ȝréac. Annri ȝap ȝ-copð a ȝota aður a ocpaip aduðaip Caðal Clúmað Ua ȝrifðlein nað paib feap a ȝionðmala ȝein a m-buain a m-bualað ná a m-buan-þomðar, ná a n-oirþreacá ȝeaðmámla ȝupránta eile þá ȝuinn-taliðan, aðt muna b-þaððaor deapþrátæir eile do ȝein do ȝáðaib 'ȝan m-baile ap ȝuaðaip leaðan-ȝlair Deaðaib .i. Loðlann leaðan. Aðclop an ȝómrað ȝin eatorrpa ȝile do ȝóripleaðan, aður do ȝreagair ȝiolla Þáðrais aður aduðaip: "Tusgar ȝein énig ȝéad feap liom a h-Ultaið aður ní ȝbuil aon ȝioð nað ȝoptamála ann ȝac ȝeiðm dýr n-ðuðraip." "Aþ ȝiop ȝin," ap Conall enáim-þeamðar, "nír ní paib leað ȝloða ȝiam ioncomþrtair le leað ȝrðða ȝorantað ȝuinn, aður ip deapþ a m-béaluib ȝuað aður ȝeanðað ȝur ȝuit ȝoðan Mór linn-ne aip ȝlaið ȝéana, aður ȝur ȝuit ȝúrí mac Þáire le Conéulainn aður ap deapþ le h-iol-ȝatáið eile pe h-iom-ȝornam ȝíriponn ȝur ȝinn-ne ȝip bað ȝroða aður bað ȝalma an ȝac ȝeiðm ȝioð ȝin, aður an méad ȝándamær-ne annro ȝ leað ȝuinn ní ȝbuil comþrað aðaið-þe ȝinn andiu." "Tusgair do ȝuaip ap do ȝeirð-ȝéac," ap Caðal, "aður má do ȝuit ȝoðan Mór aip ȝlaið ȝéana, ní do lánin ȝuinn do ȝuit, aðt le h-iomad anþþor-lainn. Aður má ȝuit ȝúrí do lánin Conéulainn, ní le ȝaiðde do ȝuit ȝe aðt tþré ȝeall do ȝeimeðaip aip a lop a mnað ȝein." Aður do ȝóð a lán ȝudarða lán-ðarfþ ȝairip, ap ȝus amur an-þfiðrað aip ȝonall do ȝoppán ȝrom ȝroðrþiaclac do bý ioná lánim, aður do ȝuail ȝrað-ȝuille ȝaoðalað báip a ȝefið-ȝullað na h-inðinne aip, ȝur bað lán an t-iomaire dýr ȝuit ȝola. Aþ annrin tþra ȝeirðeðaðar na ȝip ȝupránta ȝor ȝac leað aður do ȝuaðað a n-oriðuðað ȝar do ȝacáð Conn aður ȝoðan, aður do ȝrþrað dýr leað ȝioð .i. ȝaiðmig aður ȝuninn do ȝaoð, Ultaið Connacataið aður ȝip ȝlísðe do ȝaoð eile, aður do ȝaðrað na ȝrþom-ȝaoðrið do bý oppa að oriðuðað a ȝ-þorðað an ȝacáð ȝin do ȝac leað. If annrin tuðaðar ȝiðe ȝanntað ȝáip-neimneac

of porridge and broth, was the noise they made in swallowing and tasting, in emulation as to which of them would first have had his fill. Then, after his hunger and thirst had been allayed, Cathal Clúmhach O'Brisglein said that there was no man a match for himself in reaping, in threshing, or constant-digging, or in other works of vigour and strength, on the surface of the land, unless a brother of his own might be procured, whom he had left at home on the wide green rushes of Deaghadh, namely, Lochlann the broad. This saying was widely heard among them all, and Giolla Patrick answered and said : “ I myself brought with me from Ulster five hundred men, and there is not one of them who is not abler in every feat you have mentioned.” “ That is true,” said Conall the thick-boned ; “ since Leath Mhogha was never to be compared with the brave, defensive Leath Chuinn, and it is certain, from the sayings of learned men and historians, that Eoghan Mor fell at our hands on Magh Leana, and that Cúrí Mac Daire fell at the hand of Cuchulainn ; and it is clear, from many other battles for the defence of Erin, that it is we who are the bravest and stoutest men in each of these feats ; and you can bear no comparison to-day with as many of us as came here from Leath Chuinn.” “ You are a confounded liar,” said Cathal ; “ and if Eoghan Mor fell at Magh Leana, it was not at the hand of Conn he fell, but through too overwhelming a force ; and if Cúrí fell by the hand of Cuchulainn, it was not through valour he fell, but through the treachery practised on him by his own wife.” And he raised his slovenly, very rough hand above him, and aimed at Cathal a violent blow of a crooked, cross-toothed, reaping-hook which he held in hand, and gave him a destructive, dangerous death-stroke on the very top of his head, so that the ridge was full of his blood. Then, indeed, the strong men arose on every side, and they got into array as would Conn and Eoghan ; and they made two divisions of themselves ; that is, the Leinstermen and the Munstermen on one side, and the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen and the Meathmen on the other side ; and their leaders proceeded to give command in the front of that battle on each side. Then they made an eager, very venomous attack on one another, and raised their lusty, strong-waved bellowing on high, and their noise was heard to the vault of heaven. Terrible and very horrible was the response of the echoes in the caves, and in the islands, in the hills, in the woods, in the cavities, and in the deep-hollowed rocks of the land.

o'ionnraise a céile aður tuisdáraí a n-trombhníspreacáit eanai
spreacáin-láidir ngr árð, aður bað élor a b-foðar ðo cleisisti
neimhe. Bað h-uaetmarr nri-þránnna comh-þreagðrað na mac
alla a n-uaetmarr, aður a n-oileánai, a g-cnocai, a g-coill-
tai, a g-euaránai, aður a g-cairrgeacáil euarðominn ne na
g-crifioð.

DÁNTA LE PHILIB EILE.

POEMS BY OTHER POETS.

XLVII.

Laois tairisí ó Duinnín.

(Að caomeadó na n-úaral v'éirig þan ð-coðað vdeagðnað 1691).

Ir leun liom leagdað na b-þlaða aip na b-þíop-uaiple,
b-þeaptað, b-þpeaptað, b-þleafgðeupað, b-þion-éuaðað,
Do béalrað feapann dom fámail-re faoi óualdugr,
Saoi ó fámatail gán tábairt aip éisop uam-re.

Αἱ ἑνὶς φανταριρεάς εαὐτάς με φίορ-βναιδεαρέα,
Σέαμυρ αιρδέε δη μ-βρεαταιν γαν δλιγέ αιρ ἐυαναιθ,
Α τρέαδ αιρ γδαιρεαδ δάη ηδρεαδαδ αρ δά γριορ-ρναγδαδ,
Ἐsan méid noē μαιρεαδ δάη μιαιτέδη α βριορ-έριασδταν.

10 Εας να δ-Σαραζαέ δ-ceannaparač ηδροιδε ხαιρ με,
Δο ρέχ-ჭულ ტარიլ πάρ ხ'αναმ a ხբίօր-սաւտար,
Բեմուծ Ջεարձաւ տարի ցան ხրիծ αր բսարած,
Իր լաօւրա ցայրշե նըրթաւ ացսր ხուծեան ტրաւան.

Αρ γαοτ λιον εαρβα να ρεαβας δη λαιοι φυαιρ ηγιλ,
Νάρ πειδ ρε Δαλλαιβ αέτ ταρραινγ ταρ τυίνην υαέτα,
'S αν τ-έαν βεας μαιρεαρ δον εαλταιν έιρτ φίνην φυαδραέ,
Λε τρέκηπε α λαμπυρδ, μο θεασαιρ, δαν ρλιζε έυαρδα.

XLVII.—This beautiful lament was written soon after the Williamite wars, but not earlier than 1699. The metre is one of great seriousness and solemnity. It is the only production we have under the name of the author, who was poet and historian to Donogh, Earl of Clancarty, who was exiled and deprived of his immense estates for siding with James II.

6. cuana, 'harbours'; often used for 'the high seas.'

15. éan. MS. aon, but ealtain suggests éan.

13-16. This stanza is devoted to the MacCarthys of Muskery, to whom the poet had been historian. *móir* is a variant to *muir*. *náip péið*, &c. He refers to the action of Donogh, the fourth Earl of Clancarty, who fought on the side of James II., and retired to the Continent rather than settle down in slavery at home. He was given a small pension by King William, and retired to Hamburg on the

XLVII.

THE LAY OF TADHG O'DUINNÍN.

(LAMENTING THE NOBLES WHO ROSE IN THE LATE WAR, 1691).

Sorrowful to me is the overthrow of the princes and the true nobles,
 The festive, the generous, of wreathed goblets, of the wine-cups,
 Who would bestow land on one like me as a right,
 Free from taxes, and without my giving rents.

It is this that has troubled and vexed and truly afflicted me,
 That James is unlawfully routed out of Britain and sent on the seas,
 His flock scattered, tortured, continually banished,
 And his surviving leaders in dire hardships.

The death of the mighty valiant MacCarthy has afflicted me,
 10 Of the royal blood of Cashel who were not seldom in true supremacy,
 The Geraldine champions dead, without vigour, decaying,
 And the heroes of famous deeds from Bunratty, and the tribe of Cruachan.

I am grieved at the loss of the warriors from the cold bright Lee,
 Who did not make peace with the foreigners but withdrew from them across the sea,
 While the only bird that survives of that noble comely high-spirited flock
 Is for some time at Hamburg, my hardship! without the means of subsistence.

Elbe. He purchased a little island at the mouth of the river, and spent his time in affording relief to shipwrecked vessels. He had been immensely wealthy before the war broke out, but all his property was confiscated. He died in exile in

- Ír é do mhearait me—balta gaeil Ríoghd-éuaine,
 baibh ríaoir Óa ainnm 'r a mbeartaith do bhois buaibh aithe,
 Phoenix farrá na banna a ngníomh ghuafraí—
 20. Ír d' Éirinn maiéim, ór dearfó 'na luidé a o-tuama.

Dá n-déanfaidh deapmád, meapaim gur ńaoir uaim-re,
 Óir ríaoir-rílioc Eochaird ño ceannuibh Phuirt baoi an uair ro,
 Daonnaí—, faiirringe, iñ tábairt aip phíon uaithé,
 Ír é do cleacctaibh an gárra gníomh-ðuaraí.

Léir-rgair mor faiirring Uisín Chaitríre iñ trí truaidh liom,
 An gheusg ran Chaitíl coir faiirringe iñ laoi luaidim-re,
 Sliocet Chéin, do chaitéaibh gaeil maiéear le phíor-ðuadait,
 Ar Séafra an Gleanna rúis bárra an gaeil rúighe rúairceir.

- Ní'l gáilleabha a n-éallait d'phéar Chéanna Tuirce baoi buan-
- naíct,
 30. Ná aip aon éor aca don aicme rún Chaoimh ríluasáid,
 Do ghléiribh gárra glínn mhearpó a mhn Chluana,
 Ná d'aon don maiene ó Teamhair ghlúir mhn lúaérla.

Rhéamh na Spáca iñ Dúin Þeanainn iñ díct buan liom,
 Ír béal Ácha Seannuig ñan pacairpeaíct phíor-ðuanta,
 Raighallait, Seachnaruit, Ceallait, iñ caoin-Ruarcail,
 Ír craobh Uí Mheácair gur pládaí a crioíthe uaité.

1734. The following stanzas from an elegy on this Earl by Eoghan Mac Carthy an Mhéirín, may be of interest:—

Do éonsgaibh a nglarait 'ran aitne céadna
 Cé gur tairrannseadh rícthusur iñ néim do,
 Aict a épreidioimh ño meiribh do ríunaibh,
 Ír dhruim a glaice do tábairt ne Séamus.
 Níor éisgaír an Cártac caití ñan claois-toil.
 An éarrait meirbh ñeadaír ait ñaomhán do ériúision,
 Aict d'iomcaír cíora ño roilbhir raoíche,
 Ar aitseir a mhaistírtur ñrásdaibh ñaor rinn.

For an interesting account of this Earl and of his descendants, see O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigade*, pp. 9 et seq.

20. d'Éirinn maiéim, 'I forgive Erin : I give up hope in her.'

It has confused me—the nursling of every princely family,
 Whose name was noble and who excelled in action,
 The guardian Phoenix of Banba in feats of danger—
 20 And I have lost hope in Erin, since they in sooth lie in the tomb.

It were folly on my part did I forget at this time
 The noble race of Eochaidh extending to the headlands of Port
 Baoi,
 Kindness, generosity, liberality in bestowing wines,
 These were the virtues practised by that tribe who gave genuine
 gifts.

The wide ruin of Ibh Carbery is a threefold distress to me,
 That race of Cathal beside the sea and the Lee I refer to,
 The descendants of Cian who bestowed all their wealth on
 genuine bards
 And Geoffrey of the Glen who excelled in every kind of humour.

Obedience is not paid in Ealla to the chieftain of Kanturk with
 military service,
 30 Nor by any means to the race of Caoimh of the hosts,
 Nor to the skilful, sprightly, impetuous, gentle chieftain of Cluain,
 Nor to any of the tribe from green, smooth Tara Luachra.

It is lasting ruin to me, the loss of the race from Strabane and
 Dungannon,
 And Ballyshannon without the enjoyment of genuine songs,
 The O'Reillys, the O'Shaughnessys, and the noble O'Rorkes,
 And the branch of O'Meagher, whose heart was stolen from it.

22–23. The O'Sullivans: see XXXVI.

26. The O'Donovans resided in a district of Carbery called Clan Cahill.

28. For some account of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, see Introd.

29. The Mac Carthys of Kanturk.

30. The O'Keeffes were lords of Pobul O'Keffe, a district in Duhallow, comprising some 9000 acres.

32. Teamhair Luachra, an ancient royal residence in North Kerry, not far from Castleisland. It must have been near Bealatha na Teamhrach, in the parish of Dysart. It is also called Teamhair Luachra Deaghaidh, and sometimes Teamhair Earna.

- An phréamh ó'n n-Óarra Coill, bhranaith i'f Uisí Tuaethaile,
 Éile i'f Almá i'f deaѓ-čine Čuinn dualait,
 Réidh-čoill Manaċ, i'f Pallait, i'f Laiðir uaine,
 40 I'f ðan céile a'g Eamhain do clannaith m'ic Íri uairbrið.

Ní'l éirig a'g tairbhol coir calait ná aip línn ḫruamhá,
 Cír ḥaoibh na banna, coir Mainge ná aip m'ín-Ruaetáis;
 Ní'l creibhre meala d'á d-tarbhaind a Ṅ-coill Ṅuacait,
 'S ní'l réan aip ḥrannaith pe pealait ná ruínn ḫnuafraid.

Ní'l céir aip lapað án ḡaċċ mainifrolip, b'io uaiȝneacé,
 'S ní'l cléir a'g cantain a palm ná a'g għadu aip uainiib,
 Ní'l aon a'g aifbionn Ħarfwiġ a Ṅ-cill tuata,
 'S ní'l léiȝeann d'á ḥeagħar dō leanb ná d'aor uapal.

- Cé sur maċnað mar malairt an ȏlighx nuað ro,
 50 Ní'l feile marċeain ná capċanaċt tħix tħuaqd aip biex,
 O'ēmneaċ Ṅraħżepp a n-eaqbaid nô aip d'is ċuallac̊t,
 O léiȝeað raħxað na Ṅ-ceal Ṅ-riop-uabbar.

Cé sur Ṅrafha mar eaċċtra a Ṅ-epuinn-tuairiż,
 'S naċċ p'feadim labħairt aip m'as-zeap na n-Ṅaordeal n-uapal,
 Ĕiġre p'feqraċċa glaciati mar ȏs ol uain-je,
 Sur maol an t-apri ná cleaċċtann a riop-ċuaprgain.

- A ȏé na n-appsal fuair peannui d'ár Ṅ-riop-ħuafraġlað,
 Mar aon leb' Ṅanaltħrain beannusid-ċe ħi aip Ṅuajħriom,
 ȏr għejj sur ċeċċanaċċiż m'anam a Črīoġi ċuakka,
 60 Léiġ me a Ṅ-plaixzeap na n-ainġiol do Ṅbuixid-ċead ruamħmeap.

37. an phréamh: MS. an éaim, which breaks the assonance; lines 37–40 are only in some MSS. The tribe of Laighis gave its name to Leix, in the Queen's County; it was descended from Laeighseach Ceann Mor, son of Conall Cearnach; Pallait, the descendant of Ros Failghe, eldest son of Cathaeir Mor, who inhabited east and west Ofaly; Cill Managh perhaps = Kill na Managh in Tipperary; Eamhain, or Eamhain Macha, about two miles from Armagh, was the ancient

The tribe from Garra Choill, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles,
 Eile, and Allen, and the goodly race of ringleted Conn,
 The Smooth Kilmanagh, the Fallachs, and green Leix, are no
 more,

- 40 While Navan has no spouse of the descendants of the son of
 proud Ir.

Fishes are not frequenting harbour or gloomy lake,
 The verge of the Bann or the Maine or the smooth Roughty;
 Honeycombs are not brought from gladsome woods,
 The trees have not prospered for a season and scant is their fruit.

There is no wax-light burned in the monasteries—they are lonely,
 And the clergy do not chant their psalms or recite their hours.
 None attend a Pontifical Mass in a country church,
 And the child and the noble are not being trained in learning,

- 50 Though this new law was planned for an improvement,
 Hospitality is not alive nor charity moved by pity
 For anyone who is thought to be in want or in loneliness,
 Since the thrusts of treachery were made in real pride.

Since a full account of the noble Gaels would be a long story,
 And since I am unable to unfold their virtues,
 Do ye, O wise bards, accept as a compensation from me,
 That blunt is the weapon that is not used to dire slaughter.

- O God of Apostles, who suffered torments in fully redeeming us,
 Together with thy beloved mother-nurse who was sorrowing,
 Since, O noble Christ, Thou hast with bitterness purchased my
 soul,
 60 Admit me into the heaven of the saints that I may obtain rest.

residence of the kings of Ulster. Ir was son of Milesius, and from his son Eibhear descended the races of Ulaidh, such as Magenis, &c.

49. *an bhlíðe*. MS. *ȝo bhlíðe*.

57–60. This stanza is not in all the copies.

AN CEANÓAL.

61. Má tá gur éartheas gearr real dom'aoir aorac,
 'S go n-ghráibhainn rtaip air neacét na bpríop n-ghaoðal ro,
 Mo ceárd ó meacat le malairt dliðe a n-Éirinn,
 Mo érásd go naic dian rtaid le bpríbéireacét.

AN PREASGRAÐ TALL.

Ó gheibhim gur cailleach na flácha rliocet Míleíriu,
 Iñ pojnt a d-talam að Dallai'b an binn-Óearla,
 A Tallag ó bprácaim go naicair le bpríbéireacét,
 Raðav-ra realad að bearrfað gac céileara.

XLVIII.

AIR ÓÍC NA NGHAODA.

Le Séapha Ua Donnchaða an Óileanna.

Ní fuislingis Ógaill dñinnt ríochúðað a n-Éirinn real,
 Ár d-croisíðée gan Ógallaincúðað iñ írlíúðað píe n-a rmaðt,
 Ár d-cumair do lusígeadúðað iñ díchiúðað ár d-cleipe
 air fad,
 Iñ fuispm a mís-páin cpríochénúðað ár raoðail ar.

64. naic for naicad.

68. He says he will become a ‘cooper.’ cíleip, ‘ceeler,’ is a broad, shallow vessel for milk to cream in.

XLVIII.—The author of this poem and the following was Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenflesk. He married in 1665, and was not living at the end of the century.

THE BINDING.

61 Although I spent a portion of my life in folly,
 And loved a story on the supremacy of the true Gaels.
 Since my occupation is gone, because of the change of laws in
 Erin,
 My torture! I must without delay take to brewing.

THE COUNTER REPLY.

Since I find that the chieftains of the race of Milesius have
 perished,
 And that the foreigners of the smooth English have the
 dividing of their lands,
 As I understand, O Tadhg, that you will take to brewing,
 I, for a season, will turn to the planing of *ceelers*.

XLVIII.

ON THE RUIN OF THE GAELS.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

The foreigners will not suffer us ever in peace in Erin,
 Without enslaving our hearts, and humbling them under their
 sway,
 To reduce our power, and destroy our clergy altogether,
 The aim of their evil plan is to expel us from it entirely.

In 1679, he wrote a poem on O'Keeffe; and in the same year, an elegy of 260 lines on Edmund Fitzgerald of Lisheen Castle, which O'Curry ranks high. The same authority says that O'Donoghue was one of the deepest read of his day in the Irish language. His poems breathe the spirit of independence characteristic of his race. See Introduction.

Níor ḫluigte dár n-ṁoimhí aō lioṁnúigh aō bhéagach beart,
 ḫan éumair an ḫliȝe riú a n-aoin énír d'éilim̄ éearc,
 Tuigim̄ gur ríor-þuðair ríochúigh raoibh na ḃfear
 Le a ᷇-cuirid a ᷇-craig ñáinni gníomhúigh aō leir a ᷇-ceart.

- Dár d-tubuit̄ go laoicéamhuił lusíge ñáinni pē n-a rmaect,
 10 Mo ḫuirfe! 'r naé ñion ñáinni aoin évíl d' Éirinn Círt,
 Ár ᷇-cumair iř ñiocht-éñmait̄, ní fiú r̄méar ár ᷇-ceart,
 Muna d-tigé ḫan moill éñgaiñ mnímúigh aō éigint ar.

Do éonnaige na ᷇aoiðil úd ríodaṁail, r̄eadač, r̄eal,
 Cumarač, cíoraṁail, críóenamail, céadraðač, ceart,
 Soilbíl, raoicéamhail, mísion-úr, maorða, mear,
 Phíont̄a, phíoraṁail, phíontaṁail, r̄eafðač, peacēt.

- Cuirte caoineamhuił, ḫraoičeamhuił, daonnačtač,
 ḫiorait̄ bíogamail, ḫaoirpeamhuił, ḫaoðalač, glan,
 20 Dó tuit̄ a b-þríorún ḫaoirpeamhail lae na m-bréat,
 Nár ḫuilleadap mó-éblú, iř ñiochtúigh dēarač deart.

Ðoirim̄ iř guthim̄ rúnna Críort éñgaiþ, caom̄ an plait̄,
 Ð'fuisling a ḫaoimh-érv a ᷇-craoið éñmait̄ éearpa ḫeačt,
 Dó ᷇-cuirpea aō ḫan moill éñgaiñ raoi éblú ᷇aoðail 'na
 ᷇-ceart,
 'S dó r̄gríoraið na ᷇aill úd bí riú a ᷇-cém tap leap.

It was not crafty enough for our ruin—the false glozing of facts,
Without the power of the law on their side in any case of a just
claim,

I know that the foolish peace these men make is endless woe,
By which they put in practice on us the manifest design of their
race.

It is our daily misfortune to lie down beneath their yoke,

- 10 My grief, no corner of Art's Erin is a protection for us;
Our power is feeble, our right is not worth a blackberry,
Unless some relief come to us in our distress without delay.

I have seen these Gaels in silks and jewels at one time,
Powerful, with good rentals, industrious, intelligent, just,
Pleasant, wise, finely-noble, stately, active,
Poetical, truthful, fond of wine, festive, formerly.

Knights, noble, skilled in magic, humane,

Young scions, vigorous, accomplished, heroic, pure,

Until they fell into the enslaving prison of their day of judgment,

- 20 They did not deserve disgrace, and the tearful ruin of darts.

I beseech and entreat here for you, Christ, noble is the prince,
Who suffered his gentle blood to flow on a narrow tree of cruci-
fixion,

That he would send without delay to us the Gaels restored to
their rights and fame,

And sweep those foreigners who were against them afar over the
sea.

XLIX.

AN REACHT TAR TUINN.

LE SÉAPRA UA DONNCHAÓA.

If bárra aip an g-clear an peacht do cheacht tar tuinn,
 Léar leagádhs pá plait an tpeabh rín Éibhlí Óginn,
 Cama na m-beapt do llaeth go cláon ár g-euinns,
 Léar geapraod amach ár g-ceapt ar Éirinn uill.

If deacaip a meair go raibh a g-céill don drosinns,
 Ceapaodh na n-acht do chabairt d'aon mac Daill,
 Go b-peacadar bpeacht na b-peap aip Séaplaig Rígh,
 Dúr rðapadar neapt gan ceapt le céile a baill.

Do feannaodh aip fad an peacht ro a n-Éirinn Óaoisil,
 10 If deapgarthar feartea peapt gacé aoinfíl díobh,
 Nó glacaidh a b-pat gan rtau if téid tar tuinn,
 If geallaidh tar aip gan teacht go h-eus ariú.

Ciodh neaptmáar an tan ro aip clannai b Óaoisal na Daill,
 'S ciodh rathmáar a rtair le real a b-ppéamáil Ólainn,
 Do ñeargáidh a g-capd ní ghabaidh gélleaodh an foimh,
 Peartfaiodh 'na fírtai b pearp Óé 'na n-druim.

A Ócheair na b-peapt dood' cead if déanta gurioe,
 Ceaptair 'na leab aip fad a n-Éirinn Óaoisil,
 If leabair 'na g-ceapt gan ceap gacé aon don drosinns,
 20 If airtig a peacht 'r a pat don cléir a g-céill.

5-8. From these lines it seems that the poem was composed shortly after the Cromwellian Plantations.

XLIX.

THE LAWS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE.

It is the crowning of knavery—the coming of the law from beyond the sea,
Through which the race of Eibhear Fionn were brought low into bondage,
The cunning of the deeds that unjustly stole our allegiance,
By which our right in great Erin was entirely cut off.

It is hard to think that the people understood
What it was to give the framing of the laws to any foreigner,
Till they saw these men's judgment on King Charles,
That with might without right, they tore his limbs asunder.

The Gaels are flayed entirely in Erin now,
10 And the grave of each one of them is prepared,
Or they take their “pass” without delay and go beyond the sea,
And promise not to come back again until death.

Strong though the foreigners be now above the Gaels,
And though their stay amongst the descendants of Flann has been prosperous for a time,
Through the faults of their race they shall not obtain sway of the land,
The anger of God shall rain down in showers upon their backs.

O Father of miracles, by thy leave we must pray ;
Restore to their rights in prosperity the Gaels in Erin,
And make prosperous in their rights without sorrow every one of the race,
20 And restore their law and their success to the clergy in the church.

21. Uc iñ aécaoi! iñ laç i an uairle anoir,
 Cúfa iñ callaíðe aip éailisðiñ tsafrádail,
 bðousig fá hataíðe, iñ airtíðe fuafraé rím,
 lñ luéct oirðearc reaðuiðe a g-caipíb cluaraáca.

L.

IAR G-CUR EASBUIG CÓRCAUIÐE AIR IONNARBAÐ AS
 ÉIRINN.

Le William Mac Captain an Dúna.

Mo bhrón mo ðeacair an éalð ro am fíor-épráð-ra,
 Eoin go ðaingion a nglaraið na b-tíoránaé,
 An reól að baðar aip éarrainig tar tuinn báitóte
 ðeiri bheoiríðte a g-craeátaib ár g-cealla 'r ár b-ppróim-
 cairðe.

A MÍOR-MÍIC BEANNUIÐTE ÓEANNUIÐTE 'ran g-craoibh éráiðte
 Na ríoníðte peapra do fíleaéctaib éirt ríl Ándaim,
 Óeónuig realað go taisneamhaé caomh-ráitóteaé,
 Eoin gan baðsað 'ran talam ro fíotcánta.

Treóruið, aitcém opt, Aéair 'r a Ríð neámhá,
 10. Tar bðéna a baile ár marcpa laoic láidir,
 A g-cóir 'r a g-calma 'r a n-acfuiñ gan dís pláinte,
 'S aip édir tar faiurrse fíaireað gan puinn cairðe.

23. bððaig. The word *bodach* is much used by speakers of English. It implies a churlish, ill-mannered upstart; churlishness is an essential element in the character.

24. reaðuiðe: MS. reacuiðe.

21 Oh woe, alas! weak is nobility now,
 Cuffs and frills on servant maids!
Bodachs wearing hats—trifling is the improvement—
 And the noble and honourable in caps with ears.

L.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS BANISHED
 FROM ERIN.

By WILLIAM MAC CARTAIN AN DÚNA.

My grief, my hardship, this thorn that ever wounds me,
 John fast bound by tyrants' locks!
 The flapping sail, prepared to take him over the drowning waves,
 Sickens, and causes to tremble, our churches and our dearest
 friends.

O great, holy Son of God, who on the tree of torture didst
 purchase
 Hosts of individuals of Adam's true descendants,
 Grant that once again, in affection and noble speech,
 John be unscathed and this land in peace.

Conduct, I beseech thee, O Father and King of Heaven,
 10 Home across the main our cavalcade of strong heroes,
 In justice and valour and vigour without loss of health,
 And scatter without much respite the army beyond the sea.

3. The poem seems to have been composed while the boat was still waiting for the bishop to go on board.

11. *calma*: MS. *calam*, which perhaps = *calb*, 'hardness,' hence 'bravery.'

Ní'l beó 'na m-beachruið dár n-earbuisig acht rmuintse árda,
 A n-gleas-érruist fada að Dállaið dá ríor-cáblað,
 Þan cónall na nsgalap cé calma a n-olísge an Íára
 Acht Seon 'na fíearamh ó mairidin 'na þríom-ðárdá.

- Tig deörpa m'aindelre óm ðeapcaib 'na línn báidte,
 'Na róð að træaðað mo leacan Þo díosðbláðað,
 Ón g-ceó 'r ón rígamal 'r ó fíearchúinn Þo ríor-ðnáðað,
 20 Ír cónip na Saðran dár n-apðuin faoi luiðe an ńraca.

Criall an earbuisig cneafraða ciaoin Þan cám,
 Óiaða ðafrda ír mairpeac gnaoi ar cál,
 A g-cian dá ðeapað a m-bare a g-créic éum fáin,
 Ír ciaé 'r ír cnead 'r ír ceaf a g-créiocaib Þáil.

LI.

FAOISIÐIN SEAGAÐAIN UÍ CONAILL.

Cómuim féin le deáraið, deapbaim,
 Þup canað liom bréitþre baoða malluigðe,
 Cuir brenn deapróil aip Aítaip na g-coinact;
 An tan ðeappað an cléip le faobar faltanuir,
 Fuaip ceannap ír céim map aon le Þeabap glis,
 A g-cordiinn glóripe að reafamh 'pan Rónim;

13. árda: M and A áirde. Another MS. gives reading in text.

15. This line is obscure. cónall = 'confederation, acting together' (?)

16. Seon seems = Eoin, the Bishop's name.

LI.—The author of this and the following poem, John O'Connell, has been made by some writers Bishop of Kerry somewhere about 1700. But the evidence is overwhelming against his ever having been Bishop of Kerry. Dr. Comerford, Archbishop of Cashel, writing to Rome, in the year 1699, states that there had been no bishop in the sees of Ardfert and Aghadoe for forty years, and after that date it is quite certain that Dr. Moriarty was the first Bishop. We think it is even

There is not left to our bishops in life but high aspirations,
Long in the bondage of strife, sorely oppressed by the English,
Without acting together in their distress as they stand bravely
for the Papal law,
But John standing since morning as chief guard.

The tears of my distress rush from my eyes like a drowning
flood,

And plough my cheeks in tracks injuriously,
Because of the ever-during mist and cloud and rain,

20 While the Saxon horde are plundering us beneath the press of
the harrow.

The departure of the bishop, mild, gentle, faultless,
Pious, skilful, fair in face and fame,
To a distance, in a ship, to a land of exile, which is resolved on,
Is a cause of distress and groaning and sorrow in the regions of
Fál.

LI.

JOHN O'CONNELL'S CONFESSION.

I confess with tears, I swear,
That words of folly and evil have been spoken by me,
Which have brought afflicting sorrow on the Father of Powers ;
When I lacerated with the edge of enmity the clergy
Who obtained sway and dignity together with wise Peter
Standing in Rome in a crown of glory ;

abundantly evident that O'Connell never took Holy Orders. The two poems which we give here seem to have been written by a layman. Confessions such as these must not be interpreted too strictly. The violations of the Commandments and of the Seven Deadly Sins, he charges himself with, are to be understood in a general sense. O'Connell is best known for his "Dirge of Ireland." It would be difficult to find in any literature a more splendid torrent of language than is commanded by O'Connell. In some passages he rises to sublime poetry, as in the simile of the snow in this poem, and the description of the Last Judgment in the next.

On anpríopaird baoðail am béal go labharaid,
 Iþ angráip urningaet náir ménim liom d' aitíri,
 Iþ éitíoc aitíoprae—rpléacataim rpalpaim-re ;
 10 Féac an Eaglair naomha beannuitigte,
 Oé oéón ! do bheip damaint dom édrait.

Af rín bárra aip dacad baoðaet raoðail d' ár eaißeap,
 Béic tarscuiipseac taodaet rraoëtmar reapb,
 Le coimhreac cónir na bflaißeap, mo bpón;
 Do b'earfmailteac éadomar meafac marlaiðteac,
 Do rðapartainn-re rpreaet do rðléipea e rðannalaet,
 Le gedein glóir mo tceangdan ar geobal ;
 Að aitíri a m-béap duri craor iþ capbar
 Cleactaod an tréud-ro léigte an aifriinn,
 20 Luét d'éanta teagdaird iþ réitioe anmnaet,
 Saor ó peana-þruis bpréantair Acheron,
 Stoc d'an do mairfeap do deo.

bað meablaet mé-ri am' mén 'r am' aitne,
 Do luét caicte na h-éide iþ tréan do rtracainn-re
 Dacad róba leó do talam d'an édir ;
 Le meaf opm fém tar éigrib feancaip
 Rpeabaim am' réaltan gléineac taiéniomhae,
 Téigbaim tdirpfe lafaim iþ dñigim.
 Iþ meafra me tceac a péim ná Mahomet,
 30 Captar liom céad feap céille aip mearfball ;
 Þeué capa ðaðar andae n'l aðam aet
 Rae beag zeaprai dom' ñaoðal pe caitioe,
 Sin ceo anoir róimam iþ eá h-ionad 'na ngeobad ?

Mo bæpta do léip, iþ éaet 'r iþ aitíp rín,
 Le h-amhac am' éadan ; léagþap, geallaim-re,
 Mo ðnóða rpróip aip mullaet énoic fór ;
 Cioð meallað me fém a ð-céill náir b'eaðal liom
 Cealð ón éað, cioð léip do leacþap me,

9. rpalpaim, 'I swear'; cf. að rpalpað leabap = 'swearing recklessly.'

19. léigte : MS. leaðaiðte. 24. luét caicte na h-éide = the clergy.

28. This line as translated reads like bathos; perhaps tdirpfe = tuippe, and

That the evil spirit of danger spoke in my mouth,
 And profane songs I should not wish to repeat,
 And shameful lies—I bow down and swear ;
 10 Behold the holy blessed Church,
 Alas ! alas ! threatens damnation for me.

Here is the crowning of the life of folly which I have led ;
 That I was contemptuous, violent, wrathful, bitter,
 To the true symbol of heaven, my grief ;
 Reproachfully, enviously, sharply, insultingly,
 Did I give forth bantering in wantonness and scandal,
 With the sound of the speech of my tongue running on ;
 I related their habits, saying that it was gluttony and intemperance
 That the tribe who celebrate Mass practised,
 20 That tribe who teach and save souls
 From the torments of the foul bondage of Acheron :
 A race that, without falsehood, will live for ever.

Deceitful was I in my disposition and in my mind ;
 Forcibly did I tear from those who wear the vestments
 Every robe they had, to the ground, unjustly ;
 Esteeming myself above the bards of history
 I spring up as a star brilliant and shining,
 I lift a torch, kindle, and burn ;
 It were worse I came into power than Mahomet,
 30 Give me but a hundred men of fanatical minds ;
 Whither did I go yesterday ? There remains to me
 But a short space of my life to spend ;
 Lo the mists are before me and whither shall I go ?

All my actions—it is a wonder and disgrace—
 Can be seen on my forehead. There will be read, I aver,
 My deeds of pastime hereafter on a mountain's top ;
 Though so deceived was I in my reason that I feared not
 A sting from death, albeit it be certain that I shall be entombed

that *lapaím* and *doúiðim* have a neuter sense.

30. *céille aip meapball* = *aip meapball céille*.

31. *a n-dae*, the part of his life already spent (?).

40 A δ-com̄p̄iuinn deapóil gan tapa gan t̄reoir,
 gan labairt gan léim gan réim gan rathrað,
 gan eis̄ir ioná ppéip a n-aon dom' leanba,
 Céit daoil am épeatlae cléib òa ḡearrað,
 Nár b'f̄éinir peafam am' ḡaor le balaiðe,
 'S a Comac̄tais f̄nír aip m'anam 'fan róð.

50 Ciooð eis̄ear mo f̄aoðal go b̄réagac̄ bařguit̄c̄ioð,
 If̄ ḡur cleac̄tar-pa claona clé nár eapait̄ ñam,
 St̄roð ña f̄órt ño glacar map meón,
 Gan r̄damal map éigior éigneac̄ ait̄ipeac̄,
 Nós b̄panar ag déanam béile aip ablað,
 Róite feóla eapail ag t̄reodðað ;
 Nós campa b̄réan a m-béillic eappait̄e,
 T̄pearðar̄ea faon p̄á gréin an t̄-r̄am̄rað,
 Ḡur r̄d̄eigear mo r̄ceat̄rað c̄réaet̄að cealðað,
 Céarða ceaðarða a n-eádan Ægailfe,
 Am' ñinnið r̄b̄dirt ag maðað f̄án Órð.

59 Cais̄f̄iom go leír le céile peafam
 Aip f̄leapraib an t-Sléibe an tan glaoðf̄aið an t-aingiol,
 Le feóil a céoil na mairob beið beó ;
 Larrf̄aið na rr̄éapraib ip pléapðf̄aið garb-énoic,
 Cappait̄eac̄' raobf̄aið ip d̄eimþið an l̄eaðan-m̄uir,
 An t̄óirneac̄ ñoðis̄f̄ið peafainn ip f̄níð ;
 beið flaiðear na naoim go leír aip baille-érið,
 Sðairf̄ið na peulta ip néalta pap̄caip,
 beið gné na peanna idir gréin ip gealað,
 Map r̄m̄eip ñan t̄aiéniom le h-éigion eaðla,
 Aip f̄lónigstib r̄deón r̄oim̄ leanb na h-óð.

60 beið t̄aiéniom na naoim map r̄d̄eim̄ an t̄-r̄neac̄ta,
 Ag cantain f̄uile r̄eide, go réim̄ ag r̄almairpeac̄,
 Le ñirf̄iðr̄ órða agur Canticles céoile ;
 Na h-appt̄aile ag téac̄t ag déanam ait̄ip,

59 *et seq.* Cf. the following description of the Day of Judgment:—

Lá duð doरéa b̄rónað baoðalað,
 C̄riéf̄ið na flaiðir ip larrf̄aið na rr̄éaprað,
 beið ruíte neðsta ceð 'dúr caora
 Anuar ña ḡ-cais̄team̄ na ḡ-ceaðannalb t̄réana. *Anonymous.*

In a miserable coffin without vigour or life,

40 Without speech, without motion, without sway, without sportiveness,

Without love or regard for any of my children ;

But chafers within my breast, cutting it,

While it will be impossible to stand beside me because of the stench,

And O Thou Mighty One, relieve my soul in its path.

Though I spent my life in falsehood and injury,

And practised evil, sinister deeds that were not good for me,

An extravagance of this kind did I take up as a notion,

Lighting with fury, like a sharp, shameless satirist,

Or like ravens making a meal on a dead carcass—

50 The putrid decaying flesh of a horse—

Or a foul sewer in a huge rock,

Open and exposed to the summer's sun,

I belched forth my injurious, stinging vomit,

Annoying, vilifying, in the face of the Church ;

A fool in my diversion throwing ridicule on the clergy !

We must all take our stand together

On the sides of the mountain, when the angel shall summon ;

By means of his music the dead shall live ;

The heavens shall be ablaze, and rugged hills shall burst asunder,

60 Rocks shall be rent, and the wide ocean shall roar,

Thunder shall burn up plains and fields,

Heaven of the saints shall tremble in every part,

The stars and the clouds of Paradise shall scatter,

The appearance of the heavenly bodies, both sun and moon, shall be

As blackberries, without brightness, through the force of terror,

Hosts shall be affrighted before the Son of the Virgin.

The brightness of the saints will be as the beauty of snow,

As they sing pleasant songs with freedom and delightfully chant psalms,

With beautiful melodies and canticles of music ;

70 The apostles will come and make jubilation,

Ír bhanaltра an Aon na paeltean baпra oppa,
 Aд таbайт eolair dñiб do plaiчear-þroð rððail;
 Ѓaé anam boct claoп do paob na h-aiчeanta,
 Aд rðреадайт 'r aд éigioн 'r aг éilioн papetair,
 Ѓo leunmáп leacuiгtce daop-ðuþ ðamanta,
 Paon, gан meabaiп ná pеim aip сapað aco,
 Dá n-ðñiгeað do deo iðiп laparaiв teó.

80

A bpeapraim iap dtéact don Aon lillac ceannaiп riп,
 veiö feapam an' feucaint, feaoč iп feapd nime,
 Le comácta a ðlñire labarfaid leó :
 Deapcaio na créacta gеара gреaduiгtce
 Do padað do h-aeiб třim' сaоb do ьur n-deapða-ra,
 Map do rtrðcað m'feoil 6 ьatçar do feor;
 Ѓaé tаirnge am' plaoř do pléarð mo nañaid-re,
 'S an t-peapb-ðeoč ьinéiðre ьréin do сaбаit ðam,
 Tap éip me ceangal le teud do ðainðean,
 'S mo gеaða aip ppapa iпr an daop-éroir tpeapna,
 Iр me am' ьrðo ppriпt að maietiб na rлðð.

90

Achait iп Aon Mic, éigim iп aiчeim riб,
 Sgapeadaim an Naomh Spiophad, map aon, an Eaglair,
 Tpeodð cép tóp mo ppaiпn-re leó,
 Maietiоn дom paop 6'r leip ьur aiчriгtceacé,
 Iр ьurab anþfann mé pá leun le pautuippe,
 Iр debra teó 'na ppaiпiб lem' ьrðin;
 Na h-anamna gеíll do rtræe na nðaňar,
 Do сappaind aip сréad na gеaða aérapaim,
 Ѓlaoðaim-re aip сaбаit do h-euř' na n-aiпðiol,
 Map aon pe bhanaltра pеaplaig þapetair,
 Eðin gеal ьrða Peadar iп Pól.

91. tpeodð(?)

95 et seq. The order seems to be gлаoðaim aip сaбаit na n-aiпðiol, &c. ; na h-anamna do сappaind, &c.

And the nurse-mother of the Only Son will be a supreme star
over them,

Showing them the way to delightful heavenly mansions.
Every poor perverse soul that broke the commandments,
Shrieking, and crying, and claiming Paradise,
Sorrowfully entombed, black-guilty, damned,
Feeble, without understanding, or power to return,
Will be burned for ever amid hot flames.

When the meek Only Son shall come in person ;
Force, anger, and venomous wrath shall be in his looks,

80 He will speak to them by the power of his glory :
Behold the sharp, piercing wounds
That were made in my side to the heart for your sakes,
How my flesh was rent from head to foot ;
Each nail which my enemy drove into my head,
And the bitter drink of foul vinegar they gave me,
After they had tied me firmly with a rope,
And my arms were nailed sideways on the guilty cross,
While I was mocked at by the leaders of the hosts.

O Father, and Thou Only Son, I cry out and beseech you.

90 I call upon the Holy Spirit and on the clergy also—
Great though my struggle with them has been—
To forgive me and set me free, since I am plainly repentant,
Since I am feeble and afflicted through sorrow,
While hot tears come in streams from along my nostrils ;
The souls who yielded to the waywardness of the goats
To bring back to the flock of the sheep,
I call swiftly upon the help of the angels,
Together with the jewelled mother-nurse of Paradise,
John the Baptist the illustrious, Peter and Paul.

96. *do t̄appainō* : MS. *do t̄apac*, as pronounced.

LII.

DARA FADÓSÍDÍN SHÉASÁIN UÍ CHONAILL.

A dhóimí mo bheartha anoirg do déaraibh dúnbaibh,
Cé eagal dám, oč! m'anaċraō! Túr déasnaibh dúninn,
Tré leanamáin na g-cama-fhlisighthe g-claon gán énig,
Lárraibh do ḡreabhaibh liom iñ baoġal am' cionn.

A dhóimí duit Aċċairi wħiċċi aonha aip d-túri,
Do ļeanb ħil a rrarrha cewihe cérafha bhrúiġċeaib,
Carbier għu r-ċelestej-ja, iñ ceraor iñ ħorūri,
Iñ feallaipeaċet iñ faltanar iñ taos iñ tnu.

A dhóimí duit Apari-Spiropati iñ naomħta għonni,

10. Túr ċealgaċ le cealġaipreacit mo' b'eul aip riuħal,
Féi rrapprainexa ġo rpalpraini-je na rppreāċa miex,
'S nári b'fearrha liom ceapta ażam-ja ná an t-éiċċeaċ tħix.

A b-nanaltarha ḡeal ḡeanaġġna ġi-ħiċċi Dē na n-ħál,

A dhóimí duit mallu iġħieċċeaċt mo' ġaoġġi l-ebn,

Túr ḡaċċar-ja lead' ļeanb-ja iñ leat p-ejn bun-ot-ċionn,
'S an madha du b-tal-taigħiġ 'na jieħi am' clu.

Aingil ḡi'l baċċ ċeannaraċ reoċ aon doċ' ḥorūiġ

Do ḫeरαιib iñp na flaiċċeरaiib għan rraon don tnu,

A dhóimí duit bapbaipreacit mo' b'eil nári b'ni,

20. 'S ġaċċ peaca uilek do ċapar-ja lem' aeiħi bgo' dlu.

A dhóimí anoirg m'anacra iñ mo ċpréaċċa dúnha,

Am' ḡalaraċ boċċ peanġu iċċeaċ a b-péin 'i' a b-puċċaip,

Don Il-ħaġra bairagiġċċeaċ le 'i' teagħiġ għad-dur dún,

Iñ tré an teagħiġi r-riġi għu sur cailleha leip an plaopardi u
cionn.

4. It is best to take iñ baoġal with am' cionn.

7. We must not take such self-accusations too literally; they imply a pious spirit, but cover all the ground of the moral law in a stereotyped fashion.

15. ḡaċċar bun-ot-ċionn le = 'I walked in opposition to.'

LII.

ANOTHER CONFESSTION BY JOHN O'CONNELL.

I confess, now, my deeds tearfully and sadly—
 Though I fear, alas, my misery! that it is too late for me—
 Through following perverse evil ways, without cause,
 The danger hangs over me of flames being stirred up for me.

I confess to Thee, first, O sweet, only Father,
 Whose beloved Son was bruised, tortured, extended on a cross,
 That I practised intemperance, and gluttony, and lust,
 And deceit, and envy, and stubbornness, and jealousy.

I confess to Thee, O noble Spirit of holy countenance,
 That my mouth kept speaking deceitfully through knavery;
 So that I gave forth in bitterness showers of oath-curses;
 Nor did I prefer to be in the right rather than miserably to lie.

O loving, bright nurse-mother of the Son of God of the
 elements,
 I confess to thee the wickedness of my life from the beginning,
 That I have walked in opposition to thy Child and thee,
 While the black dog was fondled, a monster, in my breast.

O bright angel, who held sway beyond any of thy company,
 Who stood in the heavens without yielding to envy,
 I confess to thee the profanity of my impious mouth,
 And every wicked crime I fondly cherished in my heart.

I confess now my miserable state and my black wounds
 Poor, diseased creature that I am, in pain and misery,
 To the Baptist by whom the obdurate Herod was admonished,
 And who lost his head through that admonition.

16. *an māvna dūb* = 'the devil.'

17-18. St. Michael the Archangel; envy is said to have given rise to the rebellion of the angels.

Adomnáim do na h-aprtalaib, ní éréigim aip rún,
 Do Phéadair iр don aprtal-pan naéidír liom
 Ainn círt am' pannaiib éup a n-éifeacét éusgam,
 Mar maotha gaoth-cárainn-re fá r déiđ na m-bhrúct.

Adomnáim do na h-aingiolasib iр do gacé aon 'r an dún
 30 Íarbháit, iр d'Acháir-oide an Oisige clúiníil,
 Tpé deapmád na n-aicteanta gur éréig mo rúil,
 'S an martra dom' leagád-ra aip léithe am' cíul.

Do glanaib me 'r an m-bairte mar r déiđ na g-colúr,
 Nó taitneamh cpiorðail gneaccta gil do réidear éusgam
 Tap pleagraib cnoic lá earrasig ósuib 'na rlaosdaib tuisce,
 Ciò r déarar riř an r déabal riř, mo méala dúbaé!

Sealad ñam faoi an r déabal riř, do pléirír tig éusgam,
 Láthann iр tappaindeann me a m-baoðalaib ronc,
 Mar maotha fáir leanar leir aip éill éum riubail,
 40 'Sar taitníomád do lapann le na réideaoð fúm.

Do b' anam éum an aifriann ag téacét le ponnt,
 Do deapmádai na palma do léigear aip mo glúin,
 Saltair Mhuire Óeannuighe éum Óe ní dubart,
 'S tpe éarcairne don Óaglair níor éiríoiř riú.

Ní deacra aip an glaibrád gacé bpaon don dhrúct,
 Ná gairm tig na cárnaib le taorád tonn,
 A n-dearbh-umír, geallaim, éup a g-cléirceař dúninn,
 Ná peaca cnuinne agam-ra coip cléibe am' cíum.

25. ní éréigim : MS. ní n-deirigim.

26. St. Paul. Pól, with its long o sound, could not find a place in this metre.
 30. Acháir-oide = St. Joseph.

31-32. If rúil be taken = 'eye,' we might translate, 'my eye hath waned.' It is possible that we should read na h-aicteanta, and take tpe deapmád absolutely, 'through forgetfulness my eye (i.e. myself) abandoned the commandments.'

I confess to the Apostles—I keep it not secret—
 To Peter, and to that apostle whose proper name
 I cannot bring into my verse effectively,
 That like a dog I used to return to the overflow of vomitings.

I confess to the angels and to each one in the stronghold
 30 Of Paradise, and to the Foster-Father of the renowned Heir,
 That through forgetfulness of the commandments my hope
 has abandoned me
 While I totter in decrepitude and my head is grey.

I was cleansed in baptism pure as the beauty of doves,
 Or the crystal brightness of the white snow which blows
 upon us
 Over the slopes of a hill on a black spring day in frequent
 flakes,
 Although, my doleful loss! I parted with that robe.

When I was for a time in that robe suddenly there comes
 to me
 A robber who draws me into occasions of danger,
 I followed him on like a dog led by a thong,
 40 And pleased did I light up at all that he suggested to me.

Seldom did I go to Mass with desire,
 I forgot to read the psalms on my knees.
 I did not recite the Psalter of Holy Mary to God,
 And through contempt for the clergy I listened not to them.

It is not more difficult, every drop of dew on the green herbage,
 Or the sand that comes in heaps with the flowing tide,
 To count in exact numbers, I aver,
 Then the full number of the sins in my breast beside my
 heart.

33. This line slightly halts in metre; perhaps we should read *Do glanað annr an m-baip̄te me, &c.*

37. *do pléip̄ð* = *do ðeit*, ‘suddenly.’

40. *ef. ‘tā re að rēiðeað fūm,’ ‘he is urging me on, he is tempting me’:*
MS. fúðam.

48. *peaca* = *peacta*, older plural.

Do maipearf-ra le břanaipeaēt map þaolcōin éiuin,
 50 Að alpapreacēt ȝac ablaig bað þréine am břní;
 Aðmum na h-aicteanta do paobað liom,
 Tře ap b'eaðgal dam ȝeið ðamanta 'dip ðaolaið dñba.

Ní h-eagla ȝeið ðamanta 'dip ðaolaið dñba,
 Ná taiteniom' do na flaiðiorgatb iþ ppéim' dom' énír,
 Aðt atuirre do ȝlacarf-ra aður léip-þþrior dñbað,
 Pearfð éup aip ðeagnaēt lillc Ðé ðan trñið.

Cið meara me aip ðamantaēt ná aon dár píúbail,
 Maiþeaðar do ȝeabainn-þe aður éirteacēt umal,
 Aðt þþreadað ȝuirt le ðarða ȝoil iþ eiðmē iþ lñð,
 60 Cum ȝanalþpan an Ðalta ȝil nár éimið trñ.

Aip an aðbær ran opt aðraim a ȝéit ðan píúit,
 Aip aingjolaið aip appatalaið 'r aip naomhais náirð,
 Map ȝeapmuin éirt taðarða ȝo trœun am' énír
 Iþ maiþeaðar do ȝeabaud-þa mā ðéinid píú.

Aðair-oidhe ȝeannuisté don cléip 'ra èrñ,
 Capðanað ȝeið teagðarð ðam dár ngeilleann tñ,
 An ȝac aifriionn dár n-abrarið ȝo h-éað ȝuið liom,
 Iþ ȝeallaim-þe mā þreagðraið nað baoðal dom ruðar.

65. As in the usual formula, he addresses himself to the Confessor.

I lived by prowling like a quiet wolf,
Gorging the most putrid carrion, brute as I was;
I confess the commandments were violated by me,
Because of which I fear I may be damned among black
chafers.

It is not the fear of being damned among black chafers,
Or love for the heavens that is the root of my trouble,
But sorrow I have conceived and doleful tribulation
At having enraged the wisdom of the Son of God, without
cause.

Though I be deeper in damnation than any man that ever
walked,
I would get pardon and a willing hearing,
Let me but cry bitterly, with tearful screams, and shrieks, and
moans.
60 To the Mother-Nurse of the Bright Child, who has not refused
a wretch.

For that reason I cry out to thee, O woman without blemish,
To the angels, to the apostles, and to the saints of the Orders,
As a true protection of powerful intercession in my cause;
And if they be that, I will obtain forgiveness.

O Father, holy teacher to the clergy and their tribe,
In charity teach me all that Thou believest,
In every Mass which thou wilt say until death pray for me,
And, I aver, if thou respondest, I need not fear hurt.

LIII.

maictnaiù a g-cill tuata.

Le Conchubhar Ua Ríordáin.

Beuc a peacaid, a peapra na príomh-uaille,
 Créacaitaig, céalgaig, céacarraig, ériodh-e-cuaraig,
 Íaoibráig, feartáig, faltanraig, fíll-þuadraig,
 Caodraig, éagairraig, éarcuitriug, éinn-cuaigraig.

Beuc go deapbhéa a ngeata gae cill tuata,
 Cír plaoirgáib capn go bpeargalaé buidé aip fiaraib,
 A rdeim go rgamalaé, marb aip thí luadaille,
 A ngné gan taiscniom, gan anam, gan thíon duartain,

10 Gan léim, gan labhairt, gan dealb, gan vlooi truasaidé,
 Gan éipeacét eactrá d'ainéirig go grinn-éluanaé,
 Gan céim gan ceannar gan éapaid gan éaoim-éuallaé,
 Dá n-éir gan d'aobhar 'na leabhair aet mhn-luaipeacé.

Le h-éipeacét deapbhéa iñ deacaip a ríomh uainne,
 Cia do rrealbait anam gae crion-truaille ?
 Céadta d'ainsgioláib plaiéir an Ríd uaetráig,
 Seac rðaoe do ðeannaiib malluigthe móib-þuamhóir.

LIII.—The author of this, and the following poem was a native of West Muskerry, and lived for a time in the neighbourhood of Macroom. He was known as Conchubhar Maighistir, as he taught classics and their native tongue, as well as English, to the youths of his day. His literary life lay chiefly between 1735 and 1755. His name has continued for a century and a half a household word, not only in Muskerry, but in Kerry, where there are many closely related to him to the present day. He is remarkable for the sweetness as well as grace and finish of his verse, and has written some excellent specimens of contemplate poetry. The meditation on human life which we give here reminds one forcibly of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; both were written about the same time. The metre, with its solemn endings, is admirably adapted to serious poetry; and it is

LIII.

A MEDITATION IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN.

Look, O sinner, thou offspring (lit. person) of the first pride,
 Who art wounding, deceitful, soiled, hollow-hearted,
 Spiteful, wrathful, contentious, disposed to treachery,
 Inconstant, impertinent, offensive, most stubborn.

Look, indeed, at the entrance to any country churchyard,
 On the skulls of the graves, of greasy red and yellow, as they
 moulder,
 Their beauty obscured, and dead without motion,
 Their countenance without loveliness, without life, without
 defence from the rain,
 Without spring, without speech, without shape, without a lock
 of hair,
 10 Without the power of rehearsing a tale with witty flattery,
 Without sway, without rule, without a friend, without pleasant
 companions,
 Without any substance left behind them where they lay but fine
 ashes.

It is truly difficult for us to tell precisely
 Who has taken possession of the souls of each withered carcass :
 The hundreds of angels in the heaven of the Supreme King,
 Or a host of evil, restless demons ?

hardly too much to say that there are few finer pieces of its kind in any language. The Address to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which forms the binding of LIV. for loftiness of thought and imagery, deserves a high place among the productions of the lyric muse.

8. *Uion duaptain* refers probably to the hair of the head.

15. *r̄s̄im-r̄s̄uabaið* = 'wealth-snatching' or 'wealth-sweeping' (?) .

- A éléiríð éleaétar a leabharlaib laoi-ðuana,
 Saoðar teagaird na n-apptal 'r an níð lúaðaðar,
 Séamur, Peadar, ír Maircui do rgríob rtsuana,
 20 Ír ná d'éanfað earrbað beaða ná fíontu uaiþpeað.

 A þaoðaltauð ेarcsuirnig, rílaðaïð-éis, rðim-þðuabaið,
 Do raoðar aícheanta beannuïððe an Ríð uaeðrarið,
 Munu n-dénfir aíðreacáar fadstuirrreacé erioiðe-þuareða,
 Ír baoðal ðurðab eaðal duit bþeaðanna laoi an uaiðain.

Mo leun ! mo laðar ! mo leaðað ! ír mo líon-luaðrað !
 Feuð eár ðaðaðar ðraðuin na m-briuiðean-t-þluaiðte,
 Laoðra mairb a ð-eaðannaib ȝníom-uaiple
 bérir ír aíðis ír naðarað níme a bruaðaib.

- Feuð eá nðaðann an þaraiре fíor-éuaðað,
 30 Saoðar mearða meacanta míon-þðuagðað,
 Do þaoðraíð realb ðað eætair ír eíor cuanta,
 Ír do raoðað ðaimðneac' bailte le buiðean t-þluagðað.

Na laoðra leaðair-rgrið leaðair-mac Þríom uafail,
 Do éréaétauð Clíall-þré meaðail ȝé'r mó-éuaírpim,
 An bér eus tþearfðairt dá d'earðaib 'ran Tþraoi ír tua p-
 ðam,
 A rgénim nað aíðnið peacé ainið na mó-þnuadað.

- Feuð aíp þeaða na b-peapaðon b-fíor-þuairceir,
 Feuð na caðanna calma bí a m-buannaðt,
 Laoðairpe Caipbpe Caísal ír Cuinn uaine,
 40 Ír Ciongur aípmðeal ainiðeap, ðraoi euapðað.

24. MS. luaiðam; the Day of Judgment, it used to be thought, would fall on a Monday. (luaiðam = luain ?), which is otherwise believed to be an unlucky day.

Ib. After line 24 A. has the following additional stanza :—

Ír tþeán biaðr peaca duð malluïððe an claoim-uabair,
 Ír méim cum maíðear na ð-eapad do ríllobað uaða,
 Gontaðt aíðne að meallað ðað ríð-þtuairpe,
 'San cþaor 'na h-aice ðo reaðamáð raiðead-éuaðað.

- Thou cleric, familiar, in books of verse-poems,
 With the labours of teaching of the apostles and the things they
 said,
 James, Peter, and Mark, who wrote texts,
 20 And who were not intemperate in their living or in proud wines.

Thou worldling, contemptuous, rapacious, wealth-snatching,
 Who breakest the holy commandments of the Supreme King,
 If thou dost not repent in sorrow and trouble of heart,
 It is to be feared that thou hast to dread the judgments of the
 day of terror.

My woe! my weakness! my overthrowing! and my full agita-
 tion!

See whither they have gone—the warriors of hosted bands,
 Champions who slew in noble feats of chivalry,
 Bears and giants and snakes in their dens.

- See whither goes the valiant man of much marching,
 30 Cæsar, the active, the gentle, of smooth hair,
 Who won the possession of every city and the tribute of harbours,
 And who sacked towns and strongholds with warlike companies.

The heroes whom the nimble son of noble Priam mangled and
 destroyed,
 He whom Achilles wounded through treachery though unex-
 pectedly,
 The lady who by her deeds brought on Troy ruin and chastise-
 ment—
 Their beauty is not known from the blemish of the ill-visaged.

- Look at the lives of the truly-pleasant warriors,
 Look at the steadfast battalions who were engaged in service,
 Laoghaire, Cairbre, Cathal, and Conn the green,
 40 And Aongus of bright arms, the swift magician of much marching;

Beucé naé aitníd a b-peapra ná a n-ioðar rruamða,
 Le léaðað na leacan ná lapaip a lí luaimneacé,
 Beul ná deapca ná mala ná fíor-éluara,
 Aét plaod do éapn-énuini ðeaéta 'na n-díos-uamanaib.

Má d'éantap realb na b-plaiðeap le baoip uallaið,
 Círaor ðan meaparðaéct, ðramanna aip díe rruamñir,
 Beul an bladairpe að blaipreað ðaé bís buacaið,
 Ír baoët do éatíeadað apptail an Ríð a g-euapða,

- Ná d'éinead tairðe ðá nglacað ná críosc énuaraið,
 50 Na téigðeað 'na peacaið aip eaéra ðrorioðe ðruaðaé,
 Aét céadlonðað fada le teagfarð ðaé ðruimig tuaðaíl
 Ær ðan d'éadaé aco aét brrataéa rínn-ruamñir.

Do péinn an τ-áctaip a b-papréar dínn buannað,
 An céad-þeap aguinn do ðealþaið fíor-éuan aip,
 Čus ppréapréa mapa aip talam an τ-rafotgíl rruar ðo,
 Aét léigdon d' aðall na h-aitne aip éraoið rruaraið.

- Sgéim na n-aingjol ó baðar a éinn d'fuaðaið aip,
 Að téaétt go traiðéið 'na rðabal map díon fuaðta,
 Do péinn leip mapða, mairþeas go d-tí an uaip ro,
 60 Ðá n-déinead leanimun d'aitíeanta an Ríð aðuðbaið leip.

A n-dérið an peaca do céalð an éríon-éuallaé,
 A péigðteacé ceapta do þatail an Ríð muapða,
 Aon do peapirpanair beannuigðe an Tírið uaftail,
 Að rraorað pleaceta na h-earfduine bí a ngsuairpeacé.

Cíp léigðeað na bpeacá do aip pleapraitb an glínn uaetmair,
 Biað cléip na n-apptal a g-epeacaið go crorðe-buapréa,
 Map daolairb dealb na n-aingjol a mír duaptan,
 An τ-aer aip lapað 'r an talam 'na rínn rruacair.

44. MS. uaðnairb, the 'cavities' where their eyes and ears and mouths should be. 48. a g-euapða, 'the journey of their lives, their lives.'

53. péinn = pimne; perhaps buannað = 'place of abode,' and dínn = dúsnn = dúinn.

62. do þatail = 'he trod' *the earth as man*.

See how their person or their beautiful figure cannot be recognised

By scanning of their cheeks, or by the blaze of their vivid hue ;
They have no mouth, or eyes, or eyebrows, or real ears,
But a layer of clotted maggots pressed into their trenchéd cavities.

If the possession of the heavens be obtained by proud vanity,
Gluttony without moderation, drinks with discord,
By the mouth of the flatterer tasting every pleasing food,
In folly did the apostles of the King spend their course of life,

Who did not treasure or hoard up what they received,

- 50 Who did not gallop on troops of strong horses with flowing manes ;
But kept long fasts and taught each erring tribe,
With no dress save coarse and bristling garments.

The Father made subjects of us in Paradise ;

The first man of our race—He raised a great multitude from him,
He gave up to him the air, the seas, the lands of the worlds,
Let him but leave untouched the forbidden apple on one small tree.

From the crown of his head he clothed him with angelic beauty
Which came down to his feet in a robe as a protection from the cold;

- 60 Had he but obeyed the commandments of the King which he gave him.

After the sin that had stung our ancient race,

The Majestic King trod the earth for the release of our difficulty,
One of the Blessed Persons of the noble Trinity,
To save the people under a curse who were in trouble.

While He shall pronounce judgment on the sides of the vale of terror,

The clergy of the Apostles will tremble in affliction of heart,
The angels will be in form like chafers through sheer mourning,
The air will be ablaze, and the earth all uptorn.

- 70 *Ir faoibhreac bhfearta na bfeart do phíor-luaimeacaé,*
Ir é le taipbe cheartha an tsaoil-éuallaict,
Méinn leipz círapasidhce ceanfähigil gae clíó buain-rim,
Dan deiric do tsaibairt ná acaírt aip Chríort éuana.

A Óé na b-plaistear a b-peannait do tuisill círuaió rinn
 Saoi-rpe m'anam ó chealfähigil faoisídeas uaéata :
 An daop Spíopad ñamanta, ñeamán an phíll uaetmaip,
 An faoighal 'r an capn-éorpp clearwicidhceac claoim-éuapdaé.

- Ir téigteam le maectnaí na meanmna a b-ppróim-uaingneap,
 A òg déanaí taipcairne aip tsaipbe an t-faoiðil fuaipair,
 A òg píritioé earrpaide an Óéar 'r an t-Saoi d'fuaipair
 80 Na céadta a b-peannait-ðruit Acheron phíor-uaetmaip.

LIV.

FAOISIÓIN CONCUÓDAIR UÍ RÍORDÁIN.

A dhúinum féin do ndéaraí, dítheobraí,
 A n-aistreacáir díear tarp éir mo gníomh gnóta,
 Ó'aitheanta Óé ná déinmhní tim-éreobraí,
 Ir gur b'aite liom claoonta clé na clíó-phébla.

Na òg chealfähigac círapasidhceac círiðe-éorpp
 Me ag rdeanaí do h-éitheac íoscónraí,
 A ngeallumh níor ménin liom é do phíor-éomhail,
 'S iñ maiplas don b' do déanfaidh línn comaire.

- Óo b'anam me ag pléacétaí ag tauibh na g-cill-dubhrí,
 10 A òg maectnaí do m-béinn tar aon don éruiunn-édiríomh,
 A òg amarc na ò-tréimh-þeap tréimhre b' peomhainne
 A ò-ceannap an t-faoighail, gléartha, spíriðe-édirí.

70-72. These lines are obscure: MS. ceanfähigil; buan = 'holding out, resisting' (?). The general sense is in accordance with the text—"Depart from Me ye cursed, &c., for I was hungry, and ye gave me not to eat, &c."

- Keen are the showers of wrath with true activity ;
 70 And this is what the afflicted band profess for their advantage—
 A slothful, stingy clemency that restrained every resisting heart
 of these
 From giving alms or from entreating the noble Christ.
- O God of Heaven, who hast dearly purchased us in pain,
 Deliver my soul from the deceitful darts of these—
 The guilty damned spirit, the demon of dread treachery,
 The world, and the lumpish body, cunning, of perverse ways.
- And let us go by the meditation of our minds into deep solitude,
 To contemn the goods of the miserable world,
 And to free ourselves from the anger of the Father, and of the
 Noble One who liberated
 80 Hundreds from the painful bondage of much dreaded Acheron.

LIV.

CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN'S CONFESSION.

I confess tearfully, and devoid of strength,
 In bitter repentance after my misdoings,
 That I was not mildly led by the commandments of God ;
 And that I preferred the sinister, perverse ways of the flesh.

Deceitfully, eagerly, wound-inflicting, in agony of heart,
 Did I pour out every gossip in falsehood and injustice ;
 What I promised, I did not wish to fulfil,
 And woe to the woman who gave me her confidence.

- Seldom did I bow beside churchyard gates,
 10 Pondering that I should be as one of that vast multitude ;
 Looking upon the great men who lived some time before us,
 In the sovereignty of the adorned, mighty, coach-loving world.

76. For *capn-ċopp*, cf. *capn-ċnum*, line 44 *supra*.

78. ḡuaṛaīg: MS. ḡuaṛač.

An τ-anaṁ do ḥeíðinn, níor b' é mo ḡmaointeoirpeacét :
 Ṅur balb an béal bað ḃréagád bín-n-ṛdéolač,
 Ṅan balairče aṄ céadraíð cláon na ppíom-ṛróna,
 'S Ṅur ḡmaéctuiḍé e faon deapc ḡméide an ḡmírtéora.

Ní deacra ḡaellte an aeir do ḡruinn-ċedíriom̄,
 Ná Ṅlafara aip ḡéagairb craoib, ná coill ċóngrač,

Ná Ṅainim̄ do ḥeíð le taoigdád tuinn bóenna,

20 'Ná a ḡ-cleaéctuinn ḡač lae do ḡaobað ḋlísde an Čomhaéctaíð ;

Na ceatanna b̄raon aip fíear ḡlaf píp-neona,
 Nó maiðion poiṁ ḡpréin aip ḡ-téacét don m̄ín-ṛdógr̄ap,
 'Ná peaca map céile céipde am clí ċomhnuis ;
 'S a maiðion leð' ḡaonnaċt Aenm̄ic aoirð deónuis.

A leaḃar na ḡ-téx p̄é léigtear linn ḡdċeap :

Ṅá m̄alluigħċeacét aon má ḡlaoðann do c̄roioċ-ċeoprač,
 Ṅur a maiħeacċar ḡaor a ḥeíð don ḡn̄iom̄ tórra,
 Aċċet ḡanġiun do p̄éid tar 'eip aip ḡliżże ġoġiċ-

30 Aċċeuingim p̄éin iż-żejjim do glín-n-ġlórač,

Aċċaip na naom̄ iż-Réx na T̄risónidē,

An p̄eapra le p̄éin a cléib do ḡaor ḡlóigħte

'S an Aqraid Spiropad Naom̄ha p̄éidear ḡaċċ m̄ioċċeap,

Do neaptaus an cléip aip m-beiċ d̄eaprač niżżeibrač,

Leagairče d'ēip a ḡaelltean p̄iġ-eolaiġ,

Lép labair 'na m-béal na b̄réitħre ḡaor għeolha,

Aᬁg teatgarð għan p̄éip ḡaċċ aon don naħħajeb-ċoċċa.

bé aġuib-re, a ḡaogħajil, ḡlaovas, ḡlím-ṛlózgħa,

Náp ḥeantħmaġ map m̄eri a m-baoġħalai'b m̄ioċċeuiġ

l̄p deapbha an ḡsejal do p̄éip na naom̄-eolac

40 Do plaiċeap do p̄éid do ḡaġđai'b għan millteorpeacét.

On the few occasions I went thither, my reflections were not :
 That silent is the mouth that was lying, tuneful in gossip ;
 That there is no smelling in the perverse sense of what was once
 the nose ;
 And that subdued and weak is the smiling eye of the smiter.

It is not more difficult to count exactly the stars of the heavens,
 Or the green leaves on the branches of a tree, or a wood of nuts,
 Or the sand that goes with the flowing of the waves of ocean,

20 Than the violations of the law of the Almighty that I daily
 practised.

Nor more difficult to count the showers of drops on the green
 grass at eventide,
 Or at morning before sunrise, when mild autumn comes on,
 Than the sins that abided in my breast as companions of my
 work ;
 And do thou, O High Only Son, deign to forgive them in thy
 clemency.

In the Book of texts we read of hope :
 How wicked soever one may be, if he cry out with heart-tears,
 That he obtains free forgiveness of his past deeds
 Let him only remain freely afterwards in the way of righteousness.

I beseech and entreat with a loud voice

30 The Father of the saints, and King of the Trinity ;
 The Person who by the sufferings of his heart saved multitudes,
 And the noble Holy Spirit who removes every want of hope,

Who strengthened the clergy, on their being tearful, devoid of
 vigour,

Prostrate, after the loss of their star of kingly guidance,
 So that He spoke by their mouths words of gospel,
 Teaching without conceit every hostile neighbour.

Whoever of thy people, O slippery, crowded world,
 Has not fallen like me into the dangers of despair,

It is a true story, according to the holy sages,

40 That he will easily go to heaven without injury.

AN CEANÐAR.

A Þainiríodair na m-bainiríodair, 'ra mairfe na m-bé,
 Ír annruisídeacét le a ð-ceannruisíðeap eadanaacét Óé,
 A érann foillre, ír gpréann díosgrairt daimgean don cléip,
 A n-am gusid ár n-an-fusimpr do mairiúinm ño léip.

Gpréann Ríð na peann í, 'na leanb ñan béisim,
 Ño éoðair Óriord ñan ceannta í 'na banaltrairt pér;
 Samaluiðim gurab ann lusigéann 'na leaba an Spiorad
 Naomí;
 Mo éeanna í an gacá canntuiseigir cum fpreagairt am pléið.

Lann duigéap ñap leam í na n-anmann b-paon,
 50 Ír leabhar-éraob ñan meanð í ó bárra ño ppréim,
 Dá clampruisíðe me am' rðannruisíðeal að ñalaþ nö að taoim,
 A b-paðruiðib a beann-mín-þrurit paðad map rðeis.

A ð-campaoib na lann lísomha leabarca ngréar,
 A n-am díosgaltaip na madausíðe ñá ð-taðað ño naðairn,
 A ð-coðaltaisíðib na ð-tonn taoide aip faiþrde a m-baoðal,
 Mo éaðair í 'na b-poðlusiðeacét, ní h-eagal liom aon.

Cé teann tisid na deamain naimde ó Acheron cláon,
 Ír an cam-þaoisgeal pleamhun plím dom meallað ñaæ lae,
 An t-panntuiseacét 'na rplanncaoið að rpalpað na
 m-bréað,
 60 Ír fann claoiðið an moðmail mionla a n-acfuminn ño léip.

Roða Ríð an domain bþraoinig faiþring an bé,
 Le loða lísonta a labairt, tpir na h-ainim do ðlaoðaæ,
 Ír fonn linn a fá þar glaoiðeaæ ño ð-taðuið an t-éað,
 ño nzaðaið Óriord 'na leabair-líon ár n-anam ño léip.

THE BINDING.

O Queen of queens, and loveliness of woman,
And affection by which the resentment of God is restrained,
O staff of light, and steadfast, zealous love to the clergy,
Pray in time that our evil pride may be all forgiven.

The beloved is she of the King of the Stars, as a stainless child,
Christ chose her for his mother-nurse without fault ;
I imagine that there in his bed the Holy Spirit reposes,
She is my stay in every difficulty, to answer for me in my con-
flict.

The sword-spear, as I deem, is she of feeble souls,
50 And a limber tree without deceit is she from fruit to root ;
Passionate though I be, shattered by disease or sickness,
To the fringes of her skirted, fair mantle will I go for shelter.

To the camps of the polished, mangling, keen swords,
In the time of hostile vengeance did it happen that I should go,
Amid fleets on the wave tides of the sea in danger,
My help is she in their rapine—I fear no one.

Strong though the hostile demons come from wicked Acheron,
While the perverse, slippery, smooth world daily allures me,
While evil desire puts forth falsehood in flashes,
60 To helplessness does the modest fair one reduce all their strength.

The choice of the king of the wet, wide world is the woman ;
Her speech is full of forgiveness by calling on her name ;
It is my desire to invoke her friendship until death shall come,
That Christ may take in his wide net all our souls.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND VARIANTS.

- I. 11. For *baipr̄iōnn* most MSS. have *peapann*.
- III. A very inaccurate version of this poem has been printed by O'Daly, who ascribes it to Mac Donnell.
- IV. 14. The prevailing MS. reading is that given in text, *am címe að an ጀ-címe*. MS. 23, I 13 (R.I.A.), gives *dom címeað að an ጀeimio*; O'Curry's MS., *am címeað 'ðan ጀ-címe ጀuŋ*, etc.
- XI. 24. A poem by O'Brudar, welcoming Sir James Cotter, begins, *Páilte Uí Čealla*, which O'Curry translates without comment, "The welcome of O'Kelly."
- XII. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection has the following variants:—
13. *cpefill* for *cpeſbill*; so also a R.I.A. copy.
 20. *a leaѓiondā* for *a m-bpeis̄pe*.
 25. *píopcluip* for *coluip*.
 30. *Tři h-aoinbuiρd a naοiṁ-uitρd tři clí cuṁra b̄iō*.
(A MS. R.I.A. :
Tři h-aoin-bužaið a naοiṁ-uitρd tři clí cuṁra b̄i.)
 31. *pioþ ćučča* for *r̄prioþ ćuðad*.
- XIII. 33. O'Curry's MS. gives *néal* for *péalta*.
45. *đo bun Raite* *đo čaip̄il* *na r̄deol̄ta*.
 101. *cóirip̄* is, no doubt, the true reading, and not *cómair-p̄ri*.
- XV. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection gives the following variants:—
2. *Saoð* for '*S* *đaoð*.
 12. *đo Ծpum* for *đo Ծpíð*.
 27. *đo* for *đan*.
 28. *đo* for *ná*.
 35. *đeðrač* for *teðra*.
 39. *mín-Ծroð* *móna* for *R̄ioð-Ծroð* *đnír̄ime*.
 44. *a p̄se* *Maiðbe* *baiðbe* *a Ծrón-đol*.
 48. *a n̄gleð-ćnuic* for *a n̄ð-đlaič*.
 61. *p̄íop na r̄deol̄ta* for *p̄íop a r̄deol̄ta*.
 68. *na r̄óirne* for *đo Ծl̄rač*.
 72. *aip̄ mðin̄tearf* for *aip̄ Ծðrðaib̄*.

73. *dá* for *don*.
 88. *trádlaóct* for *trádáð* aip laóct.
 92. *o'airigheas* *nó-ðlan* for *aírðis* *no-ðlam*.
 96. *ír* for *ar*.
 97. *ar geimín* for *að* *geimniiñ*; *luóct* for *loinn*.
 123. *lom* for *caoin*; *óam* for *éoin*.
 125. *fine* for *cine*.
 126. *gleó-ðað* for *gleóðeup*.
 144. *otraðað* for *ártac*.
 160. *taðm* *níor* *frónsúir*, the last word is not given in the other MSS.
 208. *Deaðað* for *ðall*.
 212. *nó-ðlic* for *nó-ðlam*.

XVI. The following variants are from O'Curry's MS. :—

6. *tlaóct* for *t-plaóct*. No doubt *tlaóct* is the true reading, “ their own garment.”
 7. *Ríð cearpt* for *níð círp*; the aspiration of c is strange.
 15. *Aeton* for *Phaeton*.
 17. *aip a níð-lic* for *aip an níð-lic*.
 37. *aip Ceallaib na móri-étrúir* for *aip Callaib lá an étruatam*.
 45. *an géil-inpe a caitír* *bheardh* *glórímar*. Perhaps *caitír* is in apposition to *géil-inpe*. Translate, “ The fair Island, his beauteous, splendid abode, gave him, etc.”
 48. *Ir feapra* *fá* *óo* *óo* *na* *an* *raoiðeal*.
 51. *Tábaip* *freaghra* *píar* *ná* *fán* *ðo* *fada* *fád* *rðeal*.

XXI. 24. *do* *frúiðeap* for *do* *frileap*.

- XXII. 21. *Uis* *iona leacain* *trí* *rðáil* *an* *nóir* *luiib*.
 22. *na lóð* *n-ðeal* for *'na lóðuib*; another variant, *na loððuib*.
 84. After this line the following stanza is in O'Curry's MS. (and in some others with variations) :—

Le gniomhaib luðmara a ómeað 'ra éomðsúir,
*T*riocad níðte do éuiteadar cóm-lag,
*M*ar rðriobhar ðriongda luéct tuisrionna an eolur,
*'S*an érioc dá n ñdoiðeap tuið Mucruime fór dí.

88. *ir móri* for *ir fíor*.
 114. *do* *ruð* *tráð* *trí* *Ovid*, *for* *do* *éuir* *círtiðe* *aip* *Ovid*.
 120. *map meaðrais* for *do* *meaðrais* (R.I.A. 23, E. 16).
 171. *An* *Éuirpean* *ir* *ðiomþaðað* *ðo* *móri-ðsúir*.
 175. *an* *ðleannúrað*.
 184. *na cómðail* for *'na cónib*.
 224. *raoið' clab* for *raoið' cliað*.

XXVI. 13. Castlemartyr is meant. Thomas, fourteenth Knight of Glin married Mary, daughter of Edward Fitzgerald of Castlemartyr.

76. *mná loma*, the women of Imokilly. The Irish form of Inokilly is Aoibh mac Caille, but, as in the case of Magonihy, a corrupted form was employed.

XXVII. A stanza in the body of this poem was inadvertently omitted; it begins:—

Céile linnipe cé iп pí do iп máncaip.

XXXIV. 13-14. *Móр an rðeal, ní peidin d'fólainð*
Méad an n-díct do piom lem' lo-ra.

26. *páirne* for *bírnne*.

118. *trefn* *rín d'fóðnár*, which has been introduced into text instead of *trefaðnár fóðnár*, etc., of the other MSS.

XL. This stanza is quoted by Edward O'Reilly in his account of O'Rahilly in his "Irish Writers" under the year 1726. He says it is taken from a poem on a shipwreck off the Kerry coast, which the poet witnessed. Of this poem he had an imperfect copy. We greatly regret that we have been unable to find this poem, which, if we may judge from the specimen here given, must be a piece of great merit.

XLI. J. O'Longan, who indexed O'Curry's Catalogue in the Royal Irish Academy, seems to have understood the word *Sionánaí* = "Fox." It no doubt = Synan. On the same page of the MS. where this stanza is to be found (23, m. 45, p. 259) is a short poem of four stanzas, which O'Curry passes over, and which is thus described by O'Longan: "A satirical low poem by Aodhagan O'Rahilly (?) dispraising a man named Fox and his family. It begins with *A peatuiðe mic pionnaið*. (J.L.)" The piece is too vulgar for insertion here.

In xxxv. 19 read *an éuirpm* = 'of the ale.' Tonn Toime mentioned in vii. is said by some to be in Dingle Bay.

GLOSSARY.

[In this Glossary, as a rule, only the rarer meanings of words occurring in the text are given. The poems abound in compounds of great interest, but it would take up too much space to give anything like a full list of them here. A complete analysis of all the words and idioms used in this volume would furnish matter for a good-sized Dictionary. The Roman numerals refer to the poems; the Arabic figures to the lines of the poems, respectively.]

άσαιρτ, interceding, LIII. 72.
 αέλλαν, a prop, a hero (?), XIV. 80.
 αόβαρ, substance, LIII. 12.
 αόιντ, burning; αδ αόιντ, afame,
 used metaphorically, XIII. 90.
 αόνασ, kindling, arousing; α.
 τσίρρε, XV. 3.
 αόιτ, holding a parley; αδ α.
 ράν ρδέαλ, XVI. 51.
 αιβιδ, 3rd sing perf., ripened, sprang
 to maturity; of the descent of
 persons, XI. 17.
 αισδ, misfortune, *lit.* disease, III.
 6, 13.
 αιcil, an Achilles, a hero, VI. 8.
 αιcillim, I vex, VI. 1; O'R.
 αιcillim.
 αιn-θριοραс, strange, extraordinary,
 XLIV.
 αιnιm, a blemish, LIII. 36.
 αιрd, esteem; βριотал δан а., a
 reckless or dishonourable word, XXIV.
 II.
 αιрd-ълеаctаc, of high pedigree,
 XLII. 5.
 αиpд-ънiгtеac, cuapdaс a., a
 search of the highways, XLII. 19.
 αирюd, restoration, II. 60-64; XXII.
 203.
 αиреac, accommodating; from αире,
 a convenience, XIV. 7.

αирdе, a gift; in phrase, a n-αирdе,
 in vain, for nothing, XXXV. 94;
 XXXVI. 94.
 αиртвижim, I change; of shape, VIII.
 9.
 ал-ънiрt, gen. of ал-ънiрt, the noble
 land, Erin, XXXVIII. 28. The word
 is written алънiрt in mss.
 алпiрeаct, devouring ravenously,
 LII. 50.
 аmlán, a foolish person, XXXVIII. 16.
 аиnup, a wild, desperate man, a
 mercenary, II. 16; XVII. 25.
 аnacpa, misery, LII. 21.
 аnaiчe, terror, XXII. 7.
 аnnpaсt, love; a. аnma, XIV. 39.
 аnрmact, great tyranny, II. 6.
 аolbaс, a lime quarry (?), II. 41;
 beautiful, XXVI. 94.
 аon, one; frequently it appears =
 ‘own,’ as аon ćuіlб, аon т-puіl,
 аon leanb, though sometimes
 ‘unique’ seems a good rendering;
 before adjectives it is intensitive
 as аon-ъnрdа, XII. 18.
 аpд, high; ь'аpд, publicly, XXIV.
 14; noble, XXX. 17.
 арgnam, going, marching; бpataс
 арgnam, VI. 6, where ms. has
 аirniam.
 аcbaoiр, wisdom (?), XXXVII. 7.

- ačéaoi, an exclamation of sorrow, XLIX. 21.
- ačéumaip, near; *đo h-a.*, quickly, v. 17.
- ač-đuaip, a chief, a noble, XXXVII. 12.
- baic**, the neck, XLII. 8.
- baille-čpit, a trembling of the limbs, LI. 62.
- báillige, bailiffs, XLII. 18.
- báinigé, madness, XXXVIII. 26.
- balbaitim, I grow dumb, or discordant; of the harp, XXVI. 96.
- balpam, the lips, XXIX. 21.
- bálčac, large, awkward; of the feet, XXXVIII. 4.
- banna = bann, censure, reproach; the Pretender is called mapp ðan banna, VI. 5; cf. fánuiðe ðan aon ločt, XX. 37.
- bappa, = bapp, a crowning, I. 9.
- beann, a horn; of cattle, VII. 2; of an owl, XX. 29.
- beaptaim, I say, XV. 45; XXVI. 39.
- béilleac, a great stone, a tombstone, *passim*.
- beó-čpuit, mortal shape, XV. 260.
- beóðačt, vivacity, XV. 132, *et passim*.
- beoltán, a gabbler, XXXVIII. 26.
- bí, pl. of beó, living, XII. 30; a ms. in O'Curry's Collection reads—*trí h-aon-búirð a naoin-úirð trí clí éuńpa bísó.*
- biaðtaipíðe, beet-roots, XLV.
- bioðgað, a start; b. baoðalač, XXVI. 82; bárþ bioðgá, XVII. 10.
- bórdómar, enjoying good tables, well fed, XXXIV. 55.
- boppprað, pride, XLVI.
- boč, a shieling, XXII. 150.
- bočð, a tent, XXXII. 62.
- bpaigð-đeal, fair-necked, used nominally, XXXV. 183.
- bpanaipeačt, prowling for prey, LI. 49.
- bpanač, wet or tearful, commonly applied to the world, LIV. 61.
- bpanap, ravens, LI. 49.
- bpatuč, standard, colours; b. cođaið, XV. 58; b. apđncaníð, VI. 6.
- bpéađaipe, a liar, XXXVIII. 7.
- bpéađnað, falsehood, XXIX. 5, 29.
- bpéaralač, of a dirty red colour, LIII. 6.
- bpíbéipeačt, brewing, XLVII. 64.
- buacač, swelling, proud; bpuimn b. IV. 5.
- buaindeip, ear-reaping (?), XLV.
- buannað, servants, subjects collectively (?), LIII. 53.
- buimbpeač, querulous (?), XXXVIII. 2.
- buinne, a branch, a twig; a binding layer in wickerwork; b. cíil, the topmost layer; used metaph. of family descent, XIII. 112; bpađtaip b., XXII. 68.
- buinneacáč, full of corns; of the foot-soles, XXXVIII. 4.
- buinneán, dim. of buinne, XXVI. 178.
- bupplač, or bopplač, proud, noble (?), XXVI. 160; from bopp, pride.
- Caiðpeam**, company, association, XXVI. 151.
- caidþreipaeč, rhapsodical, XLV.; cf. caidþreiþ, rhapsodical nonsense.
- cáile = cíil, fame, virtue, XVIII. 73.
- caipe, plaiting; of hair, IV. 5.
- call, loss, misfortune, VII. 6.
- callastðe, finery of dress, frills, XLIX. 22.
- cam, crookedness, XXII. 118.
- campá, a sewer, LI. 51.
- canán, an urchin; pioð-đanán, a fairy urchin, XLII. 23.
- canntlač, cantankerous (?), XIV. 52.
- caobač, *đo c.*, in streams, or layers, 227.
- caoille, an Ruačtač caoille, XXXV. 165; caoille = caol, slender (?).
- caol, a marshy plain, XXXV. 62.
- caolač, *lit.* linum silvestre, fairy flax; hence sapling, XXVI. 87; caolbač, II. 42, is used for light plantations, as distinct from trees; the roof wattling of a house, XII. 6; the breast-ribs, XXII. 222.

- caop, fire; caop-*tónna*, xvi. 6;
caop *cumair* 'Eípmionn, the flash
of Erin's power, xvi. 2.
- capb, a ship, vi. 2.
- cappaéán, a scabby wretch, xxxviii.
16; from cappaé, seabby.
- capuiðe = cap or capp, scurvy, itch,
&c., xxvii. 14.
- céad, first; often like aon, used =
own, as céad reape, &c.
- ceannta, a fault, liv. 6.
- ceap, *lit.* a block, applied to a shoe-
maker's last; metaph. a family stock
or progenitor, a chief, a prince, xvi.
18, *et passim*; applied to the Almighty
Father, xxv. 7.
- cearbháé, a gambler, xxii. 125.
Campion, in his 'Historie of Ireland,'
calls them *carrows*, and says that they
"profess to play at cards all the year
long, and make it their only occupa-
tion. They play away mantle and
all to the bare skin, &c." The word
is still used of gamblers, but as a
distinct class the cearbachs do not
exist.
- céilliðe, sensible, xlvi.
- ciappanaé, buzzing, xlvi.
- ciap-*éuille*, swamped with a black
flood, viii. 6.
- ciléip, a *ceeler*, a vessel in which milk
is set to throw up its cream, xlvi. 68.
- cime, a captive, iv. 14; claiðe é.,
a villainous caitiff, xxxviii. 9; the
common phrase claiðe cine is
probably a corruption of this ex-
pression.
- cinnéaéct, niggardliness, xviii. 79.
- ciorrbaó, destruction, c. cléipe,
xv. 11.
- ciorrópeaéct, a rental, xxi. 19.
- círðiðe = ceirðiðe, questions, xxii.
114.
- clair, a furrow; c. an ௦ráca,
slavery, xiii. 114.
- claptra, an enclosure (?), xxxviii.
24; perhaps from the Latin *clastra*;
the word is applied to a large un-
gainly boot.
- clamha, a scratcher, xx. 27, note.
- claona, perverse ways, liv. 4.
- cleacáim, I am accustomed to,
hence I cherish, iii. 29.
- cleitioéán, a quillet, xlvi. 31.
- cliap, a company, a hunting party, xv.
28, &c. = the clergy or the bards
according to context, *passim*.
- cliataúil, stout; from cliat, the
chest, xxxv. 27.
- cléð, or cló, contention, struggle,
emulation (?), xxvi. 91; cf. naé cló
aip bié i ௦-cóðm-épuíé do ௦enur
i.—Keating.
- clúmaó, a support, xxiv. 20.
- cnápaé, a knotty person (?), xxxviii. 1;
the word cnap, a knob, has a short
vowel.
- cneap-*clí*, complexion (*clí* = the
breast), iii. 9.
- cnóraé, poet. for cnuaraé, obtaining,
acquiring; the phrase ୨ðaípeá ì
cnóraé, xv. 130, is used in the
same way as caíchean ì
faðáil,
xiv. 86.
- cnuaptar, a heap, collection, xxx. 23.
- cnú móguil, nut of the cluster, xiv.
38.
- coéall, a cloak or hood, implying the
power of magic, v. 11.
- coðanraé, jaws, that which grinds,
xxxviii. 18.
- cóid or cód (perhaps = *code*) seems to
mean a law or custom, a tale or
strain; it occurs twice in xxii.—
'na pannaib (or po ୨panngcaé)
ðan cam 'na ௦-cóðaib, and
Aoibhill ୨o ୨ðiormáap 'na cónidib;
cf. "aip énidib ୨alla-cléipe,"
and :—
- "Seatþún Céitínn enú don mógal
Maoiðrið mire aip éái a éónid,
Tus a ୨ðapar ୧leáct a diañnpaib
Solaþ ceapt a riagdail ୨ónid."
- coimpiaó, a stag, *lit.* a hound-stag,
xi. 5.
- cóipne, musicians; anál na cléipe
c., xv. 78.

- cóirneacá, croaking, iv. 35.
 cóirír, a feast, xx. 13; also a feasting party.
 com, a hollow; of a lake, xxI. 11.
 com-foelač, chattering, xxII. 125.
 conclan, an equal or rival, xxxvII. 10.
 cop, a turn: aip cop, so that, xxxII.
 39; a wrestling bout, a throw, a cast; Aoð na ȝ-cop ȝ-compac,
 Aodh of the javelin fights, or of the
 wrestling contests, xv. 168.
 cráio-teacá, vexatiousness, ill-humour,
 xvIII. 78.
 crannðca = crunðca, anything rolled up like a ball; often applied to a decrepid person; the head or nose (?),
 xxxvIII. 21.
 crann, a staff; c. baðair, a staff to threaten with, xxII. 32; xxxv. 11.
 cranna, trees, metaph. families, I. 3.
 craor, the throat, the maw; of a tombstone, xIV. 104.
 creisöll, death (?), xII. 13; creisöll báir, 'death knell,' O.R.; O'Curry's ms. reads creíll.
 crón, old; in compounds such as crón-reñitce, excessively withered, as with age, I. 4; crón-édirír, I. 7; crón-ðruamða, iv. 2.
 críeneacá, causing trembling, xIV. 56.
 crocáire, a villain, a hangman, xxxvIII. 6.
 cróða, valiant; of shoes, xvIII. 13; of a cat, xxxv. 60.
 croiðearð, blood red, xxIX. 21.
 croiðe-ðróluð, in an agony of heart, lIV. 5.
 cróime (from crón, swarthy), blackness, stain, xv. 111.
 oropðáil, 'crossness,' contention, xxxII. 42; the word is applied to the 'love of mischief' of children.
 croeñnaigim, I firmly establish, xxxI. 2.
 cruaar = cruaðar, churlishness, stinginess, xvIII. 78: ix. 7.
 cuale, a staff, a pole, a branch of a tree; metaph. a family branch, xVI. 18.
 cuampiaacán, a small hiding-place, xlII. 25.
 cuarða, the course of life, lIII. 48.
 cúige, a fifth part, a province, *passim*, seems to be treated as a feminine noun, xIII. 85, *et alibi*.
 cùil-þrice, the comb of a cock, xlII. 10.
 cuilt, a bed-covering, a quilt; cré-cuilt, xVI. 20.
 cuiðim, I put; cuiðið linn, they will injure us (?), xxxv. 100.
 cùmplacá, a band of dependants, people, xxII. 141.
 cunðaraç = cuðanðraç, bondage, straits, xxIII. 11.
 cuntracá, a curse, a ban, xxxvIII.
 25.
 cútair, humbled, II. 24, *et alibi*.
- Dairneamhui, handsome, xxxv. 29.
 deað-ronnair, organizer, foreman, xlV.
 deaðsað, arranging, preparing; of coverlets, xv. 69; of a grave, xlIX. 10.
 deaðb has the sense of břid in phrase deaðb mo rðeulta, xxxv. 200; cf. břid mo rðeulta, xxxv. 209.
 ðifl, natural, hereditary, xxII. 79.
 ðioðaim, I drain out; of people, xxxIV. 11.
 ðioðair, secret, v. 12.
 ðiomar, pride, xxVI. 21; xxxv. 41.
 ðioð-éoinall, dishonesty, non-fulfilment of contracts, I. 18.
 ðiðreðraç, devoid of strength, lII. 1.
 ðlaðacá, in wisps; of the hair, xxIX. 9.
 doðt, hard-pressing, xxxIV. 34.
 doirptim, I spill, pour out; of a country, II. 7.
 ðréimpeacá, from ðréimpe, a ladder, an epithet applied to a maiden's hair, xxIX. 9.
 ðreibilliocán, a little, silly creature, xlII. 28.
 ðrólann, the waist or interior of the body; metaph. the heart, *passim*.

ðruide, a starling ; d. cedíl, xxvi.
143.
duabreac, horrid, unsightly, xlvi.
duað, difficulty, trouble, xxv. 7.
dumneata, manly or humane, xxxv. 28.
dúr, withered, hardened, sere, like aged wood ; of the heart, viii. 1 ; xxxiv. 124.
duarstan, a wailing hum ; also rain, downpour, liii. 8.

'Cáomair, primarily, jealous ; hence, sullen, morose, envious, xv. 177, *et alibi*.
eacraim, interposing, going between, defending, xxxvii. 8.
eaglair, the Church, often = the clergy, as in xxxv. 120.
éigior, a satirist, li. 48.
éide, armour ; é. pláta, xxvi. 23 : vestments, li. 23.
eitím, a leap, a bound, xxvi. 110.

Páðar, favour, xxii. 20, *et alibi*.
páðain, meaning, v. 13.
páctam, I ask, v. 12.
páðbála, bequests, xliv.
páid, a race or stock (?), xxxv. 30.
páiprinde, affluence, xiv. 83.
paoileanda, of gull-like whiteness, xxix. 18.
paoimreða, springs, fountains, xxii. 23.
paoðað, cessation, rest, xxx. 13.
peacaim, I shrink, I yield, retire from an enemy, xviii. 55 ; of hills and trees, xiii. 2 ; peacað le pámað, 'falling sickness,' xviii. 58.
peallairpead, deceit, lii. 8.
peallrðrioram, I rob deceitfully, xvii. 29.
peapcau = peapcu, *lit.* a man-hound ; a hero, *passim*.
peapartan, is spread, or spreads itself, v. 6.
peappa, = peápp, better, *passim*.
péata, gentle, shy, xxvi. 18.

pearpaiðim, I ask, xvi. 50.
peiðm, strength, utility ; a b-peiðm, prosperous, successful, xiii. 86.
peol-þuil, the body's blood, or the life-blood, xxii. 50.
peollta, treacherous = peallta for peallta (?) , xxii. 16 ; xxii. 94 ; mss. readings, þoalta polta, polpa ; one has tóirþreac.
piap, crooked, wild, raging ; of waves, iii. 23.
pinne, a tribe ; bráðair pinne, a kinsman, xxxv. 69.
piosuð, noise, clamour, vii. 4.
pionnatap or piúntap, struggle, contest, xxxv. 24 ; xxix. 2 ; cf. a b-pionnatap an þúðair.—*Donogh O'Leary* : and muéad ná milleað a b-pionnatap map tā.—*Aodh MacCurtain*.
píoprað, the chine or ridge, hence border of a mountain, xxxv. 48.
píop-éuaprað, of much marching, liii. 29.
píop-ðliðtead, of just laws, xxxv. 25.
plearðað, a churl, a clown, xxxii. 11 ; pánað plearðað, xvii. 6.
plearð-éupað, having wreathed goblets (?), xlvi. 2.
pócal, corruption, xxvii. 14 ; xv. 153.
póðanta, good, liv. 28.
póðnaim, I profit by, xxxiv. 118.
póðram, I proclaim, *passim* ; I banish, xxxiv. 52.
póirteim, poet. for pónirteim ; with air = to relieve, i. 28 ; d'póirtear, xxiv. 2.
poitim, shelter, xxii. 7.
pollaire, a miserly person, or a dwarf, xxxviii. 5.
polt-éaoim, of fair locks, xv. 212.
ponn, desire ; d'ponn, so that, xxxii. 83.
póplaðt, force, violence, xiii. 96 ; prob. = póplann.
pópluðt, great force, xv. 97, where perhaps it = multitude ; O'Curry's ms. reads arðeimin for að geimmin in this line.

- ροπταῖαλα, abler; comp. of ροιτεῖ, strong, *xlv.*
- ρυαθραὸ, active, *xxxiv.* 29, *et alibi.*
- ρυασθραὸ, poet. for ρόθραὸ, *xv.* 37.
- ρυαιμέν, in *xxx.* 31 αἱρ ῥ. seems = resounding with joyous notes; the word often means 'vigour, substance'; verse is said to be composed le ρυαιμέν.
- ρυαρ, refreshing; ρυαιρ = ρυαιρ (?)*, ix.* 7.
- ρυίδεαὸ, poet. for ράδαὸ, *xxxv.* 111.
- ρυιδ्लεαὸ, remainder, *xxxiii.* 8.
- ρυιν्नεαນսլ, vigorous, *xv.* 121.
- δάδαὸ, leaky, chinky, so O'R.; *xxxviii.* 2.
- δαρταὸ, = δορταὸ, miserly, *xxxviii.* 6.
- δεαδάն, a branchlet, a term of contempt, *xxxviii.* 29.
- δeall, pledge, mortgage, *xvii.* 26; *xxi.* 8; 'na δeall ρo = because of this, *xvii.* 31.
- δeallaim, I undertake, *vi.* 8.
- δeannaὸ, greedy, *xxxviii.* 8.
- δeapάнаծ, grunting, *xlv.*
- δeаррaиceаծ, voracious, *xxxviii.* 8.
- δeօcaծ, a hanger-on, a dependent on great families, *passim*; now used in contempt.
- δiall, a hostage, *xxxv.* 66; *xv.* 165, where perhaps δiall = δéill, yielded.
- δlaզap, prating.
- δlap, bright, sparkling; of the eyes, *xl.* 11; *iii.* 3, &c.
- δléipe, the nobility, the select, *xlvii.* 31.
- δleó-δar, a battle staff.
- δleóրtaὸ, a sportsman, *xv.* 93.
- δliaզap, talk, chatter; of birds, *xxii.* 206.
- δliaզ-δáր, a battle shout; of Lia Fail, *xv.* 117.
- δliaզram, noise; δ. δiaզ, bell-ring-ing (?), *xliv.*
- δlinn-δloրaὸ, with a loud voice, *liv.* 29.
- δlioզapre, a babbler, *xli.* 4.
- δlioզap, chatter, *xv.* 104.
- δloզupnál, cackling as a hen, *xl.* 22.
- δlún-δeimeaὸ, to spring as from a remote ancestor, *xv.* 62.
- δnúր, in phrase τά δnúր 'na δnaօi, *iii.* 11, where perhaps it means sorrow; O'Daly, in an incorrect version of the poem, makes it = frown, but O'Daly was an unscrupulous translator.
- δoирdeած, foolish, *xviii.* 84.
- δoирiceаծ, fretful, *xxxviii.* 18.
- δoll, a Goll, a hero, *passim*; often spelled δall in mss.
- δorpm, *lit.* blue; of swords, sharp, *xxvi.* 19.
- δormaim, I whet; of swords, *xv.* 67.
- δraraὸ, grubbing, a species of tilling in which the surface of the lea is taken off in alternate sets with a view to digging furrows.
- δraziпine, grunting, *xliv.*
- δreann, wit; meabap δlan δriնn, *xv.* 140.
- δreanta, beautiful, from δreann, love, *xxiv.* 6.
- δreiօնn, love, affection, *xxii.* 147.
- δriబ = δriօb, a griffin; metaph. a warrior, *passim*; a 'gerfalcon' (Stokes).
- δriնn-էluanaծ, with witty adulation, *liii.* 10.
- δriօրáլ, urging, driving, *xxxiv.* 24.
- δroզapre, a cripple, *xxxviii.* 6; cf. αἱρ a δroզa, 'on his haunches.'
- δuaրe, bristle used by shoemakers, *xviii.* 25, 26; a noble, a guairé, *xiv.* 16.
- δuaրi, in phrase տuզap ծo ծuaր iр ծo ծeրց-էiւioծ, 'you are a confounded liar,' *xliv.*
- δunցaծ, ill-shaped, *xxxviii.* 14.
- laօam, I finish, close up; of a poem, *xlv.*
- լapրm, a relict, a remnant, *iii.* 15.
- լapaշt, foreign, *viii.* 2, 10; as a noun it = loan.

imírt, plotting, xxxv. 105.
 iomarcaé, arrogant, xlvi.
 iorðuil, contention, struggle, xv. 91.
 iorrhað, an ornament or robe, iv. 7.
 iromna, the temples, xxi. 22,
 xxxviii. 1.

laét, liquid in general, xv. 88.
 laðarapaé, branching, xxxviii. 9.
 lán = lann, a sword (?), viii. 23.
 laðrann, a churl, a robber, i. 8; lii.
 38.
 laðar, weakness; mo laðar! liii.
 25.

lað-þróðaé, of little strength, iii. 1,
 32.
 laoi, for lae, gen. of lá, *passim*.
 leann, humours of the body, vii. 13.
 leipð, a plain, xv. 24.
 léiðe, greyness, xxvi. iii ; lii. 32.
 lípe, go i., abundantly (?), iv. 30,
 where, perhaps, it is a proper name;
cf. xxi. 22, for a similar idea.

liað, grey; of the eyes in old age,
 viii. 15.
 línnþreaé, a pool, ii. 33.
 lóð; rneac̄ta 'na lóðaib, xxii. 22;
 O'R. gives lóð = a volley; O'Curry's
 ms. reads—na lóð ngeal; another
 variant, loðbuib or loðstuib.
 lodaðar, we went, v. 2; from
 lodaím, I go.
 loinn, rapture; l. na reilge, xv. 97.

lóiðne, a breeze, a storm; applied to a
 hero, xxxv. 38.
 lomaím, I make bare, plunder,
 feeble; with cluice, to 'sweep' the
 game, to completely win it, xxi. 12.
 luan-þreaé, dire ruin, or robbery,
 xxii. 137.

luiðín, the flat surface at the top of the
 head, xxii. 24.
 lúč-þíal, a vigorous, generous man,
 xv. 248.

Máðaoi, a dog, iii. 15.
 mairð, adj. woful, xxvi. 52; as a
 noun = woe, *passim*.

maircín, a mastiff, xxxii. 27.
 maoíre = maoír, a steward, xiv. 79.
 maoíše, weakness, xxxiv. 5.
 maol, the head gen. maoile, xx. 8.
 marðaíl, a bargain, barter, xxxii. 54.
 meabharatðim, I plan, xix. 6; I
 realize, xiii. 100.
 méala, a great loss, as the death of a
 friend, *passim*.
 mear-þáðra, a cur dog, xxxii. 27.
 mílleac̄ = míleac̄ (?), xxvi. 72.
 míllteðípeac̄t, injury, loss, liv. 40.
 míleac̄, a plain for grazing or
 pasture, a flat surface, xxvi. 93;
 'green pasture,' (Psalms xxiii. 2);
 probably the same word as mílleac̄,
 xxvi. 72.

miotai, mettle, spirit, xxvi. 175.
 mí-þreóraé, wanting in vigour, i.
 22.
 modarþa, dirty-looking, said of water
 when muddy; in xv. 155, applied to
 a man, xv. 155.
 móðmáðar, gentle, xxii. 40.
 monðcaoi, a monkey, xxxviii. 23.
 móðluðt, a great store, xxii. 147.
 mucallaé, a drove of swine; metaph.
 for vermin, xxxviii. 3.
 mullaé, the head, xxxviii. 3.
 muððaip̄e, a gross, fat person, xix.
 6.
 mullaðraé, full of bumps (?),
 xxxviii. 2.

Narðnia, a rallying or binding chief-
 tain, xxvi. 37, *et seq.*; Windisch
 gives nasc niad = champion's bracelet.
 neam-ðuimp̄eaé, without guile,
 xxxiii. 26.

'Oípnne = opainn-ne, on us, xxxiv.
 26.
 óirðreac̄, (from ór, a fawn), a shy,
 modest face, xv. 216; *cf.* xv. 217.
 olþaip̄t, growl, xxxv. 10.
 oðgarða, Osgar-like, or hero-like,
 xxxv. 29.

- Þáir aoine, Friday's fast.
 pléid, contention, xxxv. II, *et alibi* ;
 to fight for, to vindicate, VI. I.
 plur ó plið, XLV.
 plundarál, plunder, XLII. 24.
 príomh-coin, *lit.* chief hounds; of hell-hounds, XVII. 16.
 príomh-dócar, first hope, XXI. 5.
- Ráð, judgment, maxim, XXIV. 10.
 paillé, a criminal vagabond, XVII. 8.
 nárdáil, walking with long strides, tramping, XLV.
 péinn, = pínne, he made, LIII. 53, 59.
 peð, = leð, XXXIV. 59.
 pían, a mark, trace, sign; used in compounds as pían-lot, XII. (where a variant is pían luit); pían-ðarc, XV. 40; its force² is intensitive; in XV. 40 it is perhaps = the sea.
 pían, a limit, a trace, ðan p. XXIII. 9.
 píaraim, I govern, XIII. 87; I entertain, XXIV. 4.
 pínn, used in compounds as pínn-rcérrnac, I. 19; pínn-uaine, IV. 3; pínn-ruagðað, IV. 6; its force is intensitive.
 pínn-þtúanneac, bristling, coarse, LIII. 52.
 píobanta, decked, adorned, XVIII. 5.
 norða, a stroke, an attack, XXXVIII. 32.
 noðairpe, a wild person fleet of foot, XXXVIII. 7.
 noð-éurann, a great blow, XXXIII. 23.
 nuacain, cockles, XXX. 24.
 nuaéstan, clamour, VII. 4.
 nuadair, I disperse, XV. 169.
 nuaimním, I grow red, XXVI. 89.
 nuainne, a bit; ðan p., with nothing, XX. 7.
 nuainnpreacán, a little thread, or hair, XLII. 27.
 nuiðe, red water, XXI. 11.
 núlpe, a knight, XXVI. 17, *et seq.*
 nún, love or secret, XV. 133; XXVI. 123.
- Sáð, sufficiency, treasure; p. tñi píosacca, the treasure or beloved of three kingdoms, *passim*.
 raoðalta, happy, prosperous, I. II.
 ratailt, sole; of a shoe, XXII. 24.
 ratail, trod the earth as man; said of God, LIII. 62.
 rceatrað, vomit, LI. 53.
 réanarðað, blinking, XXXVIII. 2; from réanar, shortsightedness.
 rearðaip, comfortable; of a person, XXXIX. 12.
 réidim, I blow, p. pé, I incite, I tempt, LII. 40.
 reblaða, bean p., a woman after labour, XXXIV. 3.
 rebm̄rac, of many mansions, or roomy houses, XV. 196; XXXIV. 54.
 reorðán, rustling noise, XLV.
 rðabal, a robe, LII. 36; LIII. 58; cf. Latin *scapula*, and scapular.
 rðagdaim, I strain; said of blood in family descent, XXIX. 29.
 rðáinte, scattered, II. 43, 70.
 rðannruisdeal, affrighting, LIV. 51.
 rðaoð, a swarm, a crowd, LVI., LII. 16.
 rðemíoll, the portion of a rick that overlaps; cruað pð p. = a rick, with its heap, like pírcín pð cruað, XXXV. 12.
 rðím, produce, prosperity; rðím ðraoðeacca, V. 5; XXVI. 93; XXVI. 104; perhaps the word is connected with rðimíol, a film or web; rðím na ð-cloð = the wall fern (O'R. gives rðearm na ð-cloð); the word rðusím is used by Eoghan Ruadh in the phrase, tainig rðusím ðan rðairead ó lámaib, Morpheus, where it is difficult to fix its precise meaning.
 rðím-ðlérnac, heavy-sounding, XXI. 22.
 rðím-rðuabað, wealth-snatching (?), LIII. 21.
 rðraðað, scratching, XVII. 15.
 rðrata, a ragged wretch, XXXVIII. 5; from rðraðit, a rag.
 rðriðob, a track, a march, XXII. 19.

- r̄d̄hobair, I go, make a track, xii.
- r̄d̄nuitín, dim. of r̄d̄puta, a reproachful term for an old man, a skeleton-like person.
- r̄d̄ubile, a fragment (?), a contemptuous term, xxxviii. 15.
- r̄fio-ō-þrat, a fairy covering; r̄. n̄mē, xxii. 1.
- r̄iona-ép̄iç, violent trembling, xiv. 58; cf. baillé-ép̄iç; τονν-έπ̄ιç, xxii; perhaps r̄iona is from r̄ean, old, but hardly from r̄ion, tempest.
- r̄íorúðað, making permanent, xxxiv. 121.
- r̄iorðaríte, in trim array, iv. 22; closely-cropped, xxxviii. 1.
- r̄iormarnac, hissing, xlvi.; O'R., r̄iormarnac.
- r̄isédilte, peaceful, i. 11.
- r̄leáctam, I bow down, as in confession, li. 9.
- r̄libipe, a long, lanky person, a churl, iv. 26.
- r̄lím, miserable, wretched, liv. 58; r̄lím, lit. thin, spare, smooth; is frequent as an intensitive in compounds as r̄lím-þlóðað, liv. 37; r̄lím-þuaiðeap̄ta, iv. 26; τρί r̄lím-puaðtaið, iv. 18.
- r̄laod-čiallað, thick-witted, xlvi.
- r̄maointeðípeac̄t, musing, consideration, liv. 13.
- r̄mól, the snuff of a candle, hence, speck, fault, xxix. 32.
- r̄muainim, for r̄muainim, I think, xxvi. 24.
- r̄mulcaip̄e, a person with a big nose, xxxviii. 1.
- r̄naiðomeað, a matrimonial tie, xxx. 22.
- r̄oillpeac̄, bright; used nominally of a maiden, xxxv. 194.
- r̄oneann, brightness, cheerfulness, xv. 269.
- r̄opaipe, a stammerer, xxxviii.
- r̄pallma, a stone, a flag, x. 15.
- r̄palpaine, a churl, xlvi.; cf. r̄palpín.
- r̄pappaíneac̄, sharp, violent, bitter, lii. 11.
- r̄pólla, a piece of meat, xxxii. 66.
- r̄preap, lii. 20, note.
- r̄ppéaðað, to scatter, xxvi.; r̄ppéaða, showers, lii. 11.
- r̄ramað, with running eyes, xxxviii. 7.
- r̄puðán, a cake, xlvi.
- r̄teiðð, a chop, a steak; of land, xxxv. 95-96.
- r̄tolaim or r̄tollaim, I tear asunder, xxxviii. 5.
- r̄trefocaim, I fall down; of stars, xxvi. 90.
- r̄tuacap̄ = r̄tuacaipe, a prying person, a term of contempt, xxxviii. 14.
- r̄tuadð, a volume, a treatise, a text, lit. a scroll, lii. 19; a hero, xxxvii. 3.
- r̄uið, a hero (?), xxxvii. 19.
- Taðbaip̄t, bean do ē., to marry, xlvi.
- taca, stay, support, xxxiii. 6, et alibi.
- taidom, disease, xii. 11.
- taidþreæð, substantial, xxxv. 88.
- taodað, stubborn, xxvi. 50.
- taontoirð, a demur, xiv. 100; adj., quarrelsome, xiv. 52.
- tarþuiðte, aimp̄ip τ., the harvest; from tarþa, profit.
- tarþarþarþ, τ. línn, we met, v. 3.
- téaðta, frozen, xiv. 55.
- teann, strength; τ. na nðall, xxxiv. 32; cf. τréan, i. 27.
- téarma, term, speech, xxvi. 54.
- tearfbað, heat, xviii. 22.
- tið-þale, manor or country house (?), xlvi. 6.
- tíopðanað, a tyrant, L. 2.
- taiaðt, a covering of sorrow, xxvi. 1.
- toiþceað, substantial (?), xlvi.
- toiþtéip̄, grandeur, xlvi.
- toiðð, will, purpose; ð'aontoiðð, with deliberate intent, ii. 36; see O'Donovan's Supp. to O'R.

τολτα, perforated, undermined, xxii. 14.	τρεδιντε, na τ., the valiant, xxii. 72.
τονη-έριτιμ, I tremble as a wave, xxi. 5.	τρεδρασ, a director, a leader, ii. 2.
τορραέν, a little crab, xlvi. 26.	τρυαδ, a miserable person, xxx. 13.
τορραμ, attendance, waiting on, xliv.	τρύις, a cause, reason, xxxv. 98.
τόρρα, beyond them, xxii. 90, lv., iv. 27.	τυαιριγδ, news, report; αδ-τυαιριγδ, a trace of them, vii. 12.
τράέτ, region; τράέτ a ծոնարե, his soles, xxxviii. 4; cf. ծ Եաշոր ծօ bonn τράέտ.—Connor O'Sullivan.	τυαιριմ, an approximation; 'na ըրսոն-τ., close up to her, iv. 14.
τράջլար, difficulty (?), xxxii. 37.	τուտիմ, nursing, fosterage, xxxv. 72.
τρաօհած, subduing, overcoming; զան τ., without abating or pause, xiv. 86.	τսր, dry; of the heart, hard, inhospitable, xxvi. 171.
τρέարոն, treason, xxviii. 5.	Աախար, wounded pride, xiii. 81.
τρειցծեան, dim. of τρειցծ, xxvi. 158.	սժամ, horse-tackling, xxxii. 87.
τրեιցծիմ, I disable, destroy, xxxiv. 30.	նիր, mould; նիր na ըրսոննե, xi. 10.
τրէշեարտած, a term of abuse still in use (the exact meaning is not cer- tain), xxxviii. 1.	նիրէոննա, shoes, clogs (?), xliv.
	սրբամած, reverent; u. ծօ ծունե, inferior to a person, xxiv. 2.
	սրբած, sustaining, xv. 181.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

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IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY was established in 1898 for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by such introductions, English translations, glossaries and notes as might be deemed desirable.

The Annual Subscription has been fixed at 7*s.* 6*d.* (American subscribers two dollars), payable on January 1st of each year, on payment of which Members will be entitled to receive the Annual Volume of the Society, and any additional volumes which they may issue from time to time.

The Committee make a strong appeal to all interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts to contribute to the funds of the Society, and especially to the Editorial Fund, which has been established for the remuneration of Editors for their arduous work.

THE SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on April 25th, 1900, in the Rooms of the Irish Literary Society, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London.

PROFESSOR F. YORK POWELL in the Chair.

The following Report was read by the Honorary Secretary :—

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committee has to report a year of successful work. In October, 1899, Dr. Douglas Hyde's volume, containing two late mediæval Irish romantic tales, was issued to the Members; and, in December of the same year, Dr. George Henderson's *Fled Bricrend* (Feast of Brieriu), which forms the first of the volumes containing more ancient texts, was in the hands of subscribers.

The volume for 1900, which is now passing through the press, will contain a complete collection of the Poems of Egan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with Introduction, Glossary, and Notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from mss. in Maynooth College, by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., M.A. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October, at latest.

An offer made by Mr. John M'Neill, B.A., late Editor of the Gaelic Journal, of a complete edition of the "Duanaire Finn," a collection of Ossianic Poems preserved in the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin, has been accepted by the Committee. The larger number of the incidents related in these poems will be new to the public, and are not to be found in any hitherto published collection. Their publication cannot fail to shed much needed light upon the development of Ossianic Romance.

The Committee contemplates the publication in parts of the entire manuscript. The first volume is now in active preparation.

Mr. David Comyn reports that he is making progress with his first volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," and hopes to have it ready for publication in 1901.

The Committee had hoped to produce this year Manus O'Donnell's "Life of St. Columbkille," but the Editor, Tomás O'Flanngáile, has not yet been able to place the material in their hands.

In January, 1900, it was resolved that, after March 1st, the subscription for the two volumes published in 1899 should be raised from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. to Members whose subscriptions for 1899 had not been paid up to that date.

The price of the volumes to the public is 6s. per volume, or 12s. for the two volumes issued in 1899.

The subscription for 1900 remains fixed at 7s. 6d.,* and is now due.

A suggestion has been made to the Committee by a Member of the Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland, to extend the scope of the Society's aims by the issue of Extracts, from such of its volumes

* American subscriptions, \$2.

as are suitable, to serve as school text-books for use in the Intermediate and Royal University Courses : such books to be published in a cheap form without translations, but with more extended glossaries. This suggestion which, if carried out, would form a new branch of the Society's work, is now under the consideration of the Committee.

Steady progress has been made in the compilation of the Irish-English Dictionary, and a large portion of the work has been completed, chiefly through the energy of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A., assisted by other Members of the Committee.

In April, 1899, an appeal was issued, asking Irish speakers and students to assist in the work, by drawing up lists of words used in their own districts, and also by compiling lists from various modern Irish publications. The appeal met with a cordial response, and the Committee has received several valuable lists of words which are now being incorporated with the work already done. It is desired to thank those who have helped in this matter, and also those who have kindly lent MS. Dictionaries and collections of Irish words.

When the work is sufficiently advanced, it will be placed in the hands of the Editors, Mr. David Comyn and Rev. Peter O'Leary, for revision, and circulars will be issued stating full particulars as to publication, price, etc., and asking for the names of subscribers.

The Committee desires to record its gratitude to the Editors of the volumes already issued, and about to be issued, by the Society, and is deeply sensible of the generous spirit in which the Editors have entered into the work, and of the cordial manner in which they have endeavoured to carry out the suggestions and resolutions of the Committee. This spirit of good will has greatly lightened the labours of those who are responsible for the conduct of the Society.

Since the issue of the last Annual Report, 52 new Members have been added to the Society. Five have died during the year, and four have withdrawn their names. The Society now numbers 469 Members.*

The Committee, in expressing thanks to those who have contributed to the Editorial Fund, looks for continued and increased support to enable it to carry out the important work undertaken. It desires, as

* In spite of the fact that over 50 names sent in after the issue of the first circular were removed from the books owing to non-payment of subscriptions, the Society numbers, at the date of going to press, 502 Members, 86 of whom have recently joined the Society.

far as the means placed at its disposal will admit, to act in the most generous spirit towards the Members, and to push on the work of publication as rapidly as possible. It hopes especially that means will be forthcoming to publish, from time to time, further volumes containing older texts. Several texts of great importance have been offered to the Society, among which may be mentioned *Serglige Conculainn*, *Orgain Bruidne Dā Dergae*, and the Poems attributed to St. Columba, but the acceptance of these offers has had to be postponed until such time as the means is forthcoming to issue them in the extra Mediæval Series. The value of these texts, from a literary and linguistic point of view, will be apparent to all.

On the motion of Mr. A. P. Graves, seconded by Mr. C. H. Monro, the Report was adopted.

The following Financial Statement was submitted by the Treasurer :—

BALANCE SHEET,

1899—1900.

Receipts.	£ s. d.	Expenditure.	£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward from 1898-99, 151 5 0		By Payment to Publisher of Irish Texts Society's Publications, 193 17 8	
,, Subscriptions, 1899-1900, ... 127 9 11		,, Editorial Expenses, 6 0 0	
,, Donations, 26 15 9		,, Printing, Postage, Stationery, 8 9 8	
Total, £305 10 8		,, Refund to Irish Literary Society, 5 0 0	
		,, Printing List of Members and Syllabus, 9 13 9	
		,, Commission on Cheques, 0 6 4	
		,, Balance in hand, 82 3 3	
		Total, £305 10 8	

GENERAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS
For 1898, 1899, 1900.

Receipts.	Expenditure.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions—	
1899—485 at 7s. 6d. each, 181 17 6	
1900—Received to date, ... 61 2 8	
,, Donations—1899, 94 14 9	
,, Do. 1900, 26 15 9	
	By Preliminary Expenses (Printing, Postage, &c.), 1898, ... 5 0 0
	,, Printing, Postage, Stationery, 1898-99, 21 16 6
	,, Do. do., 1899-1900, 8 9 8
	,, Printing Syllabus and List of Members, 9 13 9
	,, Editorial Expenses, 1898-99—
	Payment to Mr. Flannery, ... £15 0 0
	Photographing Bodleian Library
	—“Life of Saint Columba,” ... 15 0 0
	30 0 0
	,, Editorial Expenses, 1899-1900 (Dr. Hyde), 6 0 0
	,, Refund of Member's Subscription and Donation, 2 3 6
	,, Refund to Irish Literary Society of Advance, ... 5 0 0
	,, Commission on Cheques, ... 0 6 4
	,, Payments to Publisher for Books, 1899, 103 17 8
	,, Balance in hand, 82 3 3
£364 10 8	£364 10 8

On the motion of Mr. Alfred Nutt, seconded by Dr. John Todhunter, the Financial Statement was adopted.

The following changes in the Rules proposed by the Executive Committee were carried on the motion of Mr. Mescal, seconded by Mr. Nutt:—

- (a) That in Rules 2, 4, and elsewhere, the name “Council” be substituted for “Executive Committee.”
- (b) That in Rule 9, after “7s. 6d. per annum” be added “(American subscribers two dollars).”

Votes were taken for the Election of four new Members of the Executive Council to serve in the place of Messrs. Flannery, Greene, Fahy, and O'Keeffe, resigned. The following were declared elected:—

Mr. Maurice J. Dodd, Mr. Arthur K. Miller, Mr. Monro, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and Rev. T. O'Sullivan.

GENERAL RULES.

OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretaries, and the Honorary Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year.

CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

MEMBERS.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

SUBSCRIPTION.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers two dollars), entitling the Member to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and retains any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so; otherwise they shall be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

EDITORIAL FUND.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting shall be transacted.

AUDIT.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

CHANGES IN THESE RULES.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

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1. *Giolla an Fiuigá* [The Lad of the Ferule].
Éacácta Cloinne Ríg na h-Iopuaité [Adventures of the Children of the King of Norway].
(16th and 17th century texts.)
Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
(Issued 1899.)
2. *Fleó Bricriu* [The Feast of Bricriu].
(From Leabhar na h-Uidhre, with conclusion from Gaelic MS. xl. Advocates' Lib., and variants from B. M. Egerton, 93; T.C.D. H. 3. 17; Leyden Univ., Is Vossii lat. 4^a. 7.)
Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., PH.D.
(Issued 1899.)
3. *Dánta Aodhagáin uí Rathaille* [The Poems of Egan O'Rahilly.] Complete Edition.
Edited, chiefly from MSS. in Maynooth College, by REV. P. S. DINEEN, S.J., M.A.
(Now ready.)
4. *Forúr Pearta an Éipinn* [History of Ireland]. By GEOFFREY KEATING.
Edited by DAVID COMYN, Esq.
(Part I. will form the Society's volume for 1901.)
5. *Ouanaige Þinn* [Ossianic Poems from the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin.]
Edited by JOHN M'NEILL, B.A.
(In preparation.)
6. *Beata Colum-cille* [Life of Columba]. By MANUS O'DONNELL, 1521.
(From the MS. Bod. Lib.)
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